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MORAL TALES,

BY

M. MARMONTEL,

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THE BAD MOTHER.

MORAL TALES.

THE BAD MOTHER,

AMONG the monſtrous productions of nature may be reckoned the heart of a mother who loves one of her children to the excluſion of all the reſt. I do not mean an enlightened tenderneſs, which diſtinguiſhes among the young plants which it cultivates, that which yields the beſt returns to its early care; I ſpeak of a blind fondneſs, frequently excluſive, ſometimes jealous, which creates an idol and victims amid the little innocents brought into the world, for each of whom we are equally bound to ſoften the burthen of life. Of this error,

ſo common and ſo ſhameful to human nature, I am now going to give an example.

In one of our maritime provinces, M. de Carandon, an intendant, who had rendered himſelf reſpectable by his ſeverity in repreſſing grievances, making it a principle to favour the weak, and control the ſtrong, died poor, and almoſt inſolvent. He had left behind him a daughter, whom nobody would marry, becauſe ſhe had much pride, little beauty, and no fortune. At laſt, a rich and honeſt merchant made his addreſſes to her, out of reſpect to the memory of her father. "He has done us ſo many good "offices (ſaid the worthy Corée, this was the "merchant's name) it is but juſt that ſome of "us ſhould repay them to the daughter." With theſe thoughts Corée offered himſelf in an humble manner, and Mademoiſelle Carandon, with a great deal of reluctance, conſented to give him her hand, on condition that ſhe ſhould maintain an abſolute authority in his houſe. The good man's reſpect for the memory of the father extended even to the daughter; he conſulted her as his oracle; and if at any time he happened to differ in opinion from her, ſhe had nothing to do but to utter theſe ſilencing expreſſions, "The late M. de Carandon, my "father. . ." Corée never waited for her to conclude, before he confeſſed himſelf in the wrong.

He

He died rather young, and left her two children, of which ſhe had condeſcended to permit him to be the father. On his death-bed he thought it his duty to regulate the partition of his effects; but M. de Carandon held it, as ſhe told him, for a maxim, that in order to retain children under the dependence of a mother, it was neceſſary to render her the diſpenſer of their effects. This law was the rule of Corée's will; and his inheritance was left in the hands of his wife, with the fatal right of diſtributing it to her children as ſhe ſhould think proper. Of theſe two children the eldeſt was her delight; not that he was handſomer, or of a more happy diſpoſition, than the younger, but becauſe ſhe had ran ſome danger of her life in bringing him into the world; he had firſt made her experience the pains and joy of child-bed; he had poſſeſſed himſelf of her tenderneſs, which he alſo ſeemed to have exhauſted; ſhe had, in ſhort, all the bad reaſons that a bad mother could have for loving only him.

Little Jemmy was the rejected child: his mother hardly vouchſafed to ſee him, and never ſpoke to him but to chide him. The poor child, intimidated, durſt not look up before her, nor anſwer her without trembling. He

had, ſhe ſaid, his father's diſpoſition, a vulgar ſoul, and the air of ſuch kind of folks.

As to the eldeſt, whom ſhe had taken care to render as headſtrong, diſobedient, and humourſome as poſſible, he was gentility itſelf: his obſtinacy was called greatneſs of ſpirit; his humours, exceſs of ſenſibility. She was delighted to ſee that he would never give up a point when he was in the right; and you muſt know that he was never in the wrong. She was eternally declaring that he knew his own good, and that he had the honour of reſembling the ſweet madam his mama. This eldeſt boy, who was ſtyled M. de l'Etang (for it was not thought right to leave him the name of Corée) had maſters of all ſorts: the leſſons they ſet were for him alone, but little Jemmy reaped the fruit of them; in ſo much that at the end of a few years Jemmy knew all that they had taught M. de l'Etang, who knew nothing at all.

The good women, who make a practice of attributing to children all the little wit they have themſelves, and who ruminate all morning on the pretty things they are to ſay in the day; had made the mother, whoſe weakneſs they were well acquainted with, believe that her eldeſt ſon was a prodigy. The maſters, leſs complaiſant, or leſs artful, while they complained of the indocility and inattention

of this favourite, were boundleſs in their encomiums on Jemmy: they did not abſolutely ſay that M. de l'Etang was a blockhead, but they ſaid that little Jemmy had the genius of an angel. The mother's vanity was wounded; and out of an injuſtice, which one would not believe exiſted in nature, if this vice of mothers were leſs in faſhion, ſhe redoubled her averſion to the little wretch, became jealous of his improvement, and reſolved to take away from her ſpoiled child the humiliation of a compariſon.

A very affecting adventure awakened, however, in her the ſentiments of nature; but this retort upon herſelf only humbled, without correcting her. Jemmy was ten years of age, M. de l'Etang near fifteen, when ſhe fell dangerouſly ill. The eldeſt employed himſelf about his pleaſures, and very little about his mother's health. It is the puniſhment of fooliſh mothers to love unnatural children. However, ſhe began to grow uneaſy; Jemmy perceived it, and his little heart was ſeiſed with grief and fear: the impatience to ſee his mother grew too ſtrong for him to conceal. They had accuſtomed him never to appear but when he was called; but at laſt his tenderneſs gave him courage. He ſeiſed the inſtant when the chamber-door was half open, entered ſilent and with trembling ſteps, and approached

his mother's bed. "Is it you, my ſon?" (ſaid ſhe). —— "No, mama, it is Jemmy." This natural and overwhelming anſwer penetrated with ſhame and grief the ſoul of this unjuſt woman; but a few careſſes from her bad ſon ſoon reſtored him to his full aſcendancy; and Jemmy, in the end, was neither the better beloved, nor reckoned the more worthy to be ſo.

Scarce was Madam Corée recovered, when ſhe reſumed the deſign of baniſhing him her houſe: her pretence was, that M. de l'Etang, being naturally lively, was too ſuſceptible of diſſipation to have a companion in his ſtudies; and the impertinent prepoſſeſſions of the maſters for the child, who was the moſt humble and fawning with them, might eaſily diſcourage the other, whoſe ſpirit being higher, and leſs tractable, required more management: it was her pleaſure, therefore, that L'Etang ſhould be the only object of their cares, and ſhe got rid of the unfortunate Jemmy by exiling him to a college.

At ſixteen L'Etang quitted his maſters in the mathematicks, phyſicks, muſick, &c. juſt as he had taken them: he began his exerciſes, which he performed much in the ſame manner as he had done his ſtudies; and at twenty he appeared in the world with the ſelf-ſufficiency of

of a coxcomb, who has heard of every thing, but reflected on nothing.

Jemmy, on his part, had gone through his ſtudies; and his mother was quite wearied with the commendations they gave him. "Well "then (ſaid ſhe) ſince he is ſo wiſe, he will "ſucceed in the church; he has nothing to do "but to take to that courſe of life."

Unfortunately Jemmy had no inclination for the eccleſiaſtick ſtate; he came therefore to intreat his mother to diſpenſe with his entering into it. "You imagine then (ſaid ſhe to him "with a cold and ſevere air) that I have enough "to maintain you in the world? I aſſure you I "have not. Your father's fortune was not ſo "conſiderable as was imagined; it will ſcarce "be ſufficient to ſettle your elder brother. For "your part, you have only to conſider whether "you will run the career of benefices or of-"arms; whether you will have your head "ſhaven or broken; in ſhort, whether you will "take a band or a lieutenancy of infantry: this "is all that I can do for you." Jemmy anſwered her with reſpect, that there were leſs violent courſes to be taken by the ſon of a merchant. At theſe words Mad. de Carandon was near dying with grief for having brought into the world a ſon ſo little worthy of her, and forbid him her ſight. Young Corée,

diſtreſſed at having incurred his mother's anger, retired ſighing, and reſolved to try whether fortune would be leſs cruel to him than nature. He learnt that a veſſel was on the point of ſailing for the Antilles, whither he had a deſign of repairing. He writ to his mother to aſk her conſent, her bleſſing, and a parcel of goods. The two firſt articles were amply granted him, but the latter very ſparingly.

His mother, too happy in being rid of him, wanted to ſee him before his departure, and, while ſhe embraced him, beſtowed on him a few tears. His brother alſo had the goodneſs to wiſh him a good voyage. Theſe were the firſt careſſes he had ever received from his relations; his ſenſible heart was penetrated with them: yet he durſt not aſk them to write to him; but he had a fellow-collegian, by whom he was tenderly beloved: and he conjured him at parting now and then to ſend him news of his mother.

She was now only employed in the care of ſettling her favourite ſon. He declared for the robe: they obtained him a diſpenſation from its ſtudies; and he was ſoon admitted into the ſanctuary of the laws. Nothing remained wanting but an advantageous marriage; they propoſed a rich heireſs; but they required of the widow the ſettlement of her fortune. She had the weakneſs to conſent to it, ſcarce reſerving

reſerving to herſelf ſufficient to live decently; well aſſured that her ſon's fortune would be always at her diſpoſal.

At the age of twenty-five, M. de l'Etang found himſelf a dapper little counſellor, neglecting his wife as much as his mother, taking great care of his own perſon, and paying very little regard to the bar. As it was genteel for a huſband to have ſomebody beſides his wife L'Etang thought it his duty to ſet up for a man of intrigue. A young girl, whom he ogled at the play, returned his invitations, received him at her lodgings with a great deal of politeneſs, told him he was charming, which he very readily believed, and in a ſhort time eaſed him of a pocket-book with ten thouſand crowns. But as there is no ſuch thing as eternal love, this perjured beauty quitted him at the expiration of three months for a young Engliſh lord, equally fooliſh and more magnificent. L'Etang, who could not conceive how they could diſmiſs ſuch a perſon as himſelf, reſolved to avenge himſelf by taking a miſtreſs ſtill more celebrated, and loading her with favours. His new conqueſt raiſed him a thouſand rivals; and when he compared himſelf with a crowd of adorers who ſighed for her in vain, he had the pleaſure of thinking himſelf more amiable, as he found himſelf more happy. However, having perceived that

he was not without uneaſineſs, ſhe was deſirous of convincing him, that there was nothing in the world which ſhe was not reſolved to quit for him, and propoſed, for the ſake of avoiding impertinents, that they ſhould go together to Paris to forget all the world, and live only for each other. L'Etang was tranſported at this mark of tenderneſs. Every thing is got ready for the journey; they ſet out, they arrive, and chooſe their retreat in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal. Fatima (that was the name of this beauty) aſked and obtained, without difficulty, a coach to take the air. L'Etang was ſurpriſed at the number of friends that he found in this good city. Theſe friends had never ſeen him; but his merit attracted them in crowds. Fatima received none but L'Etang's company, and he was always very ſure of his friends and of her. This charming woman had, however, one weakneſs: ſhe believed in dreams. One night ſhe had had one which could not, ſhe ſaid, be effaced from her memory. L'Etang wanted to know this dream which engaged her attention ſo ſeriouſly. "I dreamed (ſaid ſhe) "that I was in a delicious apartment. In it "was a damaſk bed of three different colours, "with tapeſtry and ſofas ſuited to this ſuperb "bed; pannels dazzling with gold, poliſhed "cabinets, porcelaine of Japan, China mon-

"kies,

" kies, the prettieſt in the world; but all this " was nothing. A toilette was ready ſet out, " I drew near it; what did I ſee? My heart " beats at it: a caſket of diamonds; and what " diamonds! the moſt beautiful aigrette, the " fineſt ear-rings, the handſomeſt eſclavage, " and a river without end. I am ſure, Sir, " ſomething very extraordinary will happen " to me. This dream has affected me very " ſtrongly, and my dreams never deceive me."

It was in vain that M. de l'Etang employed all his eloquence to perſuade her that dreams ſignified nothing: ſhe maintained that this dream did ſignify ſomething, and, at length, he feared leſt ſome of his rivals ſhould propoſe to realiſe it. He was under a neceſſity therefore of capitulating, and, except in ſome few circumſtances, reſolved to accompliſh it himſelf. We may eaſily judge, that this experiment did not cure her of dreaming: ſhe took a delight in it, and dreamed ſo often, that even the fortune of good Maſter Corée became hardly any thing more than a dream. M. de l'Etang's young wife, to whom this journey had not been very agreeable, demanded to be ſeparated from the fortunes of a huſband, who abandoned her; and her portion, which he was obliged to reſtore, put him ſtill leſs at his eaſe.

Play is a reſource. L'Etang pretended to excel at piquet; his friends, who made up a common purſe, all betted for him, while one of them played againſt him. Every time that he threw out, "Faith (ſaith one of the betters) "that is well played!"——"There is no play-"ing better" ſaid another. In ſhort, M. de l'Etang played the beſt in the world; but he never had the aces. While they inſenſibly ſtripped him, the faithful Fatima, who perceived his decline, dreamed one night that ſhe quitted him, and left him the next day: however, as it is mortifying to fall off, he piqued himſelf upon his honour, and would not abate any thing of his grandeur, ſo that in a few years he was ruined.

He was now at his laſt ſhifts, when the good lady his mother, who had not managed her own reſerve better, wrote to him to deſire ſome money. He returned her anſwer, that he was very ſorry; but that, far from being able to ſend her any relief, he ſtood in need of it himſelf. The alarm was already ſpread among their creditors, and the queſtion was, who ſhould firſt ſeiſe the ruins of their fortune. "What "have I done! (ſaid the diſtracted mother) I "have ſtripped myſelf of all for a ſon who has "ſquandered every thing."

In the mean time what became of the unfortunate Jemmy? Jemmy, with a good underſtanding,

ſtanding, the beſt heart, the handſomeſt figure in the world, and his little venture, was happily arrived at St. Domingo. It is well known how eaſy a Frenchman of good morals, and a good perſon finds it to eſtabliſh himſelf in the iſles. The name of Corée, his own good ſenſe and prudence, ſoon acquired him the confidence of the inhabitants. With the aſſiſtances that were offered him, he purchaſed himſelf a ſettlement, cultivated it, and rendered it flouriſhing; trade, which was then very briſk, enriched him in a ſhort time, and in the ſpace of five years he was become the object of the jealouſy of the handſomeſt and richeſt widows and damſels of the colony. But, alas! his fellow-collegian, who till that time had given him none but the moſt ſatisfactory news, now ſent him word that his brother was ruined, and that his mother, abandoned by every body, was driven to the moſt dreadful extremities. This fatal letter was bedewed with tears. "Ah! my poor "mother! (cried he) I will fly to your relief." He would not truſt this charge to any body. Accident, infidelity, neglect, or delay, might deprive her of the aſſiſtance ſent by her ſon, and leave her to periſh in indigence and deſpair. "Nothing ought to retain a ſon (ſaid he to "himſelf) when the honour and life of a mo-"ther are at ſtake."

With

With theſe ſentiments, Corée was only employed in the care of rendering his riches portable. He ſold all his poſſeſſions, and this ſacrifice coſt him nothing; but he could not but feel ſome regret for a more precious treaſure, which he left in America. Lucella, the young widow of an old coloniſt, who had left her immenſe riches, had caſt upon Corée one of thoſe looks which ſeem to penetrate to the bottom of the ſoul, and to unravel its character; one of thoſe looks which decide the opinion, determine the inclination, and the ſudden and confuſed effect of which is generally taken for a ſympathetick emotion. She had imagined ſhe ſaw in this young man every thing that could render a virtuous and ſenſible woman happy; and her love for him had not waited for reflection to give it birth and diſcover itſelf. Corée, on his ſide, had diſtinguiſhed her among her rivals, as the moſt worthy of captivating the heart of a wiſe and virtuous man. Lucella, with a figure the moſt noble and intereſting; an air the moſt animated, and yet the moſt modeſt; a brown complexion, but freſher than the roſe; a hair of the blackneſs of the ebony, and teeth of a dazzling whiteneſs and enamel; the ſtature and gait of one of Diana's nymphs; the ſmile and look of the companions of Venus; Lucella with all theſe charms was endowed with that greatneſs

greatneſs of ſpirit, that loftineſs of temper, that juſtneſs in her ideas, that rectitude in her ſentiments, which make us ſay, though not with the greateſt propriety, that ſuch a woman has the ſoul of a man. It was not one of Lucella's principles to be aſhamed of a virtuous inclination. Scarce had Corée confeſſed to her the choice of his heart, when he obtained from her, without evaſion, a like confeſſion, by way of reply; and their mutual inclination becoming more tender, in proportion as it became more conſidered, now wanted nothing but to be conſecrated at the altar. Some diſputes, concerning the inheritance of Lucella's huſband, had retarded their happineſs. Theſe diſputes were on the point of being ſettled, when the letter from Corée's friend arrived, to tear him all at once from what he held deareſt in the world, except his mother. He repaired to the beauteous widow's, ſhowed her the letter from his friend, and aſked her advice. "I "flatter myſelf (ſaid ſhe) that you have no "need of it. Convert your wealth into mer-"cantile commodities, haſten to the relief of "your mother, pay your reſpects to all your "friends, and come back again: my fortune "awaits you. If I die, my will ſhall ſecure "it to you; if I live, inſtead of a will you "know what right you will have over it."

Corée,

Corée, ſtruck with gratitude and admiration, ſeiſed the hands of this generous woman, and bathed them with his tears; but as he was lauching out in encomiums on her, "Go (ſaid "ſhe to him) you are a child: entertain not "the prejudices of Europe. The moment "that a woman does any thing tolerably hand-"ſome, they cry her up as a prodigy, as if "nature had not given us a ſoul. Should you, "in my place now, be much pleaſed to ſee me "in aſtoniſhment, and viewing in you, as a "phenomenon, the pure emotion of a good "heart?"——"Pardon me (ſaid Corée) I ought "to have expected it; but your principles, "your ſentiments, the eaſe, the ſimplicity of "your virtues enchant me: I admire them with-"out being amazed at them."——"Go, my "dear (ſaid ſhe to him, ſaluting him) I am "thine ſuch as God has made me. Do your "duty, and return as ſoon as poſſible."

He embarks, and with him he embarks all his fortune. The paſſage was pretty favourable till they came towards the Canaries; but there their veſſel, purſued by a corſair from Morocco, was obliged to ſeek for ſafety in its ſails. The corſair, which chaſed them was on the point of joining them; and the captain, terrified at the danger of being boarded, was going to ſtrike to the pirate. "Oh! "my

" my dear mother!" cried Corée, embracing the caſket in which were contained all his hopes, and then tearing his hair with grief and rage, " No (ſaid he) this barbarous African ſhall " have my heart firſt." Then addreſſing himſelf to the captain, the crew, and the affrighted paſſengers, " What! my friends (ſaid he) ſhall " we ſurrender ourſelves like cowards? Shall " we ſuffer this robber to carry us to Morocco, " loaded with irons; and to ſell us like beaſts? " Are we diſarmed? Are the people on board " the enemy's ſhip invulnerable? or are they " braver than we? They want to board us; " let them! what then? we ſhall have them " the nearer." His courage re-animated their ſpirits, and the captain, embracing him, extolled him for having ſet the example.

Every thing is now got ready for defence; the corſair boards them; the veſſels daſh againſt each other: death flies on both ſides. In a ſhort time the two ſhips are covered with a cloud of ſmoke and fire. The cannonade ceaſes; day-light appears, and the ſword ſingles out its victims. Corée, ſabre in hand, made a dreadful ſlaughter; the inſtant he ſaw an African throw himſelf on board, he ran up to him, and cleaved him in two, crying out, " Oh! my poor mother!" His fury was as that of the lioneſs defending her little

little ones; it was the laſt effort of nature in deſpair; and the gentleſt, the moſt ſenſible heart that ever exiſted, was now become the moſt violent, and bloody. The captain diſcerned him every where, his eye flaſhing fire, and his arm drenched in blood. "This "is not a mortal (ſaid he to his com-"panions) it is a God who fights for us." His example kindled their courage. He finds himſelf at length hand to hand with the chief of the barbarians. "My God (cried he) have "pity of my mother!" and at theſe words, with a back-handed blow, he let out the pirate's bowels. From this moment the victory was deciſive: the few who were leſt of the crew of the corſair begged their lives, and were put in irons. Corée's veſſel, with her booty, arrives at length on the coaſt of France; and this worthy ſon, without allowing himſelf one night's repoſe, repairs with his treaſure to his unhappy mother. He finds her on the brink of the grave, and in a ſtate more dreadful than death itſelf; ſtripped of all relief, and in the care of one man-ſervant, who, diſguſted at ſuffering the indigence to which ſhe was reduced, paid her, with regret, the laſt duties of an humiliating pity. The ſhame of her ſituation had induced her to forbid this ſervant from admitting any perſon, except the prieſt

prieſt and the charitable phyſician, who ſometimes viſited her. Corée aſks to ſee her, and is refuſed.

"Tell my name" (ſaid he to the ſervant).—"And what is your name?"—"Jemmy." The ſervant approaches the bed. "A ſtranger "(ſays he) aſks to ſee you, Madam."—"Alas! "and who is this ſtranger?"—"He ſays that "his name is Jemmy." At this name her heart was ſo violently agitated, that ſhe was near expiring. "Ah! my ſon (ſaid ſhe in a faint voice, "and lifting upon him her dying eye-lids) Ah! "my ſon, at what a moment are you returned "to ſee your mother! Your hand will ſoon cloſe "her eyes." What was the grief of this pious and tender child, to ſee that mother whom he had left in the boſom of luxury and opulence, to ſee her now in a bed ſurrounded with rags, the very deſcription of which would make the ſtomach riſe, if it were permitted me to give it! "Oh! my mother" (cried he, throwing himſelf upon this bed of woe: his ſobs choaked his voice, and the rivers of tears with which he bathed the boſom of his expiring mother, were for a long time the only expreſſion of his grief and love). "Heaven puniſhes "me (replied ſhe) for having loved too "much an unnatural ſon; for having...." He interrupted her: "All is atoned for, my "dear

" dear mother (ſaid this virtuous young man)
" live: Fortune has loaded me with her favours,
" I come to pour them into the lap of Nature:
" it is for you that they are given me: Live:
" I have enough to make you love life."——
" Ah! my dear child, if I have any deſire to
" live, it is to expiate my injuſtice, it is to love
" a ſon of whom I was not worthy, a ſon whom
" I have deprived of his inheritance." At theſe words ſhe covered her face as unworthy to ſee the light. " Ah! Madam (cried he, preſſing
" her in his arms) deprive me not of the ſight
" of my mother. I am come acroſs the ſeas
" to ſeek and relieve her." At this inſtant arrive the prieſt and phyſician. " See there
" (ſaid ſhe) my child, the only comforters
" that heaven has left me; without their
" charity I ſhould now be no more." Corée embraces them burſting into tears. " My
" friends! (ſays he to them) my bene-
" factors! what do I not owe you! but for
" you I ſhould no longer have had a mother:
" go on, recal her to life. I am rich; I
" am come to make her happy. Redouble your
" cares, your conſolations, your aſſiſtances: re-
" ſtore her to me." The phyſician prudently ſaw that this ſituation was too violent for the ſick lady. " Go, Sir (ſaid he to Corée)
" truſt in our zeal, and think of nothing but

" to

" to provide her a convenient and wholeſome " lodging; to which the lady ſhall this evening " be removed."

Change of air, proper nouriſhment, or rather the revolution created by joy, and the calm which ſucceeded it, inſenſibly re-animated the organs of life. A profound chagrin had been the ground of the diſeaſe; conſolation was the remedy. Corée learnt that his unhappy brother had juſt periſhed in miſery. I draw a veil over the frightful picture of his death, which he had but too juſtly merited. They kept the knowledge of it from a feeling mother, who was as yet too weak to ſupport, without expiring, a new attack of grief. She learnt it at laſt, when her health was better eſtabliſhed. All the wounds of her heart were now opened afreſh, and the maternal tears trickled from her eyes. But heaven, while it took away from her a ſon unworthy of her tenderneſs, reſtored her one who had merited it by every ſenſible and touching tie of nature and virtue. He confided to her the deſires of his ſoul; which were to embrace at once his mother and his wife. Madam Corée ſeiſed with joy the opportunity of going over with her ſon to America. A city filled with her follies, and misfortunes, was to her an odious place of reſidence; and the moment in which ſhe embarked reſtored her a new life.

Heaven,

Heaven, which protects piety, granted them a favourable paſſage. Lucella received the mother of her lover as ſhe would have received her own. Hymen made of theſe lovers the happieſt couple, and their days ſtill roll on in that unalterable peace, in thoſe pure and ſerene pleaſures, which are the portion of virtue.

THE GOOD MOTHER.

THE care of a mother for her children is is of all duties the moſt religiouſly obſerved. This univerſal ſentiment governs all the paſſions; it prevails even over the love of life. It renders the fierceſt of animals ſenſible and gentle, the moſt ſluggiſh indefatigable, the moſt timid courageous to exceſs: not one of them loſes ſight of its little ones, till the moment that their care becomes uſeleſs. We ſee only among mankind the odious examples of a too early deſertion.

In the midſt of a world, where vice, ingenious to diſguiſe itſelf, takes a thouſand ſeducing forms; it is there, above all, that the moſt happy

happy diſpoſition requires to be enlightened without ceaſing. The more ſhelves there are, and the more they are hidden, the more need has the frail bark of innocence and happineſs of a prudent pilot. What would have been, for example, the fate of Miſs Troëne, if heaven had not made expreſsly for her a mother, who was one of ten thouſand?

This reſpectable widow had devoted to the education of an only daughter the moſt agreeable years of her life. Theſe were her reflections at the age of five-and-twenty.

"I have loſt my huſband (ſaid ſhe) I have "nothing but my daughter and myſelf: ſhall I "live for myſelf? or ſhall I live for her? The "world ſmiles upon me, and pleaſes me ſtill; "but if I give myſelf up to it, I abandon "my daughter, and hazard her happineſs and "my own. Suppoſe that a life of noiſe and diſ-"ſipation has all the charms that are attributed "to it, how long may I be able to taſte them? "How few of my years, which are rolling on, "have I to paſs in the world? how many in ſo-"litude and the boſom of my child? The world, "which invites me now, will diſmiſs me ſoon "without pity; and if my daughter ſhould for-"get herſelf, according to my example; if ſhe is "unhappy through my negligence, what will "be my comfort? Let me in in good time add

" grace to my retreat: let me render it as agree-
" able as it is honourable; and let me ſacrifice
" to my daughter, who is every thing to me,
" that alien multitude, to whom in a ſhort time
" I ſhall be nothing."

From that moment this prudent mother became the friend and companion of her daughter. But to obtain her confidence was not the work of a day.

Emily (that was the young lady's name) had received from nature a ſoul ſuſceptible of the moſt lively impreſſions; and her mother, who ſtudied it inceſſantly, experienced an uneaſy joy on perceiving this ſenſibility, which does ſo much harm and ſo much good. " Happy (ſaid ſhe
" ſometimes) happy the huſband whom ſhe will
" love, if he is deſerving of her tenderneſs; if by
" eſteem and friendſhip he knows how to render
" dear to her the cares ſhe ſhall take to pleaſe
" him! but woe be to him, if he humbles and
" ſhocks her: her wounded delicacy will be the
" torment of them both. I ſee that if a reproach
" eſcapes even me, a ſlight complaint which
" ſhe has not merited, tears of grief trickle from
" her eyes; her drooping heart is diſpirited.
" Nothing is eaſier than to ſoothe her, no-
" thing eaſier than to frighten her."

Temperate as was the life of Madam du Troëne, it was however conformable to her condition,

and relative to the deſign ſhe had of inſtructing herſelf at leiſure in the choice of a huſband worthy of Emily. A crowd of admirers, caught with the charms of the daughter, paid, according to cuſtom, aſſiduous court to the mother. Of this number was the Marquis de Verglan, who, to his own misfortune, was endowed with a very handſome figure. His glaſs and the ladies had ſo often told him ſo, that he could not but believe it. He liſtened to them with pleaſure, contemplated himſelf with delight, ſmiled upon himſelf, and was eternally ſinging his own praiſes. Nothing could be objected to his politeneſs; but it was ſo cold, and ſo ſlight, in compariſon to the attentions with which he honoured himſelf, that one might clearly perceive that he poſſeſſed the firſt place in his own eſteem. He would have had, without thinking on them, all the graces of nature: he ſpoiled them all by affecting them. In regard to underſtanding, he wanted only juſtneſs, or rather reflexion. Nobody would have talked better than he, if he had known what he was going to ſay; but it was his firſt care to be of an opinion contrary to that of another. Right or wrong, was all one to him; he was ſure of dazzling, of ſeducing, of perſuading to whatever he would. He knew by heart all that little toilette chit-chat, all thoſe pretty things

which mean nothing. He was thoroughly verſed in all the love-anecdotes of the city and court: who was the gallant of yeſterday, who of to-day, who of the morrow; and how many times in the year ſuch and ſuch a lady had changed her admirers. He even knew a certain perſon who had refuſed to be upon the liſt, and who would have ſupplanted all his rivals, if he had choſen to give himſelf the trouble.

This young coxcomb was the ſon of an old friend of M. du Troëne, and the widow ſpoke of him to her daughter with a kind of compaſſion. "It is a pity (ſaid ſhe) that they ſpoil "this young man." He is of a good family, and might have ſucceeded: he had already ſucceeded but too well in the heart of Emily. That which is ridiculous in the eyes of a mother, is not always ſo in the eyes of a daughter. Youth is indulgent to youth; and there are ſuch things as beautiful defects.

Verglan, on his ſide, thought Emily tolerably handſome, only a little too plain and ſimple; but that might be corrected. He took but very little care to pleaſe her; but when the firſt impreſſion is made, every thing contributes to ſink it deeper. The very diſſipation of this young fop was a new attraction to Emily, as it threatened her with the danger of loſing him; and

and nothing haſtens, ſo much as jealouſy, the progreſs of a growing love.

In giving an account of his life to Madam du Troëne, Verglan repreſented himſelf (as to be ſure he ought) the moſt deſirable man in the world.

Madam du Troëne dropped a hint concerning modeſty; but he proteſted that nobody was leſs vain than himſelf; that he knew perfectly well that it was not for his own ſake that they fought him; that his birth did a great deal, and that he owed the reſt to his wit and figure, qualities which he had not given himſelf, and which he was far from being proud of.

The more pleaſure Emily felt in ſeeing and hearing him, the more care ſhe took to conceal it. A reproach from her mother would have touched her to the heart; and this delicate ſenſibility rendered her fearful to exceſs.

In the mean time, Emily's charms, with which Verglan was ſo faintly touched, had inſpired the diſcreet and modeſt Belzors with the tendereſt paſſion. A juſt way of thinking, and an upright heart, formed the baſis of his character. His agreeable and open figure was ſtill more ennobled by the high idea that was conceived of his ſoul; for we are naturally diſpoſed to ſeek, and believe that we diſcover,

in the features of a man, what we know to be in his heart.

Belzors, in whom nature had been directed to virtue from his infancy, enjoyed the ineſtimable advantage of being able to give himſelf up to it without precaution and conſtraint. Decency, honeſty, candour, a frankneſs which gains confidence, together with a ſeverity of manners which creates reſpect, had in him the free eaſe of habit. An enemy to vice, without pride; indulgent to follies, without contracting any; complying with innocent cuſtoms, incorruptible by bad examples, he ſwam upon the torrent of the world; beloved, reſpected even by thoſe to whom his life was a reproach, and to whom the publick eſteem delighted to oppoſe it, in order to humble their pride.

Madam du Troëne, charmed with the character of this young man, had ſecretly pitched upon him, as the moſt deſerving huſband ſhe could give her daughter. She was inexhauſtible in his commendations; and while Emily applauded with the modeſty of her age, Madam du Troëne miſtook the ingenuous and agreeable air which her daughter aſſumed towards him: for as the eſteem with which Belzors inſpired her was not mingled with any ſentiment that ſhe needed to conceal, Emily was quite at her eaſe.

It were to be wiſhed, that ſhe had been as free and as tranquil with the dangerous Verglan; though the painful ſituation into which his preſence caſt her, had in good meaſure the appearance of ſpleen. If Madam du Troëne ſpoke in commendation of him, Emily looked down, and kept ſilence. "You do not ſeem to me, daughter (ſaid "Madam du Troëne) to reliſh thoſe light and "ſhining graces, on which the world lays ſo "much ſtreſs."——"I know nothing at all of "them," ſaid Emily, bluſhing. The good mother concealed her joy: ſhe thought ſhe ſaw the plain and modeſt virtues of Belzors triumphing in Emily's heart over the little brilliant vices of Verglan, and thoſe of his character; till an accident, ſlight in appearance, but ſtriking to an attentive and diſcerning mother, drew her out of this illuſion.

One of Emily's accompliſhments was drawing. She had choſen the delineation of flowers as the moſt ſuitable to her age: for what can be more natural than to ſee a roſe blow beneath the hand of beauty! Verglan, by a taſte ſomewhat reſembling her's, was paſſionately fond of flowers; and he never appeared without a noſegay, the prettieſt in the world.

One day Madam du Troëne's eyes were thrown caſually on Verglan's noſegay. The day after, ſhe perceived that Emily, perhaps without thinking of it, was drawing the flowers

of it. It was natural enough, that the flowers ſhe had ſeen the evening before ſhould be ſtill preſent to her imagination, and come, as it were, of their own accord, to offer themſelves to her pencil; but that which was not quite ſo natural, was the air of enthuſiaſm which ſhe betrayed in drawing them. Her eyes ſparkled with the fire of genius; her mouth ſmiled amorouſly at every ſtroke of the pencil, and a colour more animated than that of the flowers which ſhe was endeavouring to delineate, diffuſed itſelf over her cheeks. "Are you pleaſed "with your execution?" ſaid the mother to her careleſsly.—"It is impoſſible (replied Emily) "to repreſent Nature well, when we have "her not before our eyes." It was certain, however, that ſhe had never copied her more faithfully.

Some few days after, Verglan came again with new flowers. Madam du Troëne, without any particularity, obſerved them, one after another; and, in Emily's next leſſon, Verglan's noſegay was drawn again. The good mother continued her obſervations, and every trial confirming her ſuſpicions, redoubled her uneaſineſs. "After all (ſaid ſhe) I am alarmed "perhaps at ſomewhat very innocent. Let me "ſee, however, if ſhe has any meaning in all "this."

The

The ſtudies and accompliſhments of Emily were a ſecret to her mother's acquaintance. As ſhe had only intended to make her reliſh ſolitude, and preſerve her imagination from the dangers of meditation, and the tedioufneſs of idleneſs; Madam du Troëne derived neither to herſelf nor daughter, the leaſt vanity from thoſe talents which ſhe had cultivated with ſo much care. But one day when they were alone with Belzors, and the converſation turned on the great advantage of employing and amuſing one's ſelf, "My daughter (ſaid "Madam du Troëne) has created herſelf an "amuſement, which ſhe reliſhes more and "more. I want to have you ſee ſome of her "deſigns." Emily opened her port-folio; and Belzors, charmed, was never weary of admiration of her performances. "How ſoft and "pure (ſaid he) are the pleaſures of inno-"cence! In vain does vice torment itſelf, it "will never taſte the like. Is it not true, "Madam, that the hour of labour paſſes away "quick? And yet you have fixed it: ſee it "here re-traced and produced anew to your "eyes. Time is never loſt but to the idle." Madam du Troëne liſtened with a ſecret complacency. Emily thought his obſervations very ſenſible, but was not in the leaſt touched by them.

Some days after, Verglan came to ſee them. "Do you know, Sir (ſays Madam du Troëne) "that my daughter has received the higheſt "encomiums from Belzors on her talent for "drawing? I want your opinion of it." Emily, in confuſion, bluſhed, heſitated, ſaid that ſhe had nothing finiſhed by her, and beſeeched her mother to wait till ſhe ſhould have ſome piece fit to be ſeen. She did not doubt but her mother was laying a ſnare for her. "Since there is a myſtery in this, there "is alſo a deſign (ſaid this diſcerning mother "within herſelf): ſhe is afraid that Verglan "may know his own flowers, and penetrate "into the ſecret motive of the pleaſure which "ſhe has taken in drawing them. My daugh- "ter loves this young ſop; my fears were but "too well founded."

Madam du Troëne, ſollicited on all ſides, excuſed herſelf ſtill on account of Emily's youth, and the reſolution ſhe had taken not to conſtrain her in her choice. However, this choice alarmed her. "My daughter (ſaid ſhe) is going to pre- "fer Verglan: there is, at leaſt, room to think "ſo: and this young man has every quality "that can render a woman unhappy. If I "declare my will to Emily, if I only ſuffer "her to have the ſlighteſt perception of it, ſhe "will make it a law to ſubſcribe to it, with-

"out

" out murmuring; ſhe will marry a man whom " ſhe does not love, and the remembrance of " the man ſhe loves will haunt her even in the " arms of another. I know her ſoul; ſhe will " become the victim of her duty. But ſhall I " ordain this grievous ſacrifice? God forbid! " No: let her own inclination decide it; but I " may direct her inclination by enlightening it, " and that is the only lawful uſe of the au- " thority that is given me. I am certain of the " goodneſs of heart, of the juſtneſs of my " daughter's ſentiments; let me ſupply, by the " light natural to my years, the inexperience of " her's; let her ſee by her mother's eyes, and " fancy, if poſſible, that ſhe conſults only her " own inclination."

Every time that Verglan and Belzors met together at Madam du Troëne's, ſhe turned the converſation on the manners, cuſtoms, and maxims of the world. She encouraged contradiction; and without taking any ſide, gave their diſpoſitions room to diſplay themſelves. Thoſe little adventures with which ſociety abounds, and which entertain the idle curioſity of the circles at Paris, moſt commonly furniſhed matter for their reflexions. Verglan, light, deciſive, and lively, was conſtantly on the ſide of the faſhion. Belzors, in a modeſter tone, conſtantly defended the cauſe of morality with a noble freedom.

The arrangement of Count d'Auberive with his lady was at that time the town-talk. It was ſaid, that after a pretty briſk quarrel, and bitter complaints on both ſides, on the ſubject of their mutual infidelity, they agreed, that they owed each other nothing; that they had concluded by laughing at the folly of being jealous without loving; that d'Auberive had conſented to ſee the Chevalier de Clange make love to his wife; and that ſhe had promiſed, on her ſide, to receive with the greateſt politeneſs the Marchioneſs de Talbe, to whom d'Auberive paid his court; that the peace had been ratified by a ſupper, and that two couple of lovers never maintained a better underſtanding with each other.

At this recital Verglan cried out, that nothing was wiſer. "They talk of the good "old-times (ſaid he) let them produce an "inſtance of the manners of our forefathers "comparable to this. Formerly an inſtance "of infidelity ſet a family in flames; they "ſhut up, they beat their wives. If the huſ-"band made uſe of the liberty that was re-"ſerved to him, his ſad and faithful half "was obliged to put up with the injury, and "vent her moans at home, as in an obſcure "priſon. If ſhe imitated her wandering huſ-"band, it was with terrible riſques. Nothing "leſs than her lover's and her own life were

"at

" at ſtake. They had the folly to attach the " honour of the man to the virtue of his wife; " and the huſband, who was not the leſs a fine " gentleman for intriguing elſewhere himſelf, " became the ridiculous object of publick con- " tempt on the firſt falſe ſtep of his lady. Upon " honour, I do not conceive how, in theſe bar- " barous ages, they had the courage to marry. " The bands of Hymen were then downright " chains. Now-a-days, complaiſance, free- " dom, peace, reign in the boſom of families. " If the married pair love one another, ſo much " the better; they live together, they are happy. " If they ceaſe to love, they tell it like well- " bred perſons, and diſpenſe with each other's " promiſe of fidelity. They give over be- " ing lovers, and become friends. Theſe are " what I call ſocial manners, free and eaſy. " This makes one long to be married."—— " You find it then quite eaſy (ſaid Madam " du Troëne) for a wife to be the confidante " of her huſband, and for him to be the com- " plaiſant friend of his wife?"—— " To be " ſure, provided it be mutual. Is it not juſt " to grant our confidence to thoſe who ho- " nour us with their's, and to render each " other by turns the offices of friendſhip? " Can a man have a better friend than his " wife, or the wife a ſurer and more intimate

" friend than her huſband? With whom ſhall
" we be free, if not with the perſon, who, from
" ſituation, is one with us? And when unfortu-
" nately we no longer find any pleaſure at home,
" what can be better than to ſeek it abroad, to
" return each at their own time, without jea-
" louſy and reſtraint?"

" Nothing is more pleaſant (ſaid Belzors)
" than this new method; but you and I
" have a great deal of ground to go over
" before we can reliſh it. In the firſt place,
" we muſt give up all love for ourſelves,
" wife, and children; we muſt be able to
" accuſtom ourſelves to conſider, without re-
" pugnance, as being one half of one's ſelf,
" ſomebody whom we deſpiſe ſufficiently, to
" deliver up..."——" Well (replied Verglan)
" what but mere prejudices are all theſe ſcru-
" ples! what hinders us from eſteeming one
" another, if it be ſettled that there is no longer
" any ſcandal in it?"——" When that is ſettled
" (ſaid Belzors) all the ties of ſociety are
" broken. The inviolable ſanctity of the
" marriage-tie forms the ſanctity of all the ties
" of nature. Remember, my friend, that if
" there are no longer any ſacred duties for the
" parents, there will no longer be any for the
" children. All theſe conditions depend on each
" other. Family quarrels were violent in the
" days

" days of our fathers; but the maſs of morals " was found, and the wound ſoon cloſed " up again. At preſent it is a languiſhing " body, waſting by a ſlow poiſon. On the " other ſide, my dear Verglan, we have not " now the idea of thoſe pure and intimate " pleaſures which the married pair felt amidſt " their family; nor of that union which form- " ed the delight of their youth, and the con- " ſolation of their advanced years. Now a- " days, when a mother is afflicted at the diſ- " ſipations of her ſon, or a father over- " whelmed with any reverſe of fortune, are " they a refuge or ſupport to each other? " They are obliged to unboſom their grief " abroad; and the conſolation of ſtrangers is " very weak indeed."

" You talk like an oracle, my ſage Bel- " zors (ſaid Verglan) but who has told " you that two married perſons would not " do beſt to love, and to be faithful to each " other all their lives? I am only, if un- " fortunately this mutual liking ſhould ceaſe, " for their conſoling each other, and ſettling " matters amicably, without forbidding thoſe " who may have loved reciprocally from the " times of our fathers, to love on ſtill, if " their heart inclines them to it."—" Ay " (ſaid Madam du Troëne) what is there to

" hinder

" hinder them?"——" What is there to hinder " them, Madam? (replied Belzors). Cuſ- " tom, example, the *bon ton*, the facility of liv- " ing, without ſhame, according to their liking. " Verglan will agree, that the life led in the " world is agreeable; and change is naturally " pleaſing: our very weakneſs invites us to it. " Who then will reſiſt this inclination, if they " take off the curb of morality?"——" I, I take " off nothing (ſaid Verglan) but I am for every " body's living according to their liking, and " I very much approve of the courſe that " D'Auberive and his lady have taken to over- " look on both ſides what is called injuries. " If they are ſatisfied, every body elſe ought " to be ſo too."

As he finiſhed theſe laſt words, a ſervant announced the Marquis d'Auberive. " Ah! " Marquis, you come very opportunely (ſaid " Verglan): tell us, pr'ythee, if your ſtory be " true. They ſay that your lady forgives you " your rhubarb, and that you paſs by her ſena." " ——Pſha! what ſtuff!" (ſaid d'Auberive to " him careleſsly).——" I have maintained that " nothing was more reaſonable; but Belzors " there condemns you without appeal."—— " Why ſo, pray? Would not he have done as " much? My wife is young and handſome; " a coquette; that is quite evident. At the

" bottom, however, I believe her to be very " virtuous; but though ſhe ſhould err a little, " juſtice ought to take place. I conceive, how- " ever, that a perſon more jealous than myſelf " may condemn me; but what aſtoniſhes me is, " that Belzors ſhould be the firſt. I have " hitherto received nothing but commenda- " tions. Nothing is more natural than my " proceeding; and all the world felicitate me " upon it as on ſomething marvellous. It " looks as if they did not think I had under- " ſtanding enough to take a reaſonable ſtep. " Upon honour, I am quite confounded at " the compliments I receive on it. As to the " rigid gentlemen, I honour them ſufficiently; " but I live for myſelf. Let every one do " as much, and the happieſt will always be the " wiſeſt."——" Well, how is the Marchio- " neſs?" (ſaid Madam du Troene to him, " with a deſign of changing the ſubject.)—— " Wonderfully well, Madam; we ſupped " together laſt night, and I never ſaw her " in ſuch good-humour."——" I will lay a " wager (ſays Verglan) that you will take her " again ſome day."——" Faith, very poſſibly: " for but yeſterday, when we got up from, " table, I caught myſelf ſaying tender things " to her."

This

This firſt experiment made the moſt lively impreſſion on Emily's underſtanding. Her mother, who perceived it, gave free courſe to her reflexions; but in order to put her into the way, "It is wonderful (ſaid ſhe) how much "opinions depend upon tempers. Here now "theſe two young men, educated with the "ſame care, both endued with the ſame prin-"ciples of honeſty and virtue; obſerve, how-"ever, how they differ from one another! "and each of them believes he is in the right." Emily's heart did its beſt to excuſe in Verglan the fault of having defended the manners of the age. "With what levity (ſaid ſhe) "do they treat modeſty and fidelity! how they "ſport with what is moſt ſacred in nature! and "Verglan gives into theſe irregularities! Why "has he not the ſoul of Belzors!"

Some time after, Emily and her mother, being at the play, Belzors and Verglan preſented themſelves at their box, and Madam du Troëne invited them both to take their ſeats there. The play was *Ines* *. The ſcene of the children gave Verglan an opportunity of uttering ſome *bons mots*, which he put off as excellent criticiſms. Belzors, without liſtening to him, melted into tears, and

* *Ines de Caſtro*, from which Mallet's *Elvira* is taken.

took

took no pains to conceal it. His rival rallied him on his weakneſs. "What (ſaid he to "him) do children make you cry?"——"And "what would you have me be affected by? "(ſaid Belzors.) Yes, I confeſs, I never hear "without much emotion the tender names of "father and mother; the pathos of nature "penetrates me; even the moſt touching love "intereſts me, moves me much leſs." *Ines* was followed by *Nanine* †; and when they came to the cataſtrophe, "Oh! ſaid Ver-"glan that is carrying the jeſt too far: let "Dolban love this little wench, with all my "heart; but to marry her, I think, is ra-"ther too much."——"It is a folly, per-"haps (replied Belzors) but I feel myſelf "capable of it: when virtue and beauty are "united, I cannot anſwer for my diſcretion." Not one of their obſervations eſcaped Madam du Troëne; Emily, ſtill more attentive, bluſhed at the advantage which Belzors had over his rival. After the play, they ſaw the Chevalier d'Olcet paſs by in weepers. "What is the "meaning of this, Chevalier? (ſaid Verglan "to him with an air of gaiety). "An old "uncle (replies d'Olcet) who has been "ſo kind as to leave me ten thouſand

† A petit piece of Voltaire; the ſtory ſomewhat like *Pamela*.

"crowns

" crowns a year."——" Ten thouſand crowns!
" I give you joy. This uncle was a brave
" old fellow. Ten thouſand crowns! charm-
" ing." Belzors, embracing him in his turn, ſaid to him: " Chevalier, I condole with you
" on his death: I know that you think too
" juſtly to conceive any unnatural joy on the
" occaſion." —— " He has long been as a
" father to me (ſaid the Chevalier, confounded
" at the pleaſant air he had aſſumed) but he
" was ſo old, you know!"——" That is a
" cauſe for patience (replied Belzors mildly)
" but not for conſolation. A good relation
" is the beſt of friends; and the riches he has
" left you are not equal to the value of ſuch
" a one."——" An old uncle is but a dull
" kind of friend (ſaid Verglan) and it is a
" rule, that every one muſt live in his turn.
" Young folks would be much to be pitied,
" if old fellows were immortal." Belzors changed the diſcourſe, in order to ſpare Verglan an humiliating reply. At every ſtroke of this contraſt, Emily's heart was cruelly torn. Madam du Troëne ſaw with joy the reſpectful and ſenſible air ſhe aſſumed towards Belzors, and the cold and chagrined air with which ſhe replied to Verglan's compliments; but in order to bring about another trial, ſhe invited them both to ſupper.

They

They played at cards. Verglan and Belzors had a *tête-à-tête* at trictrac. Verglan liked nothing but high play; Belzors would play for as little as you pleaſed. The party was intereſting. Mademoiſelle du Troëne was of the number of lookers-on; and the good mother, in making her own party, kept an eye upon her daughter, to read in her countenance what paſſed in her heart. Fortune favoured Belzors; Emily, diſpleaſed as ſhe was with Verglan, had too good a heart not to ſuffer, on ſeeing him engaged in a ſerious loſs. The young coxcomb could no longer contain himſelf; he grew angry, he doubled the game, and, before ſupper, he was on the point of playing upon honour. Ill-humour had ſeiſed him: he did his utmoſt to be merry; but the alteration of his countenance baniſhed all joy. He perceived himſelf that they pitied him, and that they did not laugh at ſome pleaſantries he endeavoured to throw out; he was humbled, and indignation would have takeu place, if they had not quitted the table. Belzors, whom neither his own good luck, nor the chagrin of his rival, had moved, was eaſy and modeſt, according to cuſtom. They ſat down again to play. Madam du Troëne, who had finiſhed her own party, came to be preſent at this, extremely uneaſy at the iſſue it might have, but deſirous that

that it might make its impreſſion on the ſoul of Emily. The ſucceſs exceeded her expectation: Verglan loſt more than he had to pay: his trembling hand and pale countenance expreſſed the trouble he wanted to conceal. Belzors, with an unbounded complaiſance, gave him as many opportunities of revenging himſelf, as he thought proper; and when, by doubling the game, he had ſuffered Verglan to get off for a reaſonable ſum, "If you pleaſe (ſaid he) we will ſtop here: "I think I may fairly win as much as I was "reſolved to loſe." So much moderation and diſcretion excited a murmur of applauſe in the company. Verglan alone appeared inſenſible to it, and ſaid, on getting up, with an air of diſdain, "It was not worth the trouble of "playing ſo long for."

Emily did not ſleep that night, ſo violently was her ſoul agitated with what ſhe had juſt ſeen and heard.——"What a difference! (ſaid ſhe) and "by what caprice is it that I muſt ſigh at having been enlightened? Ought not the ſeduc-"tion to ceaſe, as ſoon as we perceive that we "are ſeduced? I admire one, and love the other. "What is this miſunderſtanding between the "heart and the reaſon, which makes us ſtill "hold dear that which we ceaſe to eſteem?"

In the morning, ſhe appeared, according to cuſtom,

cuſtom, at her mother's levée. "You ſeem "ſtrangely altered," ſaid Madam du Troëne. "——Yes, Madam, I am very much ſo."—— "What, have not you ſlept well?"——"Very "little," ſaid ſhe, with a ſigh.——"You muſt "endeavour, however to look handſome; for "I am going to take you this morning to the "Thuilleries, where all Paris is to be aſſembled. "I uſed to lament that the fineſt garden in the "world was abandoned: I am very glad it is "come into faſhion again."

Verglan failed not to repair there, and Madam du Troëne retained him about her. The view of this walk had the air of enchantment. A thouſand beauties, in all the gaiety of dreſs, were ſeated round the baſon, whoſe ſides are decorated by ſculpture. The ſuperb walk which this baſin crowns, was filled with young nymphs, who by their charms and accompliſhments attracted the deſires after their ſteps. Verglan knew them all, and ſmiled upon them, following them with his eyes. "This here (ſaid he) is Fatimé. "Nothing is more tender and ſenſible: ſhe "lives like an angel with Cleon: he has given "her twenty thouſand crowns in ſix months: "they love like two turtles. That there is "the celebrated Corinna: her houſe is the "temple of luxury; her ſuppers the moſt "brilliant

" brilliant in Paris; ſhe does the honours of " them with a grace that enchants us. Do. " you ſee that fair beauty who looks ſo mo- " deſt, and whoſe glances wander languiſhingly " on every ſide? She has three lovers, each " of whom flatters himſelf, that he alone is " the happy man. It is a pleaſure to ſee her " amidſt her adorers, diſtributing ſlight favours " to each, and perſuading each in their turns, " that ſhe jilts their rivals. She is a " model of coquetry, and nobody deceives a " ſet of lovers with ſo much addreſs and " ſprightlineſs. She will go a great way on " my word, and I have told her ſo."—— " You are in her confidence then?" ſaid Madam du Troëne.——" Oh, yes, they do not diſ- " ſemble with me: they know me; they know " very well, that they cannot impoſe upon me." " ——And you, Belzors (ſaid Madam du " Troëne to the ſenſible and virtuous young " man, who had joined) are you initiated in " theſe myſteries?"——" No, Madam: I can " believe that all that is very amuſing; but the " charm makes the danger." Madam du Troëne obſerved that the modeſt women received, with a cold and reſerved air, the ſmiling and familiar ſalute of Verglan, while they returned with an air of eſteem and friendſhip the reſpectful ſalutation of Belzors. She rallied Verglan on this

this diſtinction, in order to make Emily perceive it. " It is true (ſaid he) Madam, that " they behave rigidly to me in publick; but " *tête-à-tête*, they make me amends for it."

On her return home with them, ſhe received a viſit from Eleonora, a young widow of uncommon beauty. Eleonora ſpoke of the misfortune ſhe had ſuſtained in loſing a deſerving huſband; ſhe ſpoke of it, with ſo much ſenſibility, candour and grace, that Madam du Troëne, Emily, and Belzors liſtened to her, with tears in their eyes. " To a young, " handſome woman (ſaid Verglan in a gay " tone) a huſband is a trifling loſs, and eaſy " to be repaired."——" Not to me, Sir " (replied the tender and modeſt Eleonora) " a huſband who honoured a wife of my age " with his eſteem and his confidence, and " whoſe delicate love never was tainted either " by fears or jealouſy, or the negligences of " habitude, is not one of thoſe whom we can " eaſily replace."——" He had, I take it for " granted, a fine perſon?" ſaid Verglan.—— " No, Sir, but his ſoul was beautiful."—— " A beautiful ſoul (replied Verglan, with a " diſdainful air) a beautiful ſoul! He was " young at leaſt?"——" Not at all; he was " of an age wherein we are affected when we " have any occaſion to be ſo."——" But if he " was

" was neither young, nor handſome, I do " not ſee why you ſhould afflict yourſelf. " Confidence, eſteem, handſome treatment, " attend of courſe an amiable woman; no- " thing of that kind could have been want- " ing to you. Believe me, Madam, the eſ- " ſential point is to ſuit yourſelf, as to age " and figure, to unite the Graces with the " Loves, in one word, to marry a handſome " man, or to preſerve your liberty."—— " Your advice is very gallant (replied Eleo- " nora) but unfortunately it is miſplaced."—— " There is a pretty prude!" ſaid Verglan, as ſoon as ſhe was gone. " Prudery, Sir " (replied Madam du Troëne) is an exag- " gerated copy of prudence and reaſon; and " I ſee nothing in Eleonora but what is plain " and natural."—— " For my part (ſaid Bel- " zors) I think her as reſpectable as ſhe is " handſome."—— " Reſpect her, Sir, reſpect " her (reſumed Verglan with vivacity) who " hinders you? She is the only perſon can " take it ill."—— " Do you know (interrupted " Madam du Troëne) who could conſole Eleo- " nora? Such a man as Belzors: and if I were " the confidante that he conſulted to his choice, " I would perſuade him to think of her."—— " You do me great honour, Madam (ſaid " Belzors, colouring) but Eleonora deſerves a

" heart

" heart that is diſengaged, and unhappily mine " is not ſo." At theſe words he took his leave, quite confounded with the diſmiſſion which he thought he had received. " For in ſhort (ſaid " he) to invite me herſelf to pay my addreſſes to " Eleonora, is not that giving me notice to " renounce Emily? Alas! how little my heart " is known to her!" Verglan, who took it in the ſame ſenſe, affected to pity his rival. He ſpoke of him as one of the honeſteſt men in the world. " It is a pity he is ſo gloomy (ſaid he, " with a tone of compaſſion) that is all they get " by their virtue, they grow tireſome, and are " diſmiſſed." Madam du Troëne, without explaining herſelf, aſſured him that ſhe had not intended ſaying any thing diſobliging to a man for whom ſhe had a moſt particular eſteem and regard. In the mean time Emily ſat with down-caſt eyes, and her bluſhes betrayed the agitation of her ſoul. Verglan, not doubting but this confuſion was an emotion of joy, retired in triumph, and the day following wrote her a billet conceived in theſe terms. " You muſt " have thought me very romantick, beautiful " Emily, in having ſo long ſpoke to you only " by my eyes! Do not accuſe me of an unjuſt " diffidence: I have read your heart, and " if I had only that to conſult, I ſhould be " very ſure of its anſwer. But you depend on

" a mother, and mothers have their caprices. " Happily your mother loves you, and her af- " fection has enlightened her choice. The " diſmiſſion of Belzors apprizes me that ſhe " has determined; but your conſent ought to " precede her's: I wait it with the moſt tender " impatience, and the moſt violent love." Emily opened this billet without knowing whence it came: ſhe was as much offended as ſurpriſed at it, and without heſitation communicated it to her mother. " I take very kindly " of you (ſaid Madam du Troëne) this mark " of your friendſhip; but I owe you in my " turn confidence for confidence. Belzors has " writ to me; read his letter." Emily obeyed and read: " Madam, I honour the virtue, I ad- " mire the beauty, I do juſtice to Eleonora; " but has heaven favoured only her? And after " having adored in your image every thing that " heaven has made moſt affecting, do you " think me in a condition to follow the counſel " which you have given me? I will not ſay to " you how cruel it is; my reſpect ſtifles my " complaints. If I have not the name, I have " at leaſt the ſentiments of your ſon, and that " character cannot be effaced."

Emily could not finiſh without the moſt lively emotion. Her mother pretended not to perceive it, and ſaid to her, " There now, " child,

" child, *I* indeed muſt anſwer theſe two rivals; " but *you* muſt dictate my anſwers."——" I, " Madam!"——" Who elſe? Is it I, whom " they demand in marriage? Is it my heart " that I am to conſult?"——" Ah! Madam, " is not your will mine! Have not you the " right to diſpoſe of me!"——" You are very " good, my dear; but as your own happineſs " is concerned, it is juſt that you ſhould decide " on it. Theſe young men are both well born; " their condition and fortunes nearly the ſame: " ſee which comes up neareſt to the idea you " have formed of a good huſband. Let us keep " him, and diſmiſs the other." Emily, ſtruck, kiſſed her mother's hands, and bathed them with her tears. " Complete your goodneſs (ſaid ſhe " to her) by enlightening me in my choice: " the more important it is, the more need have " I for your advice to determine it. The " huſband whom my mother ſhall chooſe for " me ſhall be dear to me; my heart dares pro- " miſe that."——" No, my dear, there is " no loving out of mere duty, and you know " better than myſelf the man who is likely " to make you happy. If you are not ſo, I " will conſole you: I would readily ſhare your " ſorrows, but I would not be the cauſe of " them. Come, I take pen in hand, I am " going to write; you need but to dictate."

Imagine the trouble, the confuſion, the moving ſituation of Emily. Trembling by the ſide of this tender mother, one hand on her eyes and the other on her heart, ſhe eſſayed in vain to obey her; her voice expired on her lips. "Well "(ſaid the good mother) to which of the two "are we to return an anſwer? Make an end, "or I ſhall grow impatient."——"To Ver-"glan," ſaid Emily, with a feeble and faultering voice.——"To Verglan, be it ſo; what "ſhall I ſay to him?"

"It is impoſſible, Sir, that a man, ſo neceſ-"ſary to ſociety as yourſelf, ſhould renounce "it to live in the boſom of his family. My "Emily has not qualities ſufficient to indem-"nify you for the ſacrifices which ſhe would "require. Continue to embelliſh the world; "for it is for that you are made."——"Is this "all?"——"Yes, Madam."——"And to Bel-"zors, what ſhall we ſay to him?" Emily continued to dictate with ſomewhat more confidence. "To deem you worthy of a woman as "virtuous as handſome, was not, Sir, to forbid "you to make a choice which intereſts me as "much as it does me honour; it was even to en-"courage you. Your modeſty has reverſed things, "and you have been unjuſt both to yourſelf and to "me. Come, and learn to judge better of the inten-"tions of a good mother. I diſpoſe of the heart of

Sharp sculp.

THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

" my daughter, and I eſteem none in the world
" more than yourſelf."

" Come hither, my child, that I may em-
" brace you (cried Madam du Troëne) you
" fulfil the wiſhes of your mother, and you
" could not have ſaid better, though you had
" conſulted my heart."

Belzors haſtened to them quite beſide himſelf with joy. Never was marriage more applauded, more fortunate. Belzors' affection was divided between Emily and her mother, and it was a moot point among the world, which of the two he loved moſt.

THE

SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

IN the mountains of Savoy, not far from the road from Briançon to Modena, is a ſolitary valley, the ſight of which inſpires travellers with a pleaſing melancholy. Three little hills in form of an amphitheatre, on which are ſcattered, at a great diſtance from each other, ſome ſhepherds huts, torrents that fall from the mountains, clumps of trees here

and there, paſtures always green, form the ornament of this rural place.

The Marchioneſs of Fonroſe was returning from France to Italy with her huſband. The axle-tree of their carriage broke; and as the day was on the decline, they were obliged to ſeek in this valley for ſome ſhelter to paſs the night. As they advanced towards one of the huts, they ſaw a flock going that way, conducted by a ſhepherdeſs whoſe gait aſtoniſhed them. They drew nearer, and heard a heavenly voice, whoſe plaintive and moving accents made the echoes groan.

"How the ſetting ſun ſtill glitters with a gen-
"tle light! It is thus (ſaid ſhe) that at the end
"of a painful race, the exhauſted ſoul departs
"to grow young again in the pure ſource of im-
"mortality. But alas, how diſtant is the period,
"and how long is life!" On ſaying theſe words, the ſhepherdeſs retired with her head inclined; but the negligence of her attitude ſeemed to give ſtill more nobleneſs and majeſty to her perſon and deportment.

Struck with what they ſaw, and ſtill more with what they had juſt heard, the Marquis and Marchioneſs of Fonroſe redoubled their pace, in order to overtake this ſhepherdeſs whom they admired. But what was their ſurpriſe, when under the plaineſt head-dreſs, beneath

neath the moſt humble garb, they ſaw all the graces, all the beauties united! "Child (ſaid "the Marchioneſs to her, on ſeeing that ſhe "avoided them) fear nothing; we are travellers, "whom an accident obliges to ſeek ſhelter in "theſe huts till the day: will you be ſo good as "to be our guide?"——"I pity you, Madam "(ſaid the ſhepherdeſs to her, looking down "and bluſhing) theſe huts are inhabited by poor "wretches, and you will be very ill lodged." "——You lodge there without doubt yourſelf "(replied the Marchioneſs) and I can eaſily "endure, for one night, the inconveniences "which you ſuffer always."——"I am formed "for that," ſaid the ſhepherdeſs, with a modeſty that charmed them. "No, ſurely (ſaid "the Marquis de Fonroſe, who could no longer "diſſemble the emotion ſhe had cauſed in him) "no, you are not formed to ſuffer; and For-"tune is very unjuſt! Is it poſſible, lovely dam-"ſel, that ſo many charms are buried in this "deſert, under that habit?"——"Fortune, Sir! "(replied Adelaïde, this was the name of the "ſhepherdeſs) Fortune is not cruel but when "ſhe takes from us that which ſhe has given us. "My condition has its pleaſures for one who "knows no other, and cuſtom creates wants for "you, which ſhepherds do not know."—— "That may be (ſaid the Marquis) with reſpect

" to thoſe whom heaven has placed from their " birth in this obſcure condition; but you, " aſtoniſhing damſel, you whom I admire, you " who enchant me, you were never born what " you now are; that air, that gait, that voice, " that language, every thing betrays you. But " two words which you have juſt now ſpoken, " proclaim a cultivated underſtanding, a noble " ſoul. Proceed, teach us what misfortune " can have reduced you to this ſtrange abaſe- " ment."——" For a man in misfortune (re- " plied Adelaïde) there are a thouſand ways to " extricate himſelf; for a woman, you know, " there is no other honeſt reſource than ſervi- " tude, and the choice of maſters. They do " well, in my opinion, who prefer the good. " You are now going to ſee mine; you will be " charmed with the innocence of their lives, " the candour, the ſimplicity, the probity of " their manners."

While ſhe talked thus, they arrived at the hut. It was ſeparated by a partition from the fold into which this *incognita* drove her ſheep, telling them over with the moſt ſerious attention, and without deigning to take any further notice of the travellers, who contemplated her. An old man and his wife, ſuch as Philemon and Baucis are deſcribed to us, came forth to meet their gueſts with that village-honeſty, which recalls the golden age to our minds.

minds. "We have nothing to offer you (ſaid "the good woman) but freſh ſtraw for a bed, "milk, fruit, and rye-bread for your food; "but the little that heaven gives us, we will "moſt heartily ſhare with you." The travellers, on entering the hut, were ſurpriſed at the air of regularity which every thing breathed there. The table was one ſingle plank of walnut-tree highly poliſhed: they ſaw themſelves in the enamel of the earthen veſſels deſigned for their milk. Every thing preſented the image of chearful poverty, and of the firſt wants of nature agreeably ſatisfied. "It is our dear daugh-"ter (ſaid the good woman) who takes upon "her the management of our houſe. In the "morning before her flock ramble far into the "country, and while they begin to graze round "the houſe on the graſs covered with dew, ſhe "waſhes, cleans, and ſets every thing in order "with a dexterity that charms us."——"What! "(ſaid the Marchioneſs) is this ſhepherdneſs "your daughter?"——"Ah! Madam, would to "heaven ſhe were! (cried the good old woman) "it is my heart that calls her ſo, for I have "a mother's love for her; but I am not ſo "happy as to have borne her; we are not wor-"thy to have given her birth."——"Who "is ſhe then? Whence comes ſhe? and "what misfortune has reduced her to ſuch a

" condition ?"——" All that is unknown to us.
" It is now four years ſince ſhe came in the
" habit of a female peaſant to offer herſelf to
" keep our flocks; we would have taken her
" for nothing, ſo much had her good look and
" pleaſing manner won upon our hearts. We
" doubted her being born a villager; but our
" queſtions afflicted her, and we thought it our
" duty to abſtain from them. This reſpect has
" but augmented in proportion as we have be-
" come better acquainted with her ſoul; but
" the more we would humble ourſelves to her,
" the more ſhe humbles herſelf to us. Never
" had daughter more attention for her father
" and mother, nor officiouſneſs more tender.
" She cannot obey us, becauſe we are far from
" commanding her; but it ſeems as if ſhe ſaw
" through us, and every thing that we can wiſh
" is done, before we perceive that ſhe thinks of
" it. She is an angel come down among us
" to comfort our old age."——" And what is
" ſhe doing now in the fold?" demanded
the Marchioneſs.——" Giving the flock freſh
" litter; drawing the milk from the ewes
" and ſhe-goats. This milk, preſſed out
" by her hand, ſeems to become the more
" delicate for it. I who go and ſell it in the
" town, cannot ſerve it faſt enough. They
" think it delicious. The dear child employs
" herſelf,

" herſelf, while ſhe is watching the flock, in " works of ſtraw and oſier, which are admired " by all. Every thing becomes valuable beneath " her fingers. You ſee, Madam (continued " the good old woman) you ſee here the image " of an eaſy and quiet life: it is ſhe that pro- " cures it to us. This heavenly daughter is " never employed but to make us happy."—— " Is ſhe happy herſelf?" demanded the Mar- quis de Fonroſe.—— " She endeavours to per- " ſuade us ſo (replied the old man) but I have " frequently obſerved to my wife, that at her " return from the paſture, ſhe had her eyes be- " dewed with tears, and the moſt afflicted air " in the world. The moment ſhe ſees us, ſhe " affects to ſmile: but we ſee plainly that ſhe " has ſome grief that conſumes her. We dare " not aſk her what it is."—— " Ah! Madam " (ſaid the old woman) how I ſuffer for this " child, when ſhe perſiſts in leading out her " flocks to paſture in ſpite of rain and froſt! " many a time have I thrown myſelf on my knees, " in order to prevail with her to let me go in her " ſtead; but I never could prevail on her. She goes " out at ſun-riſe, and returns in the evening be- " numbed with cold. " Judge now (ſays ſhe " to me) whether I would ſuffer you to quit " your fire-ſide, and expoſe yourſelf at your " age to the rigours of the ſeaſon. I am ſcarce

" able to withſtand it myſelf. Nevertheleſs, " ſhe brings home under her arm the wood " with which we warm ourſelves; and when I " complain of the fatigue ſhe gives herſelf, "Have " done, have done, my good mother, it is by " exerciſe that I keep myſelf from cold: labour " is made for my age."——" In ſhort, Madam, " ſhe is as good as ſhe is handſome, and my huſ- " band and I never ſpeak of her, but with tears " in our eyes."——" And if ſhe ſhould be taken " from you?" ſaid the Marchioneſs.——" We " ſhould loſe (interrupted the old man) all that " we hold deareſt in the world; but if ſhe her- " ſelf was to be the happier for it, we would die " happy in that conſolation."——" Oh! ay (re- " plied the old woman ſhedding tears) heaven " grant her a fortune worthy of her, if it be poſ- " ſible! it was my hope, that that hand, ſo dear " to me, would have cloſed my eyes, for I love " her more than my life." Her arrival broke off their diſcourſe.

She appeared with a pail of milk in one hand, a baſket of fruit in the other; and after ſaluting them with an ineffable grace, ſhe directed her attention to the care of the family, as if nobody obſerved her. " You give " yourſelf a great deal of trouble, my dear " child" (ſaid the Marchioneſs).——" I endea- " vour, Madam, (replied ſhe) to fulfil " the

" the intention of thoſe I ſerve, who are deſir-
" ous of entertaining you in the beſt manner
" they are able. You will have (continued ſhe,
" ſpreading over the table a coarſe, but very
" white cloth) you will have a frugal and rural
" repaſt: this bread is not the whiteſt in the
" world, but it taſtes pretty well; the eggs are
" freſh, the milk is good, and the fruits, which
" I have juſt now gathered, are ſuch as the ſea-
" ſon affords." The diligence, the attention, the noble and becoming grace with which this wonderful ſhepherdeſs paid them all the duties of hoſpitality, the reſpect ſhe ſhowed for her maſter and miſtreſs, whether ſhe ſpoke to them, or whether ſhe ſought to read in their eyes what they wanted her to do, all theſe things filled the Marquis and Marchioneſs of Fonroſe with aſtoniſhment and admiration. As ſoon as they were laid down on the bed of freſh ſtraw which the ſhepherdeſs had prepared for them herſelf, " Our
" adventure has the air of a prodigy (ſaid they
" one to another) we muſt clear up this myſtery;
" we muſt carry away this child along with us."

At break of day, one of the men, who had been up all night mending their carriage, came to inform them that it was thoroughly repaired. Madam de Fonroſe, before ſhe ſet out, ordered the ſhepherdeſs to be called to her. " With-
" out wanting to pry (ſaid ſhe) into the
" ſecret

" ſecret of your birth, and the cauſe of your " misfortune; all that I ſee, all that I hear, in- " tereſts me in your favour. I ſee that your " ſpirit has raiſed you above ill fortune; and " that you have ſuited your ſentiments to your " preſent condition: your charms and your " virtues render it reſpectable, but yet it is un- " worthy of you. I have it in my power, ami- " able ſtranger, to procure you a happier lot; " my huſband's intentions agree entirely with " mine. I have a conſiderable eſtate at Turin: " I want a friend of my own ſex, and I ſhall " think I bear away from this place an invalu- " able treaſure, if you will accompany me. Se- " parate from the propoſal, from the ſuit I now " make you, all notion of ſervitude: I do not " think you made for that condition; but " though my prepoſſeſſions in your favour ſhould " deceive me, I had rather raiſe you above your " birth, than leave you beneath it. I repeat " to you, it is a friend of my own ſex that I " want to attach to me. For the reſt, be under " no concern for the fate of theſe good people: " there is nothing which I would not do to " make them amends for your loſs; at leaſt " they ſhall have wherewith to ſpend the re- " mainder of their lives happily, according to " their condition; and it is from your hand " that they ſhall receive the benefits I intend " them."

" them." The old folks, who were preſent at this diſcourſe, kiſſing the hands of the Marchioneſs and throwing themſelves at her feet, begged the young *incognita* to accept of theſe generous offers: they repreſented to her with tears, that they were on the brink of the grave; that ſhe had no other conſolation than to make them happy in their old age; and that at their death, when left to herſelf, their habitation would become a dreadful ſolitude. The ſhepherdeſs, embracing them, mingled her tears with their's; ſhe returned thanks to the Marquis and Marchioneſs of Fonroſe for their goodneſs, with a ſenſibility that made her ſtill more beautiful. " I cannot (ſaid ſhe) accept of your " courteſies. Heaven has marked out my place, " and its will is accompliſhed; but your good- " neſs has made impreſſions on my ſoul which " will never be effaced. The reſpectable name " of Fonroſe ſhall ever be preſent to my ima- " gination. I have but one favour more to aſk " you (ſaid ſhe, bluſhing, and looking down) " that is to be ſo good as to bury this adven- " ture in eternal ſilence, and to leave the world " for ever ignorant of the lot of an unknown " wretch, who wants to live and die in obli- " vion." The Marquis and Marchioneſs of Fonroſe, moved with pity and grief, redoubled a thouſand times their inſtances: ſhe was immoveable,

immoveable, and the old people, the travellers, and the ſhepherdeſs, ſeparated with tears in their eyes.

During the journey the Marquis and his lady were taken up with nothing but this adventure. They thought they had been in a dream. Their imaginations being filled with this kind of romance, they arrive at Turin. It may eaſily be imagined that they did not keep ſilence, and this was an inexhauſtible ſubject for reflections and conjectures. The young Fonroſe, being preſent at theſe diſcourſes, loſt not one circumſtance. He was at that age wherein the imagination is moſt lively, and the heart moſt ſuſceptible; but he was one of thoſe characters whoſe ſenſibility diſplays not itſelf outwardly, and who are ſo much the more violently agitated, when they are ſo at all, as the ſentiment which affects them does not weaken itſelf by any ſort of diſſipation. All that Fonroſe hears ſaid of the charms, virtues, and misfortunes of the ſhepherdeſs of Savoy, kindles in his ſoul the moſt ardent deſire of ſeeing her. He forms to himſelf an image of her, which is always preſent to him. He compares her to every thing that he ſees, and every thing that he ſees vaniſhes before her. But the more his impatience redoubles, the more care he takes to conceal it. Turin becomes odious to him. The valley, which

which conceals from the world its brighteſt ornament, attracts his whole ſoul. It is there that happineſs waits him. But if his project is known, he foreſees the greateſt obſtacles: they will never conſent to the journey he meditates; it is the folly of a young man, the conſequences of which they will be apprehenſive of; the ſhepherdeſs herſelf, affrighted at his purſuits, will not fail to withdraw herſelf from them; he loſes her, if he ſhould be known. After all theſe reflexions, which employed his thoughts for three months, he takes a reſolution to quit every thing for her ſake; to go, under the habit of a ſhepherd, to ſeek her in her ſolitude, and to die there, or draw her out of it.

He diſappears; they ſee him no more. His parents become alarmed at his abſence: their fear increaſes every day: their expectations diſappointed throw the whole family into affliction: the fruitleſſneſs of their enquiries completes their deſpair; a duel, an aſſaſſination, every thing that is moſt unfortunate, preſents itſelf to their imagination; and theſe unhappy parents ended their reſearches by lamenting the death of their ſon, their only hope. While his family are in mourning, Fonroſe, under the habit of a ſhepherd, preſents himſelf to the inhabitants of the hamlets adjoining to the valleys, which they had but

but too well deſcribed do him. His ambition is accompliſhed: they truſt him with the care of their flocks.

The firſt days after his arrival, he left them to wander at random, ſolely attentive to diſcover the places to which the ſhepherdeſs led her's.

"Let us manage (ſaid he) the timidity "of this ſolitary fair one: if ſhe is unfor- "tunate, her heart has need of conſolation; "if it be nothing but a deſire to baniſh her- "ſelf from the world; and the pleaſure of a "tranquil and innocent life, that retains her "here, ſhe will feel ſome dull moments, and "wiſh for company to amuſe or conſole her. "If I ſucceed ſo far as to render that agree- "able to her, ſhe will ſoon find it neceſſary; "then I ſhall take counſel from the ſituation "of her ſoul. After all, we are here alone, "as it were, in the world, and we ſhall be "every thing to each other. From confi- "dence to friendſhip the paſſage is not long, "and from friendſhip to love, at our age, the "road is ſtill eaſier." And what was Fonroſe's age when he reaſoned thus? Fonroſe was eighteen; but three months reflexion on the ſame object unfolds a number of ideas! While he was thus giving himſelf up to his imagination, with his eyes wandering over the country, he hears at a diſtance that voice,

the

the charms of which had been ſo often extolled to him. The emotion it excited in him was as lively as if ſhe had been unexpected. "It is "here (ſaid the ſhepherdeſs in her plaintive "ſtrains) it is here that my heart enjoys the "only happineſs that remains to it. My grief "has a luxury in it for my ſoul; I prefer its "bitterneſs to the deceitful ſweets of joy." Theſe accents rent the ſenſible heart of Fonroſe. "What (ſaid he) can be the cauſe of the cha-"grin that conſumes her? How pleaſing would "it be to conſole her!" A hope ſtill more pleaſing preſumed, not without difficulty, to flatter his deſires. He feared to alarm the ſhepherdeſs if he reſigned himſelf imprudently to his impatience of ſeeing her near, and for the firſt time it was ſufficient to have heard her. The next day he went out again to lead his ſheep to paſture; and after obſerving the route which ſhe had taken, he placed himſelf at the foot of a rock, which the day before repeated to him the ſounds of that touching voice. I forgot to mention that Fonroſe, to the handſomeſt figure had joined thoſe talents which the young nobility of Italy do not neglect. He played on the hautboy like Beſuzzi, of whom he had taken his leſſons, and who formed at that time the delight of Europe. Adelaïde, buried in her own afflicting ideas, had not yet made her

her voice heard, and the echoes kept ſilence. All on a ſudden this ſilence was interrupted by the plaintive ſounds of Fonroſe's hautboy. Theſe unknown ſounds excited in the ſoul of Adelaïde a ſurpriſe mingled with anxiety. The keepers of the flocks that wandered on the hills had never cauſed her to hear aught before but the ſounds of ruſtick pipes. Immoveable and attentive, ſhe ſeeks with her eyes who it was that could form ſuch harmonious ſounds. She perceives, at a diſtance, a young ſhepherd ſeated in the cavity of a rock, at the foot of which he fed his flock; ſhe draws near, to hear him the better. "See (ſaid ſhe) "what the mere inſtinct of nature can do! "The ear teaches this ſhepherd all the re- "finements of art. Can any one breathe "purer ſounds? What delicacy in his in- "flexions! what variety in his gradations! "Who can ſay after this, that taſte is not a "gift of nature?" Ever ſince Adelaïde had dwelled in this ſolitude, this was the firſt time that her grief, ſuſpended by an agreeable diſtraction, had delivered up her ſoul to the ſweet emotion of pleaſure. Fonroſe, who ſaw her approach and ſeat herſelf at the foot of a willow to hear him, pretended not to perceive her. He ſeiſed, without ſeeming to affect it, the moment of her retreat, and managed the courſe of his own flock in ſuch a manner

manner as to meet her on a declivity of a hill, where the roads croſſed. He caſt only one look on her, and continued his rout, as if taken up with nothing but the care of his flock. But what beauties had that one look ran over! What eyes! what a divine mouth! How much more raviſhing ſtill would thoſe features be, which are ſo noble and touching in their languor, if love re-animated them! He ſaw plainly that grief alone had withered in their ſpring the roſes on her lovely cheeks; but of ſo many charms, that which had moved him moſt was the noble elegance of her perſon and her gait; in the eaſe of her motions he thought he ſaw a young cedar, whoſe ſtraight and flexible trunk yields gently to the zephyrs. This image, which love had juſt engraven in flaming characters on his memory, took up all his thoughts. "How feebly (ſaid "he) have they painted to me this beauty un-"known to the world, whoſe adoration ſhe "merits! And it is a deſert that ſhe inha-"bits! and it is thatch that covers her! She "who ought to ſee kings at her feet, em-"ploys herſelf in tending an humble flock! "Beneath what garments has ſhe preſented "herſelf to my view? She adorns every "thing, and nothing diſfigures her. Yet "what a life for a frame ſo delicate! Coarſe "food, a ſavage climate, a bed of ſtraw,

"great

" great gods! And for whom are the roſes made?
" Yes, I will draw her out of this ſtate, ſo much
" too hard and too unworthy of her." Sleep interrupted his reflexions, but effaced not her image. Adelaïde, on her ſide, ſenſibly ſtruck with the youth, the beauty of Fonroſe, ceaſed not to admire the caprices of Fortune. " Where
" is Nature going (ſaid ſhe) to re-aſſemble to-
" gether ſo many talents and ſo many graces!
" But, alas! thoſe gifts which to him are here
" but uſeleſs, would be perhaps his misfortune
" in a more elevated ſtate. What evils does not
" beauty create in the world! Unhappy as I
" am! is it for me to ſet any value on it?" This melancholy reflexion began to poiſon in her ſoul the pleaſure ſhe had taſted; ſhe reproached herſelf for having been ſenſible of it, and reſolved to deny it herſelf for the future. The next day Fonroſe thought he perceived that ſhe avoided his approach; he fell into a profound melancholy. " Could ſhe ſuſpect my
" diſguiſe? (ſaid he) Should I have be-
" trayed it myſelf?" This uneaſineſs poſſeſſed him all the live-long day, and his hautboy was neglected. Adelaïde was not ſo far but ſhe could eaſily have heard it; and his ſilence aſtoniſhed her. She began to ſing herſelf. " It ſeems (ſaid the ſong) that every
" thing around me partakes of my heavineſs:

" The

" The birds ſend forth none but ſorrowful " notes, echo replies to me in complaints, the " zephyrs moan amidſt theſe leaves, the ſound " of the brooks imitates my ſighs, one might " ſay that they flowed with tears." Fonroſe, ſoftened by theſe ſtrains, could not help replying to them. Never was concert more moving than that of his hautboy with Adelaïde's voice. " O heaven (ſaid ſhe) it is enchantment! I " dare not believe my ears: it is not a ſhep- " herd, it is a god whom I have heard. Can " the natural ſenſe of harmony inſpire ſuch " concord of ſounds?" While ſhe was ſpeaking thus, a rural, or rather a celeſtial melody made the valley reſound. Adelaïde thought ſhe ſaw thoſe prodigies realiſing which Poetry attributes to her ſprightly ſiſter Muſick. Aſtoniſhed, confounded, ſhe knew not whether ſhe ought to take herſelf away, or reſign herſelf up to this enchantment. But ſhe perceived the ſhepherd, whom ſhe had juſt heard, re-aſſembling his flock in order to regain his hut. " He " knows not (ſays ſhe) the delight he diffuſes " around him; his undiſguiſed ſoul is not " in the leaſt vain of it: he waits not " even for the praiſes I owe him. Such is " the power of muſick: it is the only talent " that places its happineſs in itſelf; all the " others require witneſſes. This gift of " heaven

" heaven was granted to man in his inno-
" cence: it is the pureſt of all pleaſures.
" Alas! it is the only one I ſtill reliſh, and I
" conſider this ſhepherd as a new echo who is
" come to anſwer to my grief."

The following days Fonroſe affected to keep at a diſtance in his turn: Adelaïde was afflicted at it. " Chance (ſaid ſhe) ſeemed to have pro-
" cured me this feeble conſolation; I gave my-
" ſelf up to it too eaſily, and to puniſh me, ſhe
" has deprived me of it." At laſt, one day when they happened to meet on the declivity of the hill, " Shepherd (ſaid ſhe to him) are you
" leading your flocks far off?" Theſe firſt words of Adelaïde cauſed an emotion in Fonroſe, which almoſt deprived him of the uſe of his voice. " I do not know (ſaid he heſitating) it
" is not I who lead my flock, but my flock
" that leads me; theſe places are better known
" to it than to me: I leave to it the choice of
" the beſt paſtures."——" Whence are you
" then?" ſaid the ſhepherdeſs to him.——" I was
" born beyond the Alps," replied Fonroſe.
" Were you born among ſhepherds?" continued ſhe. " As I am a ſhepherd (ſaid he look-
" ing down) I muſt have been born to be
" one."——" I doubt it (replied Adelaïde,
" viewing him with attention). Your talents,
" your language, your very air, all tell me,

that

" that fate had placed you in a better ſituation."
" ——You are very obliging (ſaid Fonroſe) but
" ought you, of all perſons, to believe that Na-
" ture refuſes every thing to ſhepherds? Were
" you born to be a queen?" Adelaïde bluſhed at this anſwer; and changing the ſubject, " The
" other day (ſaid ſhe) by the ſound of a haut-
" boy you accompanied my ſongs with an art
" that would be a prodigy in a ſimple ſhepherd."
" It is your voice that is ſo (replied Fonroſe)
" in a ſimple ſhepherdeſs."——" But has no
" body inſtructed you?"——" I have, like
" yourſelf, no other guides than my heart and
" my ear. You ſung, I was melted; what
" my heart feels, my hautboy expreſſes; I
" breathe my ſoul into it. This is the whole
" of my ſecret; nothing in the world is
" eaſier."——" That is incredible" (ſaid Ade-
" laïde).——" I ſaid the very ſame on hearing
" you (replied Fonroſe) but I was forced to be-
" lieve it. What will you ſay? Nature and
" love ſometimes take a delight in aſſembling
" their moſt precious gifts in perſons of the
" moſt humble fortune, to ſhow that there is
" no condition which they cannot ennoble."
During this diſcourſe, they advanced towards the valley; and Fonroſe, whom a ray of hope now animated, began to make the air reſound with thoſe ſprightly notes which pleaſure in-

ſpires. "Ah! pr'ythee now (ſaid Adelaïde) "ſpare my ſoul the troubleſome image of a ſen- "timent which ſhe cannot reliſh. This ſoli- "tude is conſecrated to grief; her echoes are "not uſed to repeat the accents of a profane joy; "here every thing groans in concert with me." "——I alſo have cauſe to complain" (replied the young man) and theſe words, pronounced with a ſigh, were followed by a long ſilence. "You have cauſe to complain! (replied Ade- "laïde) is it of mankind? is it of fortune?" "——No matter (ſaid he) but I am not happy; "aſk me no more."——"Hear me (ſaid Adelaïde) "heaven gives us to each other as a conſolation "in our troubles; mine are like an overwhelm- "ing load, which weighs down my heart. "Whoever you may be, if you know misfor- "tune, you ought to be compaſſionate, and "I believe you worthy of my confidence; "but promiſe me that it ſhall be mutual."—— "Alas! (ſaid Fonroſe) my misfortunes are "ſuch, that I ſhall perhaps be condemned "never to reveal them." This myſtery but redoubled the curioſity of Adelaïde. "Repair "to-morrow (ſaid ſhe to him) to the foot "of that hill, beneath that old tufted oak "where you have heard me moan. There I "will teach you things that will excite your "pity." Fonroſe paſſed the night in the ut-

moſt

moſt emotion. His fate depended on what he was going to hear. A thouſand alarming ideas agitated him by turns. He dreaded, above all, the being driven to deſpair by the communication of an unſucceſsful and faithful love. "If "ſhe is in love (ſaid he) I am undone."

He repairs to the appointed place. He ſees Adelaïde arrive. The day was overcaſt with clouds, and Nature, mourning, ſeemed to forebode the ſadneſs of their converſation. As ſoon as they were ſeated at the foot of the oak, Adelaïde ſpoke thus: "You ſee theſe ſtones "which the graſs begins to cover; they are "the tomb of the moſt tender, the moſt virtuous of men, whom my love and my imprudence have coſt his life. I am a French "woman, of a family of diſtinction, and, to "my misfortune, too rich. The Count "D'Oreſtan conceived the tendereſt paſſion for "me; I was ſenſible to it, ſenſible to exceſs. "My parents oppoſed the inclination of our "hearts, and my frantick paſſion made me "conſent to a marriage ſacred to virtuous ſouls, "but diſallowed by the laws. Italy was at that "time the theatre of war. My huſband went "thither to join the corps which he was to command: I followed him as far as Briançon: my "fooliſh tenderneſs retained him there two days, "in ſpite of himſelf: for he, a young man, full

" of honour, prolonged his ſtay there with the " greateſt reluctance. He ſacrificed his duty to " me: but what would not I have ſacrificed to " him? In a word, I required it of him; and " he could not withſtand my tears. He took " leave with a foreboding, which alarmed me: " I accompanied him as far as this valley, " where I received his adieus; and in order to " wait to hear from him, I returned to Briançon. " A few days after, a report was ſpread of a " battle. I doubted whether D'Oreſtan had got " thither; I wiſhed it for his honour, I dreaded " it for my love, when I received a letter from " him, which I thought very conſoling! " I " ſhall be ſuch a day, at ſuch an hour (ſaid he) " in the valley, and under the oak where we " parted; I ſhall repair there alone; I conjure " you to go there, and expect me likewiſe alone; " I live yet but for you."—" How great was " my miſtake! I perceived in this billet " nothing more than an impatience to ſee me " again, and this impatience made me happy. " I repaired then to this very oak. D'Oreſtan " arrives, and, after the tendereſt reception, " You would have it ſo, my dear Adelaïde " (ſaid he) I have failed in my duty at the moſt " important moment of my life. What I " feared is come to paſs. A battle has hap- " pened; my regiment charged; it performed

" prodigies of valour, and I was not there. I
" am diſhonoured, loſt without reſource. I re-
" proach not you with my misfortune, but I
" have now but one ſacrifice more to make you,
" and my heart is come to accompliſh it."
" At this diſcourſe, pale, trembling, and ſcarce
" breathing, I took my huſband into my arms.
" I felt my blood congeal in my veins, my knees
" bent under me, and I fell down ſenſeleſs.
" He availed himſelf of my fainting to tear him-
" ſelf from my boſom, and in a little time I was
" recalled to life by the report of a ſhot, which
" killed him. I will not deſcribe to you the
" ſituation I was in; it is inexpreſſible; and the
" tears which you now ſee flowing, the ſighs
" that ſtifle my voice, are but a feeble image of
" it. After paſſing the whole night beſide his
" bloody corpſe, in a grief that ſtupified me, my
" firſt care was, to bury along with him my
" ſhame: my hands dug out his grave. I
" ſeek not to move you; but the moment in
" which the earth was to ſeparate me from
" the ſorrowful remains of my huſband, was
" a thouſand times more dreadful to me than
" that can be which is to ſeparate my body
" from my ſoul. Spent with grief, and de-
" prived of nouriſhment, my enfeebled hands
" took up two whole days in hollowing out

" this tomb with inconceivable labour. When
" my ſtrength forſook me, I repoſed myſelf on
" the livid and cold boſom of my huſband. In
" ſhort, I paid him the rites of ſepulture, and
" my heart promiſed him to wait in theſe parts
" till death re-unites us. In the mean time, cruel
" hunger began to devour my exhauſted entrails.
" I thought it criminal to refuſe nature the ſup-
" ports of a life more grievous than death. I
" changed my garments for the plain habit of a
" ſhepherdeſs, and I embraced that condition as
" my only refuge. From that time my only con-
" ſolation has been to come here, and weep over
" this grave, which ſhall be my own. You
" ſee (continued ſhe) with what ſincerity
" I open my ſoul to you. With you I may
" henceforth weep at liberty: it is a conſo-
" lation I had need of; but I expect the ſame
" confidence from you. Do not think that
" you have deceived me. I ſee clearly, that
" the ſtate of a ſhepherd is as foreign, and
" newer to you than to me. You are young,
" perhaps ſenſible; and, if I may believe my
" conjectures, our misfortunes have the ſame
" ſource, and you have loved as well as I.
" We ſhall only feel the more for one another.
" I conſider you as a friend, whom heaven,
" touched by my misfortunes, deigns to ſend
" me in my ſolitude. Do you alſo conſider

" me

"me as a friend, capable of giving you, if not sa-
"lutary counsel, at least a consolatory example."
"You pierce my very soul (said Fonrose,
"overcome with what he had just heard) and
"whatever sensibility you may attribute to
"me, you are very far from conceiving the
"impression that the recital of your misfor-
"tunes has made on me. Alas! why cannot
"I return it with that confidence which you
"testify towards me, and of which you are
"so worthy? But I warned you of it; I
"foresaw it. Such is the nature of my sor-
"rows, that an eternal silence must shut
"them up in the bottom of my heart. You
"are very unhappy (added he with a pro-
"found sigh): I am still more unhappy:
"this is all I can tell you. Be not offended
"at my silence; it is terrible to me to be
"condemned to it. The constant companion
"of all your steps, I will soften your labours;
"I will partake of all your griefs: I will see
"you weep over this grave, I will mingle my
"tears with yours. You shall not repent
"having deposited your woes in a heart, alas!
"but too sensible."—"I repent me of it from
"this moment." said she with confusion; and
both, with downcast eyes, retired in silence
from each other. Adelaïde, on quitting Fon-
rose thought she saw in his countenance the

impreſſion of a profound grief. "I have revi-
"ved (ſaid ſhe) the ſenſe of his ſorrows; and
"what muſt be their horrour, when he thinks
"himſelf ſtill more wretched than I!"

From that day more ſighing and more converſation followed between Fonroſe and Adelaïde. They neither ſought nor avoided one another: looks of conſternation formed almoſt their only language; if he found her weeping over the grave of her huſband, his heart was ſeiſed with pity, jealouſy, and grief, he contemplated her in ſilence, and anſwered her ſighs with deep groans.

Two months had paſſed away in this painful ſituation, and Adelaïde ſaw Fonroſe's youth wither as a flower. The ſorrow which conſumed him afflicted her ſo much the more deeply, as the cauſe of it was unknown to her. She had not the moſt diſtant ſuſpicion that ſhe was the object of it. However, as it is natural, when two ſentiments divide a ſoul, for one to weaken the other, Adelaïde's regret on account of the death of D'Oreſtan became leſs lively every day, in proportion as ſhe delivered herſelf up to the pity with which Fonroſe inſpired her. She was very ſure that this pity had nothing but what was innocent in it; it did not even come into her head to defend herſelf from it; and the object of this generous ſentiment being continually preſent

to

to her view, awakened it every inſtant. The languor into which this young man was fallen became ſuch, that ſhe thought it her duty not to leave him any longer to himſelf. "You are dying "(ſaid ſhe to him) and you add to my griefs that "of ſeeing you conſumed with ſorrow under my "eye, without being able to apply any remedy. "If the recital of the imprudences of my youth "has not inſpired you with a contempt for me; "if the pureſt and tendereſt friendſhip be dear "to you; in ſhort, if you would not render me "more unhappy than I was before I knew "you, confide to me the cauſe of your griefs: "you have no perſon in the world but myſelf "to aſſiſt you in ſupporting them: your ſecret, "though it were more important than mine, "fear not that I ſhall divulge. The death of "my huſband has placed a gulf betwixt the "world and me; and the confidence which I "require will ſoon be buried in this grave, to "which grief is with ſlow ſteps conducting "me."——"I hope to go before you (ſaid "Fonroſe, burſting into tears). Suffer me to "finiſh my deplorable life without leaving you "afterwards the reproach of having ſhortened "its courſe."——"O heaven what do I hear! "(cried ſhe with diſtraction). What, I! can "I have contributed to the evils which over-"whelm you? Go on, you pierce my ſoul.

" What have I done? what have I ſaid? Alas,
" I tremble! Good heaven! haſt thou ſent me
" into the world only to create wretches? Speak,
" nay ſpeak! you muſt no longer conceal who
" you are; you have ſaid too much to diſſemble
" any longer."——" Well, then, I am . . . :
" I am Fonroſe, the ſon of thoſe travellers
" whom you filled with admiration and reſpect:
" All that they related of your virtues and your
" charms inſpired me with the fatal deſign of
" coming to ſee you in this diſguiſe. I have left
" my family in the deepeſt ſorrow, thinking they
" have loſt me, and lamenting my death. I
" have ſeen you, I know what attaches you to
" this place, I know that the only hope that is left
" me is to die here adoring you. Give me no
" uſeleſs counſel or unjuſt reproaches. My
" reſolution is as firm, and immoveable as your
" own. If, in betraying my ſecret, you diſ-
" turb the laſt moments of a life almoſt at an
" end, you will to no purpoſe injure me,
" who would never offend you."

Adelaïde, confounded, endeavoured to calm the deſpair into which this young man was plunged. " Let me (ſaid ſhe) do to his
" parents the ſervice of reſtoring him to life;
" let me ſave their only hope: heaven pre-
" ſents me with this opportunity of acknow-
" ledging

" ledging their favours." Thus, far from making him furious by a miſplaced rigour, all the tenderneſs of pity, and conſolation of friendſhip, was put in practice in order to ſooth him.

" Heavenly angel (cried Fonroſe) I ſee all " the reluctance that you feel to make any one " unhappy: your heart is with him who re- " poſes in this grave; I ſee that nothing can " detach you from him, I ſee how ingenious " your virtue is to conceal your woe from me; " I perceive it in all its extent, I am over- " whelmed by it, but I pardon you: it is your " duty never to love me, it is mine ever to " adore you."

Impatient of executing the deſign which ſhe had conceived, Adelaïde arrives at her hut. " Father (ſaid ſhe to her old maſter) do you " think you have ſtrength to travel to Turin? " I have need of ſomebody whom I can truſt, " to give the Marquis and Marchioneſs of Fon- " roſe the moſt intereſting intelligence." The old man replied, that his zeal to ſerve them inſpired him with courage. " Go (reſumed Ade- " laïde) you will find them bewailing the " death of their only ſon; tell them that he is " living, and in theſe parts, and that I will " reſtore him to them; but that there is an " indiſpenſable neceſſity for their coming here " themſelves to fetch him."

He ſets out, arrives at Turin, ſends in his addreſs as the old man of the valley of Savoy. "Ah! (cried Madam de Fonroſe) ſome mis-"fortune perhaps has happened to our ſhep-"herdeſs."——"Let him come in (added the "Marquis) he will tell us perhaps that ſhe "conſents to live with us."——"After the loſs "of my ſon (ſaid the Marchioneſs) it is the "only comfort I can taſte in this world." The old man is introduced. He throws himſelf at their feet: they raiſe him. "You are lament-"ing the death of your ſon (ſaid he) I come to "tell you that he lives: our dear child has diſ-"covered him in the valley: ſhe ſends me to "inform you of it; but yourſelves only, ſhe "ſays, can bring him back." As he ſpoke this, ſurpriſe and joy deprived the Marchioneſs of Fonroſe of her ſenſes. The Marquis, diſtracted and amazed, calls out for help for his lady, recalls her to life, embraces the old man, publiſhes to the whole houſe that their ſon is reſtored to them. The Marchioneſs reſuming her ſpirits, "What ſhall we do? (ſaid ſhe, "taking the old man by the hands, and preſ-"ſing them with tenderneſs) what ſhall we do "in gratitude for this benefit, which reſtores "life to us?"

Every thing is ordered for their departure. They ſet out with the good man; they travel

travel night and day, and repair to the valley, where their only good awaits them. The ſhepherdeſs was out at paſture: the old woman conducts them to her; they approach. How great is their ſurpriſe! their ſon, that well-beloved ſon, is by her ſide in the habit of a ſimple ſhepherd. Their hearts ſooner than their eyes acknowledge him. "Ah! cruel child. "(cried his mother, throwing herſelf into his "arms) what ſorrow have you occaſioned us! "why withdraw yourſelf from our tenderneſs? "and what is it you come here for?"——"To "adore (ſaid he) what you yourſelf admired." "——Pardon me, Madam (ſaid Adelaïde, while "Fonroſe embraced his father's knees, who "raiſed him with kindneſs) pardon me for having left you ſo long in grief: if I had known "it ſooner, you ſhould have been ſooner con-"ſoled." After the firſt emotions of nature, Fonroſe relapſed into the deepeſt affliction. "Let us go (ſaid the Marquis) let us go reſt "ourſelves in the hut, and forget all the pain that "this young madman has occaſioned us."—— "Yes, Sir, I have been mad (ſaid Fonroſe to "his father, who led him by the hand) nothing "but the loſs of my reaſon could have ſuſ-"pended in my heart the emotions of nature, "ſo as to make me forget the moſt ſacred du-"ties; in ſhort, to detach myſelf from every "thing

" thing that I held deareſt in the world; but " this madneſs you gave birth to, and I am but " too ſeverely puniſhed for it. I love without " hope the moſt accompliſhed perſon in the " world: you ſee nothing, you know nothing " of this incomparable woman: ſhe is honeſty, " ſenſibility, virtue itſelf; I love her even to " idolatry, I cannot be happy without her, " and I know that ſhe cannot be mine."—— " Has ſhe confided to you (ſaid the Marquis) " the ſecret of her birth?"—— " I have learned " enough of it (ſaid Fonroſe) to aſſure you, " that it is in no reſpect beneath my own; ſhe " has even renounced a conſiderable fortune to " bury herſelf in this deſert."—— " And do " you know what has induced her to it?"—— " Yes, Sir; but it is a ſecret which ſhe alone " can reveal to you."—— " She is married, per- " haps?"—— " She is a widow; but her heart is " not the more diſengaged; her ties are but too " ſtrong."—— " Daughter (ſaid the Marquis, " on entering the hut) you ſee that you turn " the heads of the whole family of Fonroſe. " The extravagant paſſion of this young man " cannot be juſtified but by ſuch a prodigy as " you are. All my wife's wiſhes are confined to " having you for a companion, and a friend: " this child here will not live unleſs he obtains " you for his wife; I deſire no leſs to have

" you

" you for my daughter: ſee how many perſons " you will make unhappy by a refuſal."—— " Ah! Sir (ſaid ſhe) your goodneſs confounds " me; but hear and judge for me." Then Adelaïde, in the preſence of the old man and his wife, made a recital of her deplorable adventure. She added the name of her family, which was not unknown to the Marquis de Fonroſe, and ended by calling on himſelf to witneſs the inviolable fidelity ſhe owed her ſpouſe. At theſe words, conſternation ſpread itſelf over every countenance. Young Fonroſe, choaked with ſobs, threw himſelf into a corner of the hut, in order to give them free ſcope. The father, moved at the ſight, flew to the aſſiſtance of his ſon: " See (ſaid he) my dear Adelaïde, to what a " condition you have reduced him." Madam de Fonroſe, who was near Adelaïde, preſſed her in her arms, bathing her at the ſame time with her tears. " Alas! why, my daughter (ſaid ſhe) " why will you a ſecond time make us mourn " the death of our dear child?" The old man and his wife, their eyes filled with tears, and fixed upon Adelaïde, waited her ſpeaking. " Heaven is my witneſs (ſaid Adelaïde, riſing) " that I would lay down my life in gratitude " for ſuch goodneſs. It would heighten my " misfortunes to have occaſion to reproach my- " ſelf with your's; but I am willing that Fon-

" roſe

" roſe himſelf ſhould be my judge: ſuffer me,
" if you pleaſe, to ſpeak to him for a moment."
Then retiring with him alone, " Fonroſe (ſaid
" ſhe) you know what ſacred ties retain me in
" this place. If I could ceaſe to love and la-
" ment a huſband who loved me but too well, I
" ſhould be the moſt deſpicable of women.
" Eſteem, friendſhip, gratitude, are the ſenti-
" ments I owe you; but none of theſe can can-
" cel love: the more you have conceived for
" me, the more you ſhould expect from me:
" it is the impoſſibility of fulfilling that
" duty, that hinders my impoſing it on
" myſelf. At the ſame time, I ſee you in a
" ſituation that would move the leaſt ſenſible
" heart; it is ſhocking to me to be the
" cauſe, it would be ſtill more ſhocking to me
" to hear your parents accuſe me with having
" been your deſtruction. I will forget myſelf
" then for the preſent, and leave you, as far
" as in me lies, to be the arbiter of our deſ-
" tiny. It is for you to chooſe that of the two
" ſituations which appears to you leaſt painful,
" either to renounce me, to ſubdue yourſelf,
" and forget me; or to poſſeſs a woman, whoſe
" heart, being full of another object, can only
" grant you ſentiments too feeble to ſatisfy the
" wiſhes of a lover."——" That is enough
" (ſaid Fonroſe) and, in a ſoul like your's,
" friendſhip

" friendſhip ſhould take place of love. I ſhall " be jealous, without doubt, of the tears which " you ſhall beſtow to the memory of another " huſband; but the cauſe of that jealouſy, in " rendering you more reſpectable, will render " you alſo more dear in my eyes."

" She is mine (ſaid he, coming and throw- " ing himſelf into the arms of his parents) it " is to her reſpect for you, to your goodneſs, " that I owe her, and it is owing you a ſecoud " life." From that moment their arms were chains from which Adelaïde could not diſengage herſelf.

Did ſhe yield only to pity, to gratitude? I would fain believe it, in order to admire her the more: Adelaïde believed ſo herſelf. However it be, before ſhe ſet out, ſhe would re-viſit the tomb, which ſhe quitted but with regret. " O my dear " D'Oreſtan (ſaid ſhe) if from the womb of the " dead thou canſt read the bottom of my ſoul, " thy ſhade has no cauſe to murmur at the ſa- " crifice I make: I owe it to the generous ſen- " timents of this virtuous family; but my heart " remains thine for ever. I go to endeavour to " make them happy, without any hope of being " myſelf ſo." It was not without ſome ſort of violence they forced her from the place; but ſhe inſiſted that they ſhould erect a monument there to the memory of her huſband; and that

that the hut of her old maſter and miſtreſs, who followed her to Turin, ſhould be converted into a country houſe, as plain as it was ſolitary, where ſhe propoſed to come ſometimes to mourn the errors and misfortunes of her youth. Time, the aſſiduities of Fonroſe, the fruits of her ſecond marriage, have ſince opened her ſoul to the impreſſions of a new affection; and they cite her as an example of a woman remarkable, and reſpectable, even in her infidelity.

THE HAPPY DIVORCE.

UNEASINESS and inconſtancy, are, in the greateſt part of mankind, nothing more than the conſequence of falſe calculation. Too ſtrong a prepoſſeſſion in favour of the happineſs we deſire, makes us experience, as ſoon as we poſſeſs it, that uneaſineſs and diſguſt, which ſuffer us to reliſh nothing. The imagination deceived, and the heart diſſatisfied, wander to new objects, the proſpect of which dazzles in its turn, and the approach diſabuſes us.

us. Thus from illuſion to illuſion, life is paſſed away in changing the chimera: this is the malady of lively and delicate ſouls; nature has nothing ſufficiently perfect for them: whence it proceeds that it is thought ſuch a mighty matter to fix the taſte of a pretty woman.

Lucilia, in the convent, had painted to herſelf the charms of love, and the delights of marriage, with the colouring of an imagination of a girl of fifteen, whoſe flower nothing had yet tarniſhed.

She had ſeen the world only in thoſe ingenious fictions which are the romance of human nature. It coſts nothing to an eloquent man to give love and marriage all the charms that he conceives. Lucilia, according to theſe pictures, ſaw lovers and huſbands only as they are to be met with in fables, always tender and full of love, ſaying nothing but fine things, taken up ſolely with the care of pleaſing, new homages, or pleaſures eternally varied.

Such was the prepoſſeſſion of Lucilia, when they came to draw her out of the convent to marry the Marquis de Liſere. His engaging and noble figure inſpired her with a favourable opinion of him, and his firſt addreſſes ſucceeded in determining the irreſolution of her ſoul. She ſaw not yet in the Marquis the ardour of a paſſionate lover; but ſhe thought modeſtly enough of herſelf not to pretend to

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ſet him on fire at firſt ſight. This liking, tranquil at its birth, would make a rapid progreſs; he muſt have time. However, the marriage was concluded upon, and ſolemniſed before the inclination of the Marquis was grown a violent paſſion.

Nothing was more ſteady or ſolid than the temper of the Marquis de Liſere. In marrying a young woman, he propoſed to himſelf, in order to make her happy, to begin by being her friend, perſuaded that an honeſt man does whatever he pleaſes with a well-diſpoſed woman, when he has gained her confidence; and that a huſband, who makes himſelf dreaded, invites his wife to deceive him, and authorizes her to hate him.

In order to follow the plan which he had traced out to himſelf, it was neceſſary not to be a too paſſionate lover: paſſion knows no rule. He had conſidered well before his engagement, on the kind of liking with which Lucilia inſpired him, reſolved never to marry a woman, whom he ſhould love to diſtraction. Lucilia found in her huſband only that lively and tender friendſhip, that attentive and conſtant complaiſance, that ſoft and pure pleaſure, that love, in ſhort, which has neither its hot nor cold fits. At firſt, ſhe flattered herſelf that intoxication, enchantment, tranſports,

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would have their turn; but the ſoul of Liſere was unalterable.

" This is very extraordinary (ſaid ſhe) I am " young, handſome, and my huſband does not " love me! I am his, and he thinks it enough to " poſſeſs me with coldneſs. But then why ſuf- " fer him to be cold? Can he have any violent " longings for what is in his power without re- " ſerve or trouble? He would become paſſion- " ately fond of me, if he were jealous. How " unjuſt are men! We muſt torment them in " order to pleaſe them. Be tender, faithful, " fond, they neglect, they diſdain you. An " even courſe of happineſs makes them dull. " Caprice, coquetry, inconſtancy, rouſe and " enliven them: they ſet no value on pleaſure, " but in proportion to the trouble it gives them. " Liſere, leſs ſure of being beloved, will become " a thouſand times fonder. That is eaſy; let " me be in the faſhion. Every thing around " me preſents me with enough to make him " uneaſy, if he is capable of jealouſy."

After this fine project, Lucilia gave her- ſelf up to diſſipation, to coquetry; ſhe aſſumed a myſtery in all her proceedings; ſhe made par- ties without the Marquis. " Did I not foreſee " it (ſaid he to himſelf) that I had a wife " like other women? Six months after mar- " riage ſhe begins to be tired of it. I ſhould

" be

" be a happy man now if I were paſſionately " fond of my wife! Happily my liking and " eſteem for her leave me full enjoyment of " my reaſon: I muſt make uſe of it, diſſemble, " ſuddue myſelf, and employ nothing but gen- " tleneſs and ſoothing meaſures, to keep her in " order. They do not always ſucceed, but re- " proaches, complaints, reſtraint and violence " ſucceed ſtill leſs." The moderation, complai- ſance, and tranquillity of the Marquis, put Lu- cilia out of all patience. " Alas! (ſaid ſhe) " do what I will, it is all to no purpoſe, this " man will never love me: he is one of thoſe cold " ſouls whom nothing moves, nothing engages, " and I am condemned to paſs my life with a ſtone " that knows neither how to love, nor hate! O, " the delight of ſenſible ſouls, the charm of im- " paſſioned hearts! Love, who raiſeſt us to hea- " ven on thy fiery pinions! where are thoſe flam- " ing darts, with which thou woundeſt happy " lovers! where is that intoxication into which " thou plungeſt them? where are thoſe raviſh- " ing tranſports with which they mutually in- " ſpire each other? Where are they? (con- " tinued ſhe) In free and independent love, " in the diſpoſal of two hearts which give a " looſe to themſelves. And why ſhould the " Marquis be fond? What ſacrifice have I " made him? By what marks of courage, by

" what

"what heroick devotion of myſelf have I moved "the ſenſibility of his ſoul! Where is the me- "rit of having obeyed, of having accepted for "a huſband an amiable and rich young man, "choſen without my conſent? Is it for love to "interfere in a marriage of convenience? But "is this then the lot of a woman of ſixteen, to "whom, without vanity, nature has given "wherewith to pleaſe, and ſtill more, wherewith "to love? For after all I cannot conceal from "myſelf the graces of my figure, nor the ſenſi- "bility of my heart. At ſixteen to languiſh "without hope in cold indifference, and to ſee "at leaſt a ſcore of years waſte away without "pleaſure, which might have been delicious! I "ſay a ſcore at leaſt, and it is not deſiring to "tire the world, to be content to renounce it "before forty years of age. Cruel family! "was it for you that I took a huſband? You "choſe me an honeſt man; a rare preſent you "made me! To be dull with an honeſt man, "and to be dull all one's life! very hard in- "deed!"

This diſcontent ſoon degenerated into peeviſhneſs, and Liſere thought he perceived, at laſt, that ſhe had taken an averſion to him. His friends diſpleaſed her, their company became troubleſome to her, ſhe received them with a coolneſs ſufficient to keep them

them at a diſtance. The Marquis could no longer diſſemble. "Madam (ſaid he to Lucilia) "the end of marriage is to make people happy; "we are not ſo, and it is in vain to pique ourſelves on a conſtancy which reſtrains us. Our "fortune puts us in a condition of doing without each other, and of reſuming that liberty of "which we imprudently made a mutual ſacrifice. "Live by yourſelf, I will live by myſelf. I aſk "towards me only that decency and regard "which you owe to yourſelf."——"With all "my heart, Sir," replied Lucilia with the coldneſs of diſguſt; and from that moment every thing was ſettled, that madam might have her equipage, her table, her domeſticks, in one word, a ſeparate maintenance.

Lucilia's ſuppers ſoon became ranked among the moſt brilliant in Paris. Her company was ſought by all the handſome women and men of gallantry. But there was a neceſſity for Lucilia's having ſome particular, and he who ſhould engage her firſt, it was obſerved, had the only hard taſk! In the mean time ſhe enjoyed the homages of a brilliant ſet; and her heart, yet irreſolute, ſeemed to ſuſpend her choice only to render it more flattering. She thought at laſt ſhe ſaw the perſon who would determine it. At the approach of the Count de Blamzé, all other pretenders lowered their tone. He was,

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of the whole court, the moſt to be dreaded by a young woman. It was agreed, that there was no reſiſting him, and ſo they ſpared themſelves the trouble. He was beautiful as the day, preſented himſelf with grace, ſpoke little, but extremely well; and if he ſaid common things, he rendered them intereſting by the moſt pleaſing ſound of voice, and the moſt beautiful look in the world. They could not ſay that Blamzé was a fop, his foppery had ſo much dignity. A modeſt haughtineſs formed his character; he decided with the gentleſt air in the world, and the moſt laconic tone: he liſtened to contradictions with good-humour, replied to them only with a ſmile; and if they preſſed him to explain himſelf he ſmiled ſtill and kept ſilence, or repeated what he had ſaid before. Never did he combat the opinion of another, never did he take any trouble to give a reaſon for his own: it was the moſt attentive politeneſs, and the moſt deciſive preſumption, that had ever yet been united in a young man of quality.

This aſſurance had ſomething commanding in it, which rendered him the oracle of taſte, and the legiſlator of faſhion. They were never ſure of being right in the choice of a ſuit, or the colour of a carriage, till Blamzé had approved by a glance. *It is excellent, it is handſome*, were the precious words from his mouth; and his ſilence a dead warrant. The deſpotiſm

of his opinion extended even over beauty, talents, wit, and graces. In a circle of women, she whom he had honoured with a particular attention was that instant in vogue.

Blamze's reputation had gone before him to Lucilla's; but the deference which even his rivals paid him, redoubled the esteem she had conceived for him. She was dazzled with his beauty, and still more surprised at his modesty. He presented himself with the most respectful air, seated himself in the lowest place, but all looks were soon directed towards him. His dress was the model of taste: all the young people who surrounded him studied it with a scrupulous attention. His laces, his embroidery, his manner of dressing his head, were all examined: they wrote down the names of his trades-people and workmen. "It is strange (said they) we see these de-"signs, these colours, no where else." Blamzé confessed modestly that it cost him very little trouble. "Industry (said he) is at its highest per-"fection; you need but to enlighten and direct it." He took a pinch of snuff as he said these words, and his box excited new curiosity; it was, however, the work of a young artist whom Blamzé had drawn from his obscurity. They asked him the price of every thing; he replied with a smile, that he knew the price of none of them; and the women whispered in each other's

ear the name of the female who took theſe matters under her care.

"I am aſhamed, Madam (ſaid Blamzé to "Lucilia) that theſe trifles ſhould engage the "attention which ought to centre in a more in-"tereſting object. Pardon me if I liſten to the "frivolous queſtions of theſe young men: never "did complaiſance coſt me ſo dear. I hope "(added he in a low voice) that you will per-"mit me to come and make myſelf amends in "ſome more tranquil moment."—"I ſhall be "very glad to ſee you," replied Lucilia bluſhing; and by her bluſhes, and the tender ſmile with which Blamzé accompanied a moſt reſpectful bow, the aſſembly judged that it would not be long before matters came to a conclution. Lucilia, who did not ſee the conſequence of a few words ſaid in her ear, and who did not think that ſhe had made an aſſignation, ſcarce payed any attention to the meaning looks which the women caſt on each other, or the light railleries which eſcaped the men. She delivered herſelf up inſenſibly to her own reflections, and was quite grave the whole evening. They often turned the converſation on Blamzé; all the company ſpoke well of him: his rivals talked of him with eſteem; Lucilia's rivals ſpoke of him with complaiſance. Nobody was more genteel, more gallant, more reſpectful, and of twenty women,

men on whoſe account he had reaſon to pride himſelf, not one had any reaſon to complain. Lucilia became attentive: nothing eſcaped her. "Twenty women? (ſaid ſhe within herſelf) "that is much: but where is the wonder? "He ſeeks one who may be worthy to fix him, "and capable of fixing herſelf."

She hoped the next day that he would come early, and before the crowd of viſitors: ſhe waited for him, ſhe grew uneaſy, he never came, ſhe was out of temper; he writ, ſhe read his billet, and her ill-humour ceaſed. He was diſtracted to loſe the moſt agreeable moments of his life. Some impertinents had broke in upon him, he would have made his eſcape; but theſe impertinents were people of rank. It was not in his power to be happy till the next day; but he beſeeched Lucilia to receive him early, "to abridge "(ſaid he) by a few hours, the cruel wearineſs "of abſence." The company came as uſual, and Lucilia received them with a coldneſs at which they were piqued. "We ſhall not have "Blamzé this evening (ſaid Clariſſa with a diſ-"conſolate air) he goes to ſup at Araminta's little "box." At theſe words Lucilia turned pale, and the gaiety which reigned around her only ſerved to redouble the grief which ſhe endeavoured to diſſemble. Her firſt emotion was, not to ſee the perfidious man more. But Clariſſa wanted, perhaps

perhaps, either out of malice or jealouſy, to impute a wrong to him of which he was not guilty. It was after all engaging herſelf to nothing, to ſee him once more; and before condemning him, it was but juſt to hear him.

While ſhe was yet at her toilette, Blamzé arrives in an undreſs, but the moſt elegant undreſs in the world. Lucilia was a little ſurpriſed to ſee a man whom ſhe ſcarce knew appear in a deſhabile; yet if he had given himſelf time to dreſs, perhaps ſhe would have been ſorry for it. But he ſaid ſo many handſome things to her on the freſhneſs of her complexion, the beauty of her hair, the brilliancy of her morning appearance, that ſhe had not the courage to complain. However, Araminta did not go out of her head; but it would not have been decent to appear jealous ſo ſoon; and one reproach might betray her. She contented herſelf with aſking him what he had done with himſelf the evening before.——

"What did I do with myſelf! Do I know myſelf? O, how troubleſome the world is! How happy are we in being forgotten and far from the crowd, in being devoted to one's ſelf, and the perſon we love! Follow my advice, Lucilia, get out of this whirlwind: the more repoſe, the more liberty as ſoon as we give ourſelves up to it. Now I have mentioned the whirlwind, what do you do with all theſe young

"fellows who pay court to you? They dispute "with each other the conquest of you: have "you vouchsafed to make a choice?" The easy familiarity of Blamzé had at first astonished Lucilia; this question entirely confounded her. "I am impertinent, perhaps?" resumed Blamzé, who perceived it. "Not at all (replied Lu- "cilia with gentleness). I have nothing to "conceal, and I am not afraid that any body "should see through me. I amuse myself with "the levity of these giddy young fellows, but "not one of them seems to me worthy of a "serious attachment." Blamzé spoke of his rivals with indulgence, and thought that Lucilia judged too severely of them. "Cleon, "for example (said he), has something very "amiable in him; he knows nothing as "yet; it is a pity, for he speaks well enough "of things which he is ignorant of, and he is "a proof to me that with wit one may dispense "with common sense. Clairfont is a coxcomb, "but it is the first fire of his age, and he only "wants to be disciplined by a woman who has "seen life. Pombiac's disposition pronounces "him a man of sentiment, and that simplicity "which looks so like silliness, would please "me well enough if I were a woman: some "coquette will make her advantage of him. "Little Linval is conceited, but when he has

"been

"been ſupplanted five or ſix times, people will "not be ſurpriſed to ſee him grown modeſt. At "preſent (continued Blamzé) none of all theſe "will ſuit you; we behold you, therefore free: "what uſe do you make of your freedom?"—— "I endeavour to enjoy it (replied Lucilia)."—— "That is mere childiſhneſs (reſumed the "Count): we never enjoy our freedom but in "the moment when we renounce it; and we "ought not to preſerve it with care, but in or- "der to loſe it at a proper opportunity. You "are young, you are handſome, do not flatter "yourſelf with being long diſengaged: if you "will not reſign your heart, it will reſign itſelf; "but among thoſe who may pretend to it, it is "of importance to make a right choice. As "ſoon as you love, and even when you do not "love, you will be beloved infallibly: that is "not the point: but at your age women have "need of finding in a lover a counſellor, a "guide, a friend, a man formed by the cuſtom "of the world, and able to enlighten you in "reſpect of the dangers you are going to run "in it."—— "A man, like yourſelf, for exam- "ple" (ſaid Lucilia, in an ironical tone, and with a ſneering ſmile). "Yes indeed (con- "tinued Blamzé) I ſhould do pretty well "for your purpoſe, were it not for all this "multitude that beſieges me; but how to diſ-

" engage myſelf from it?"——" Why do not
" diſengage yourſelf from it at all (replied Lu-
" cilia) you would excite too many complaints
" and make me too many enemies."——" As to
" complaints (ſaid the Count coldly) I am ac-
" cuſtomed to them. As to enemies, one never
" gives one's ſelf the leaſt concern about them
" when one has cauſe to be ſatisfied, and the
" good ſenſe to live for one's ſelf."——" At my
" age (ſaid Lucilia ſmiling) we are ſtill too ti-
" morous; and though there were nothing fur-
" ther to experience in it than the deſpair of an
" Araminta, that alone would make me trem-
" ble."——" An Araminta? (replied Blamzé,
" without any emotion). Araminta is a good
" creature who hears reaſon, and who does not
" give herſelf up to deſpair: I ſee ſomebody has
" been talking to you of her; you ſhall have the
" whole account of my connexions with her.
" Araminta is one of thoſe beauties, who ſeeing
" themſelves on the decline, that they may not
" fall into oblivion, and to revive their expiring
" conſequence, have occaſion from time to time
" to make ſome noiſe in the world. She has en-
" gaged me to pay her ſome ſmall attentions, and
" to behave to her with ſome warmth. It would
" not have been handſome to refuſe her, ſo I
" made myſelf ſubſervient to her views. In
" order to give the more celebrity to our
" adventure,

" adventure, ſhe has thought proper to take a
" little box. It was in vain that I repreſented
" to her that it was not worth while for a month
" at moſt which I had to beſtow on her: the box
" was furniſhed without my knowledge, and in
" the handſomeſt manner: ſhe made me pro-
" miſe, and there lay the grand point, to ſup
" with her there with an air of myſtery: yeſter-
" day was the day appointed. Araminta, for the
" greater ſecrecy, invited nobody there but five
" of her female friends, and permitted me to
" carry only the like number of my friends. I
" went: aſſumed an air of pleaſure; was gal-
" lant, and warm towards her: in a word, I let
" all the gueſts go away, and did not retire my-
" ſelf till half an hour after them: this was all,
" in my opinion, that decorum required; and
" accordingly Araminta was charmed with me.
" It was ſufficient to bring her again into
" vogue; and I may henceforth take my leave
" of her whenever I pleaſe, without fear of
" reproach. This, Madam, is my manner
" of conducting myſelf. The reputation of a
" woman is as dear to me as my own: nay,
" more; it coſts me nothing to make a ſacri-
" fice to her glory of my own vanity. The
" greateſt misfortune to a woman who ſets
" up for a beauty, is to be forſaken; I never
" forſake them, I leave myſelf to be diſ-

" charged, I pretend even to be inconſolable at
" it, and ſometimes I have ſhut myſelf up three
" days ſucceſſively without ſeeing any body, in
" order to leave the lady from whom I had de-
" tached myſelf all the honour of the rupture.
" You ſee, beautiful Lucilia, that the men are
" not all as bad as they ſay, and that there are
" ſtill among us principles and morals."

Lucilia, who had read only the romances of time paſt, was not at all accuſtomed to this new ſtyle, and her ſurpriſe redoubled at every ſyllable. " What, Sir (ſaid ſhe) is this
" what you call principles and morals!"——
" Yes, Madam, but this is rare, and the
" ſingular reputation which my proceedings
" have acquired me, does no great honour to
" the reſt of our youth. Upon honour, the
" more I think on it, the more I wiſh for
" your own intereſt, that you had ſome bo-
" dy like me."——" I flatter myſelf (ſaid Lu-
" cilia) that I ſhall be treated as tenderly as
" another, and that, at leaſt, I ſhall not experi-
" ence the ſhock of being forſaken."——" You
" are merry, Madam; but to be ſerious, you
" deſerve a perſon who thinks, and knows how
" to develope thoſe qualities of heart and under-
" ſtanding, which I think I have diſcovered
" in you. Liſere is a good man; but he ne-

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"ver knew how to make the moſt of his wife;
"and in general the deſire of pleaſing a huſ-
"band is not ſtrong enough, to induce a
"woman to give herſelf the trouble of being
"amiable to him to a certain degree. Happily,
"he leaves you at your own pleaſure; and you
"would not be worthy of ſo reaſonable a pro-
"cedure, if you ſhould loſe the moſt precious
"time of your life in indolence or diſſipation."
"I am not afraid (ſaid Lucilia) of falling into
"any of theſe exceſſes."——"We ſee how-
"ever nothing elſe in the world."——True,
"Sir; and that is the reaſon why I ſhould
"be difficult in my choice, if I had any
"deſign of making one: for I think there
"is no excuſe for an attachment but that it is
"ſolid and durable."——"What, Lucilia! at
"your age would you pique yourſelf upon
"conſtancy? Really if I thought ſo, I ſhould
"be capable of committing a folly."——"And
"that folly would be ...."——"To grow
"prudent, and attach myſelf in good earneſt."
"——Seriouſly! would you have the courage?"
"——Upon my credit, I am a little fearful of
"it, if you would have me own the truth."——
"A ſtrange declaration!"——"It is a little ill
"expreſſed; but I beg you will pardon me:
"it is the firſt in my life."——"The firſt, ſay
"you?"——"Yes, Madam: hitherto they

" have had the modeſty to ſpare me the trouble
" of making advances; but I ſee plainly that I
" grow old."——" Well, Sir, for the novelty of
" the thing, I pardon you this firſt eſſay: I will
" do more ſtill, I will confeſs to you, that it can-
" not diſpleaſe me."——" That is happineſs in-
" deed! do you give me leave to love you! and
" will you do me the honour to love me too?"
" ——Ah! that is another thing; time ſhall ſhow
" me whether you deſerve it."——" Look at me,
" Lucilia."——" I do look at you."——" And
" do not you laugh!"——" What ſhould I laugh
" at?"——" At your own anſwer. Do you take
" me for a child?"——" I talk reaſonably to
" you, I think."——" And it is in order to talk
" reaſonably to me, that you have done me the
" honour to grant me a *tête-à-tête?*——" I did
" not think, that in order to be reaſonable, we
" had need of witneſſes; after all, what have I
" ſaid to you, which you ought not to have ex-
" pected? I find in you graces, wit, an engaging
" and noble air."——" You are very good."——
" But that is not enough to merit my confidence,
" and determine my inclination."——" Not
" enough, Madam! excuſe me a little. Pleaſe to
" inform me, what you would require more?"
" ——A more thorough knowledge of your
" temper, a more intimate perſuaſion of your
" ſentiments for me. I promiſe you nothing, I
" forbid

" forbid myſelf nothing; you have every thing " to hope, but nothing to claim: you are to " conſider whether that ſuits you."——" No " price, without doubt, beautiful Lucilia, " ſhould be thought too dear to merit and ob- " tain you: but ſeriouſly, would you have me " renounce all the charms of the world to have " my happineſs depend on an uncertain con- " tingency? I am, you know, and I am not con- " ceited of it, I am the man the moſt ſought after " in all France; be it taſte or fancy, it is no " matter; it is her concern that ſhould have me, " though but for a time."——" You are right " (ſaid Lucilia) I was unreaſonable, and your " moments are too precious."——" No, I con- " feſs to you ſeriouſly, that I am tired of being " in faſhon; I was looking out for an object " that might fix me; I have found it; I attach " myſelf: nothing can be more fortunate; but " ſtill this ought not to be to no purpoſe. You " would have time for reflexion; I give you " twenty-four hours: I think that is very hand- " ſome, and I never gave ſo much time before." ——" My reflexions are too ſlow (replied Lucilia) " and you are too much in a hurry for us to " agree on this point. I am young, perhaps " have ſenſibility: but my age and ſenſibility " ſhall never engage me in an imprudent ſtep. " I have told you, if my heart yields, time, " proofs, reflexion, the pleaſing habitude of

" confidence

" confidence and eſteem, will have decided its " choice." — " Madam, in good earneſt now, " do you think to find an amiable man ſufficiently diſengaged to loſe his time in ſpinning " out an intrigue to this length? and do you your- " ſelf intend to paſs your youth in conſulting " whether you ſhall love or no?" — " I cannot " tell (replied Lucilia) whether I ſhall ever love " nor what time I ſhall employ in reſolving; " but that time will not be loſt, if it ſpares me " regret." — " I admire you, Madam, I admire " you. (ſaid Blamzé taking his leave) but I " have not the honour to be of the ancient order " of chivalry, and I did not come here ſo early " to compoſe a romance with you"

Lucilia, thunderſtruck at the ſcene which ſhe had juſt had with Blamzé, paſſed in a ſhort time from aſtoniſhment to reflection. " Is this " then (ſaid ſhe) the man in vogue, the " moſt amiable man in the world? He conde- " ſcends to think me handſome; and if he be- " lieved me capable of conſtancy, he would " be guilty of the folly of loving me in good " earneſt; but yet he has not time to wait " till I have conſulted myſelf. I muſt ſeize " the moment of pleaſing him, and deter- " mine in twenty-four hours: he never " gave ſo much time before. Do the women " then humble themſelves thus, and the men " thus preſcribe them the condition! happily

" he

" he has made himself known to me. Under " that modeſt air which had ſeduced me, what " conceit, what preſumption! ah! I ſee the " moſt mortifying evil to a woman is that of " loving a fop."

The ſame day, after the opera, Lucilia's company being met together, Pomblac came to tell her, with an air of myſtery, that ſhe would have neither Blamzé nor Clairfont to ſup with her. "Very well (ſaid ſhe) I require not of " my friends any aſſiduity that conſtrains them: " there are even ſuch people whoſe aſſiduity " would conſtrain me."——"If Blamzé be of " that number (replied Pomblac frankly) " Clairfont has delivered you from him, at " leaſt for ſome time."——"How ſo!"—— " Do not be frightened: all is very well over." "——How, Sir, what is over!"——"After the " opera, the curtain being dropped, we were on " the ſtage, and, according to cuſtom, hearing " Blamzé deciding on every thing. Having gi- " ven us his opinion on the ſinging, the dancing, " and the decorations, he aſked us, if we were " to ſup at the little Marchioneſs's? (pardon " me, Madam, it was you he ſpoke of). We re- " plied Yes. "I ſhall not be there (ſaid he) we " are in the pouts ſince this morning." I aſked " what might be the cauſe of theſe pouts? " Blamzé told us, that you had made him an " aſſignation;

" aſſignation; that he never came; that you were
" piqued at it; that he had made up that this
" morning; that you played the child; that he
" was in a hurry to conclude; that you had
" demanded time for reflexion; and that, tired
" out with your *ifs* and your *buts*, he had left
" you in the lurch. He told us, that you want-
" ed to ſet off with a ſerious engagement; that
" he had ſome inclination to it; but that he had
" not time enough on his hands; that, on cal-
" culating the ſtrength of the citadel, he had
" judged that it might ſuſtain a ſiege; but that
" nothing would do for him but a ſurpriſe. "It
" is an exploit that may ſuit ſome of you (added
" he) you are young, it is the time when one
" loves to encounter difficulties, in order to over-
" come them; but I forewarn you, that virtue is
" her fort, and ſenſibility her weak part: every
" thing was concluded, if I had taken the trou-
" ble to play the paſſionate lover."——" I was
" fully perſuaded that he lied (reſumed the young
" man) but I had the prudence to be ſilent.
" Clairfont was not ſo patient as I: he ſignified
" to him, that he did not believe one word of his
" ſtory: and at this declaration they went out to-
" gether. I followed them. Clairfont received a
" wound."——"And Blamzé...?"——"Blamzé
" has two, of which he will not recover without
" ſome difficulty. While I helped him to get into
" his

" his coach, " If Clairfont (ſaid he) knows how " to make an advantage of this adventure, he " will carry Lucilia. A woman defends herſelf " but ill againſt a man who defends her ſo well. " Tell him that I diſpenſe with this being a " ſecret to her; it is juſt that ſhe ſhould know " what ſhe owes to her knight."

Lucilia had all the difficulty in the world to conceal the trouble and conſternation which this ſtory gave her. She feigned a head-ache, and it is well known that a head-ache, in a handſome woman, is a civil way of diſmiſſing impertinents: ſo they left her alone at their riſing from table.

Delivered up to herſelf, Lucilia could not conſole herſelf for having been the ſubject of a duel, which would make her the town-talk. She was ſtrongly touched by the warmth with which Clairfont had revenged the affront offered her; but what an humiliation to her if this adventure ſhould make a noiſe, and Liſere ſhould be informed of it? Happily the ſecret was kept. Pomblac and Clairfont made a point of ſaving Lucilia's honour; and Blamzé, being cured of his wounds, was far from boaſting of an imprudence by which he had been ſo ſeverely puniſhed. It will be aſked, perhaps, how a man till then ſo diſcreet came all of a ſudden to ceaſe to be ſo? It is becauſe we are under

under leſs temptation to publiſh favours which we obtain, than to avenge ourſelves for the rigours we undergo. This firſt indiſcretion had like to have coſt him his life. He was for a month on the brink of the grave. Clairfont had leſs difficulty to get his wound cured, and Lucilia ſaw him again with a tenderneſs hitherto unknown to him. If we attach ourſelves to any one who has expoſed his life for us, we attach ourſelves as naturally to the perſon for whom we have expoſed our life; and ſuch ſervices perhaps are ſtronger ties to the perſon who has performed them, than to the party for whom they were performed. Clairfont then became deſperately in love with Lucilia; but the more ſhe owed him in return, the leſs he dared to require any thing of her; he found a ſenſible pleaſure in being generous, and he ceaſed to be ſo if he availed himſelf of the rights he had acquired to Lucilia's gratitude: accordingly he was more timorous than if he had merited nothing; but Lucilia read his ſoul, and this delicacy took the ſtrongeſt hold of her. In the mean time, the fear of appearing to want gratitude, or the dread of carrying it too far, made her diſſemble her knowledge of the intelligence Pomblac had given her; thus the good-will ſhe teſtified towards Clairfont appeared free and diſintereſted, and he was ſo much the more affected.

fected by it. Their mutual inclination every day made a ſenſible progreſs. They ſought one another with their eyes, conferred with intimacy, liſtened to each other with complaiſance, gave one another an account of their proceedings, in reality, without affectation, and, as it were, for the ſake of ſaying ſomething; but with ſo much exactneſs, that they knew, almoſt to a minute, the hour at which they were to ſee each other again. Clairfont inſenſibly became more familiar, and Lucilia leſs reſerved. Nothing remained but to explain themſelves; for which purpoſe there was no need of thoſe marvellous incidents which love ſometimes ſends to the aſſiſtance of baſhful lovers. One day that they were alone, Lucilia let her fan drop; Clairfont picks it up, and preſents it to her; ſhe receives it with a pleaſing ſmile; that ſmile inſpires the lover with the courage to kiſs her hand: that hand was the moſt beautiful hand in the world, and from the moment that Clairfont's lips were applied to it, ſhe was unable to withdraw it. Lucilia, in her emotion, made a ſlight effort to draw back her hand, he oppoſed a gentle violence, and his eyes, tenderly fixed on Lucilia's eyes, entirely diſarmed her. Their looks had expreſſed every thing before their tongues interfered; and the mutual confeſſion of their love was made and returned in two words.

words. "I breathe, we love," ſaid Clairfont, intoxicated with joy. "Alas! yes, we do love "(replied Lucilia, with a profound ſigh) it is "no longer time to deny it. But remember "that I am bound by duties: thoſe duties are "inviolable, and, if I am dear to you, they "will be ſacred."

Lucilia's inclination was not one of thoſe faſhionable paſſions which ſtifle ſhame in their infancy, and Clairfont reſpected it too much to take advantage of it as a weakneſs. Tranſported with being loved, he for a long time confined his deſires to the delicious poſſeſſion of a heart pure, virtuous, and faithful. "How little we love "(ſaid he to himſelf in his delirium) when we "are not made happy by the ſingle pleaſure of "loving! Who was the ſtupid ſavage who firſt "branded with the name of rigour that reſiſt-"ance which timid modeſty oppoſes to wild de-"ſire? Is there, beautiful Lucilia, is there a "denial which your looks would not ſoften? "Can I complain when you ſmile upon me? "And has my ſoul any wiſhes ſtill to form, "when my eyes draw from your's that heavenly "voluptuouſneſs with which you intoxicate all "my ſenſes? Far be from us, I conſent to it, "all thoſe pleaſures followed by regrets, which "would trouble the ſerenity of your life. I "reſpect your virtue as much as you cheriſh

"it

"it yourſelf, and I ſhould never pardon myſelf "the having cauſed any remorſe to ſpring up "in the boſom of innocence itſelf." Sentiments ſo heroick charmed Lucilia; and Clairfont, more tender every day, was every day more beloved, more happy, and more worthy to be ſo. But at length the railleries of his friends, and the ſuſpicions they excited in him with reſpect to that virtue which he adored, embittered his happineſs. He became gloomy, uneaſy, jealous; every thing vexed him, every thing gave him umbrage. Lucilia every day perceived her chain become cloſer and heavier, every day there were new complaints to hear, new reproaches to undergo. Every man that ſhe received with civility was a rival whom ſhe muſt baniſh. The firſt ſacrifices that he required were made without oppoſition; he demanded new ones, he obtained them; he wanted ſtill more, ſhe was weary of obeying him. Clairfont imagined he ſaw in Lucilia's impatience an invincible attachment to the connexions which he prohibited; and that love, at firſt ſo delicate and ſubmiſſive, became fierce and tyrannical. Lucilia was terrified; ſhe ſought to appeaſe him, but to no purpoſe. "I will not believe (ſaid the im-"perious Clairfont) I will not believe that "you love me till you live for me alone, as I "do for you. What! if I poſſeſs, if I fill "your

" your ſoul, what do you do with this troubleſome crowd? Ought it to coſt you any thing to baniſh what afflicts me? Would it coſt me any pain to renounce every thing that would diſpleaſe you? What do I ſay? Is it not a continual violence that I do myſelf to ſee any thing but Lucilia? Would to heaven we were freed from this crowd, which beſieges you, and which deprives me every moment either of your looks or your thoughts. The ſolitude that ſo terrifies you would complete all my wiſhes. Are not our ſouls of the ſame nature? Or the love which you think you feel, is it not the ſame that I feel? You complain that I demand ſacrifices of you! Require, Lucilia, require in your turn; chooſe the moſt painful, the moſt grievous trials; you ſhall ſee whether I heſitate. There is no connexion which I would not break, no effort which I would not make; or rather I ſhould not make any. The pleaſure of gratifying you will make me amends, will ſerve inſtead of every thing; and what they call denials would be to me enjoyments."—— " You think ſo, Clairfont (replied the tender and ingenuous Lucilia) but you deceive yourſelf. Each of theſe denials is but little; but all together make up a great deal. It is the continuance of them that is tireſome:

" you

"you have made me know by experience, that "no complaiſance is inexhauſtible." While ſhe ſpoke thus, Clairfont's eyes, ſparkling with impatience, were ſometimes turned up to heaven, and ſometimes fixed on her. "Believe me "(continued Lucilia) the ſacrifices of true love "are made in the heart, and under the veil of "myſtery: ſelf-love alone demands publick "ones: to that victory is little; it aſpires to "the honours of a triumph: and that is what "you exact."

"What a cold analyſis (cried he) and what "vain metaphyſicks! Love, to be ſure, reaſons "thus! I love you, Madam; nothing, to my "misfortune, is truer; I would ſacrifice a thou-"ſand lives to pleaſe you; and whatever may "be this ſentiment which you call ſelf-love, it "detaches me from the whole world to deliver "myſelf up ſolely to you; but in abandoning "myſelf thus, I would poſſeſs you in the ſame "manner. Cleon, Linval, Pomblac, all theſe "are ſufficient to make me uneaſy: I cannot "anſwer for myſelf. After this, if you love "me, nothing ought to be more precious to "you than my repoſe; and my uneaſineſs, were "it even a folly, you ought to diſſipate. But "why do I ſay a folly? You render my alarms "and ſuſpicions but too reaſonable. And how "ſhould I be eaſy, when I ſee that every one

"who

" who comes near you engages you more than
" myſelf?"

" Ah, Sir, what acknowledgments do I owe
" you? (ſaid Lucilia with a ſigh) you make me
" ſee the depth of the abyſs into which love was
" going to plunge me. Yes, I ſee that there is
" no ſlavery comparable to that which a jealous
" lover impoſes."——" I, Madam, do I make
" you a ſlave? Have not you even an abſolute
" empire over me? Do not you do what you
" pleaſe with me?——" Enough, Sir: I have
" ſuffered a long time; I flattered myſelf; but
" you now draw me out of my illuſion, and
" nothing can lead me into it again. Be my
" friend, if you can be ſo: it is the only title
" that remains to you with me."——" Ah, cruel
" woman, would you have my death?——" I
" want nothing but your eaſe and my own."——
" You overwhelm me. What is my crime?"
" ——Loving yourſelf too well, and not eſteem-
" ing me enough."——" Ah! I ſwear to you."
" Swear nothing: your jealouſy is a vice in
" your diſpoſition, and the diſpoſition never
" corrects itſelf. I know you, Clairfont, I
" begin to dread you, and ceaſe to love you.
" This very moment I ſee my frankneſs makes
" you deſperate; but of two puniſhments I
" chooſe the ſhorteſt; and by taking away
" from you the right of being jealous, I create
" you

"you the happy neceſſity of ceaſing to be ſo."
"——I know you in my turn (replied Clairfont
"with a ſtifled rage): the delicacy of a ſenſible
"ſoul ill agrees with the levity of your's; it is
"a Blamzé that you muſt have for a lover, and
"I was a fool to take it ill . . . ." Go no far-
"ther (interrupted Lucilia) I know all that I
"owe to you; but I retire to ſpare you the
"ſhame of having reproached me with it."

Clairfont went off in a rage, and fully reſolved never more to reviſit a woman whom he had ſo tenderly loved, and who had diſmiſſed him with ſo much inhumanity.

Lucilia, reſtored to herſelf, found herſelf, as it were, relieved from a burthen that overwhelmed her. But, on one ſide, the dangers of love, which ſhe had juſt experienced, on the other, the ſad proſpect of everlaſting indifference, ſuffered her to hope hereafter for nothing but cruel diſquietudes, or inſupportable dulneſs. "What (ſaid ſhe) has heaven given
"me a ſenſible heart only to make me the ſport
"of a fop, the victim of a tyrant, or the
"gloomy companion of a kind of philoſopher,
"neither affected nor moved at any thing."
Theſe reflexions plunged her into a languor which ſhe was not able to conceal: her company perceived it, and became ſoon as melancholy as herſelf. The women to whom

her houſe was a rendezvous, were alarmed at it. "She is loſt (ſaid they) if we draw "her not out of this ſad ſtate; ſhe is diſ-"guſted with the world: ſhe loves nothing "but ſolitude; the ſymptoms of her melan-"choly become every day more terrible, and, "by the force of ſome violent paſſion which "agitates her, it is to be feared that ſhe will "fall again into the power of her huſband. "Do we know nobody to turn this young "head? Blamzé himſelf ſet about it the "wrong way, and did not ſucceed: as to "Clairfont, on whom we depended, he is a "little fool who loves like a madman; no "wonder ſhe ſhould be affronted."——"Hold "(ſaid Cephiſa, after being loſt in thought "for ſome time) Lucilia has a romantick way "of thinking; ſhe muſt have ſomething in the "fairy taſte, and the magnificent Dorimon is "exactly the man that ſuits her. She will "grow mad for him, I am ſure; let us en-"gage him only to go and invite her to ſup-"per at his fine country-houſe: I will take "upon me to give him his leſſon." The party was accepted, and Dorimon made acquainted with it.

Dorimon was the man in the world who knew beſt the moſt able artiſts, received them with the beſt grace, and recompenſed them

moſt

moſt liberally; accordingly he had the reputation of a connoiſſeur, and a man of taſte.

If, ſome centuries hence, this tale ſhould be read, they may imagine it mere fiction, and the habitation I am going to deſcribe may paſs for a fairy caſtle; but it is not my fault if the luxury of our times comes into competition with the marvellous of fables, and if, in the repreſentation of our follies, probability ſhould be wanting to truth.

On the rich banks of the Seine ariſes, in form of an amphitheatre, a ſmall eminence expoſed to the firſt rays of the morning, and the ardent fires of noon. The foreſt which crowns it defends it from the chilling blaſt of the North, and the watery influence of the Weſt. From the ſummit of the hill fall in caſcades three copious ſprings of water purer than cryſtal, which the induſtrious hand of art has conducted by a thouſand windings over green ſlopes. Sometimes theſe waters divide themſelves, and glide along in meanders; ſometimes they reunite in baſons, in which the heavens behold themſelves with delight; then they precipitate themſelves, and pour along, daſhing againſt rocks cut out into grottoes, in which the chiſſel has imitated the fanciful varieties of Nature. The Seine, which forms a bow at the foot of the hill, receives them into his peaceable boſom; and

their fall recalls to our minds thoſe fabulous times in which the nymphs of the fountains deſcended into the humid palace of the rivers, to temper the ardours of youth and love.

An ingenious whimſicalneſs ſeems to have deſigned the gardens watered by theſe ſtreams. All ſides of this ſmiling ſcene agree without ſameneſs: the very ſymmetry is ſtriking: the eye roves without laſſitude, and repoſes without dulneſs. A noble elegance, a richneſs well managed, a bold, and yet delicate taſte, have been employed in embelliſhing them. Nothing is neglected, nothing forced or laboured with too much art. The concourſe of ſimple beauties forms all its magnificence; and the equilibrium of maſſes, joined to the variety of forms, produces that beautiful harmony which forms the delight of beholders.

Groves ornamented with ſtatues, lattice-work faſhioned into arbours and bowers, decorate all the known gardens; but theſe riches, diſplayed without underſtanding and taſte, generally excite nothing more than a cold and dull admiration, ſoon attended with ſatiety. Here the diſpoſition and connexion of the parts form, of a thouſand different ſenſations, but one continued enchantment. The ſecond object that is diſcovered adds to the pleaſure raiſed by the firſt; and both are ſtill further embelliſhed

liſhed by the charms of the new object that ſucceeds, without effacing them.

This delicious landſcape is terminated by a palace of ſuch airy architecture, that the Corinthian order itſelf has leſs elegance and lightneſs. Here the columns imitated the palm-trees united in arbours. The roof of the vault formed of palms compoſes a chapiter more natural, and as noble as the vaſe of Callimachus. Theſe palms were interwoven among each other in the interſtices of the columns, and their natural wreathings concealed from the deceived eye the heavineſs of the entablature. As theſe collumns are ſufficient for the weight of the edifice, they leave a continued tranſparency to the walls, by means of chaſms artfully contrived. We ſee none of thoſe double roofs which cruſh our modern architecture; and the frightful irregularity of our Gothick chimneys is loſt in the crown-work.

The interiour luxury of the palace is ſuitable to the magnificence without. It is, in ſhort, the temple of the arts and of taſte. The pencil, the chiſſel, the graving tool, every thing that induſtry has invented for the delicacies of life, is there diſplayed with a diſcreet profuſion; and the Pleaſures, the daughters of Opulence, there flatter the ſoul through all the ſenſes.

Lucilia was dazzled with ſo much magnificence; the firſt evening appeared to her a dream; it was nothing but one continued ſcene of ſhows and feaſtings, of which ſhe plainly perceived herſelf was the divinity. The earneſtneſs, the vivacity, the gallantry with which Dorimon did the honours of this beautiful dwelling, the changes of ſcene which he produced with one ſingle look, the abſolute empire which he ſeemed to exerciſe over the arts and pleaſures, recalled to Lucilia's imagination every thing that ſhe had read of the moſt celebrated enchanters. She dared not truſt her eyes, and even thought herſelf enchanted. If Dorimon had availed himſelf of the intoxication into which ſhe was plunged, the dream perhaps had ended after the manner of modern romances. But Dorimon was merely gallant; and all he had the courage to permit himſelf to do, was to aſk Lucilia to come ſometimes and embelliſh his hermitage; for ſo he called this manſion.

Lucilia's companions had obſerved her with attention. The moſt experienced judged that Dorimon was too much taken up with his magnificence, and too little with his happineſs. "He ought (ſaid they) to have "ſeiſed the firſt moment of ſurpriſe: it is a "kind of tranſport which we do not feel "twice."

In

In the mean time, Lucilia's head being filled with all that ſhe had juſt ſeen, ſhe formed to herſelf the moſt wonderful idea of Dorimon himſelf. So much gallantry beſpoke an imagination briſk and ſprightly, a cultivated genius, a delicate taſte and a lover, if ever there was one, wholly taken up with the care of pleaſing. This portrait, though a little too flattering, was not wholly unlike. Dorimon was yet young, of an engaging figure, and a moſt joyous temper. His wit was all in ſallies; he had in his way of thinking little warmth, but much refinement. Nobody ſaid more gallant things; but he had not the gift of enforcing them: every body loved to hear him, but nobody believed him. He was the moſt ſeducing man in the world for a coquette, the leaſt dangerous to a woman of ſentiment.

She conſented to ſee him again at his own houſe, and this gave occaſion to new entertainments. But in vain had the gallantry of Dorimon re-aſſembled there all the pleaſures which ſhe had given birth to, in vain were theſe pleaſures varied every inſtant with as much art as taſte: Lucilia was at firſt ſlightly moved, ſoon after ſatiated; and before the cloſe of the day, ſhe conceived it poſſible to grow dull in this delicious abode. Dorimon, who never quitted her, exerted all the talents

of pleaſing; he held her in diſcourſe on a thouſand ingenious ſubjects, he mingled alſo ſome ſoft things with them; but ſtill this was not what ſhe had conceived. She thought to find a god, and Dorimon was but a man; the pomp of his houſe eclipſed him, proportions were not obſerved; and Dorimon, while he ſurpaſſed himſelf, was all the while inferiour to the idea which every thing around him inſpired.

He was very far from ſuſpecting the injury which this compariſon did him in the imagination of Lucilia, and he waited only one happy moment to avail himſelf of his advantages. After the concert, and before ſupper, he led her, as it were by chance, into a ſolitary cloſet, where ſhe might go, he ſaid, and ruminate, when ſhe ſhould have any moments of pouting. The door opens, and Lucilia ſees her image reflected a thouſand times in the dazzling pier-glaſſes; the voluptuous paintings with which the pannels were covered, multiplied themſelves around her. Lucilia, admiring herſelf, thought ſhe beheld the goddeſs of Loves. At this ſight an exclamation of ſurpriſe and admiration eſcaped her, and Dorimon ſeiſed the inſtant of this ſudden emotion. "Reign here, there is your throne," ſaid he to her, ſhowing her a ſofa, which the hand of fairies had ſown with flowers. "My

"throne!"

" throne! (ſaid Lucilia, ſeating herſelf, and " with a tone of gaiety) well, ay, I like it " pretty well, and I find myſelf the queen of " a mighty pretty people." She ſpoke of the multitude of Loves which ſhe perceived in the glaſſes. Amidſt theſe ſubjects, " Will you con- " deſcend, Madam, to admit me?" ſaid Dori- mon with ardour, and throwing himſelf at her feet. " Ah! as to you (ſaid ſhe with a ſerious " air) you are no child;" and at theſe words ſhe would have got up, but he retained her with a ſtrong hand, and the effort ſhe made to eſcape rendered him ſtill bolder. " Where am I then? " (ſaid ſhe with terrour) let me go, let me go, " I ſay, or my cries . . . ." Theſe words awed him. " Excuſe, Madam (ſaid he) an im- " prudence, of which you are yourſelf in ſome " meaſure the cauſe. To come here *tête-à-* " *tête*, and repoſe yourſelf on this ſofa, as you " have done, is giving to underſtand, accor- " ding to the received cuſtom, that a little " violence would not be ill taken. With you " I ſee plainly that it means nothing; we " miſunderſtand each other."—" Oh! very " much," ſaid Lucilia, going out in a rage; and Dorimon followed her, a little confounded at his miſtake. Happily their ab- ſence had not been long enough to give time for ſlander to ſpeak ill of it. Lucilia, diſ-

ſembling her perturbation, told the company that ſhe had juſt been ſeeing a very fine cabinet. They ran there in a body; and their exclamations of admiration were only interrupted by the coming in of ſupper.

The ſumptuouſneſs of this feaſt ſeemed to improve ſtill upon all the pleaſures that they had taſted. But Dorimon endeavoured in vain to do the honours of it; he had loſt that gaiety which was ſo natural to him; and Lucilia replied to the gallant things they addreſſed to her, in order to draw her out of her reverie, only by a forced ſmile, with which good-breading endeavours to diſguiſe ill-humour.

"There (ſaid her friends to her, on going home "with her) there now is a man who ſuits you: "with him life is a continual enchantment; it appears as if all the pleaſures obeyed his voice: the "moment he commands, they arrive in troops."

"There are ſome (ſaid Lucilia coldly) which "cannot be commanded: they are above riches; "we find them only in our hearts."—"Upon "my word, my dear (ſaid Cephiſa to her) you "are very difficult."—"Yes, Madam, very "difficult," replied ſhe with a ſigh: and during the reſt of the journey they kept a profound ſilence. "This is nothing but a handſome wo-"man ſpoilt (ſaid her friends, at quitting her). "Yet if her whims where chearful ones, we

"might

" might amuſe ourſelves with them; but nothing
" in the world is more gloomy. It was worth
" while indeed to ſeparate from her huſband, to
" be a prude to the reſt of the world!"

" Is this then the world ſo much boaſted
" of? (ſaid Lucilia, on her ſide) I have paſſ-
" ed rapidly through every thing agreeable in
" it: what have I found? a coxcomb, a jea-
" lous lover, a vain man, who arrogates to
" himſelf, as ſo many charms, his gardens,
" his palace, and his entertainments, and who
" thinks that the ſevereſt virtue can deſire
" no better than to yield to him. Ah! how
" I hate thoſe makers of romances, who
" have lulled me with their fables! My ima-
" gination filled with a thouſand chimeras,
" I thought my huſband inſipid; and yet he
" is worth more than all I have ſeen. He is
" plain; but is not his plainneſs a thouſand
" times preferable to the vain pretenſions of a
" Blamzé? He is temperate in his affections,
" and what would become of me if he were
" violent and paſſionate like Clairfont? He
" loved me little, but he loved only me;
" and if I had been reaſonable, he loved me
" enough to make me happy. I had not
" with him thoſe pompous and noiſy plea-
" ſures which intoxicate at firſt, and ſoon
" after cloy: but his complaiſance, his

" ſweetneſs, his delicate attentions, furniſhed me
" every moment with pleaſures, the moſt pure
" and ſolid, if I had but known how to reliſh
" them. Fool that I was! I purſued illuſions,
" and fled happineſs itſelf: it is placed in the
" ſilence of the paſſions, the equilibrium and re-
" poſe of the ſoul. But, alas! it is a fine time to
" acknowledge my errours, when they have
" made me loſe the friendſhip, the confidence,
" perhaps the eſteem of my huſband. Thank hea-
" ven, I have nothing to reproach myſelf with
" but the indiſcretions of my age. But is Liſere
" obliged to believe me in this point, and
" would he vouchſafe to hear me? Ah! how
" difficult is it to return to one's duty, when
" we have once abandoned it! difficult! and
" why? who hinders me? the dread of being
" humbled? But Liſere is a good man; and
" if he has ſpared me in my errours, would
" he diſtreſs me in my reformation? I have
" but to detach myſelf from a pernicious ſo-
" ciety, to live at home, with ſuch of my
" female friends as my huſband reſpects, and
" whom I can ſee without bluſhing. All the
" while that he has ſeen me delivered up to
" the world, he has never come near me; but
" if he ſees me reſtored to myſelf, he will
" condeſcend perhaps to recall me to him; and
" if his heart be not reſtored to me, the only
" conſolation

" conſolation that remains to me, is that of ren-
" dering myſelf worthy of it: I ſhall be at leaſt
" reconciled to myſelf, if I cannot be ſo to my
" huſband."

Liſere, full of grief, had kept ſight of her through all her whirl of company: he depended on the juſtneſs of her way of thinking, and the probity of her ſoul. " She will perceive (ſaid he)
" the frivolouſneſs of the pleaſures which ſhe
" ſeeks, the folly of the women, the vanity of the
" men, the falſity of both; and, if ſhe returns vir-
" tuous, her virtue will be but the more confirm-
" ed by the dangers it has run. But will ſhe have
" eſcaped all the ſhelves that ſurround her, the
" charms of flattery, the ſnares of ſeduction, the
" attractions of pleaſure? We deſpiſe the world
" when we know it thoroughly; but we give our-
" ſelves up to it before we know it, and the heart
" is frequently loſt before reaſon enlightens it.
" O Lucilia! (cried he, looking at the por-
" trait of his wife, which in ſolitude was his
" only converſation) O Lucilia! you were
" ſo deſerving of being happy! and I flattered
" myſelf that you would be ſo with me. Alas!
" perhaps ſome one of thoſe handſome cor-
" ruptors, who form at once the ornament and
" misfortune of the world, is at this very
" time employed in ſeducing her innocence,
" and is bent upon her defeat, merely for the
" plea-

" pleaſure of boaſting of it. What, would " my wife's ſhame raiſe an eternal barrier be- " tween us! It would no longer be permitted " me to live with her, from whom death alone " ought to ſeparate me! I have betrayed her " in abandoning her. Heaven had choſen me " for the guardian of her imprudent and frail " youth. I have conſulted only cuſtom, and " I have been ſtruck only by the frightful idea " of being hated as a tyrant."

While Liſere floated thus in this cruel uncer- tainty, Lucilia was not leſs agitated between the deſire of returning, and the dread of being repulſed. Twenty times had ſhe riſen, after paſſing the night in ſighs and tears, with the reſolution of going to wait his riſing, in order to throw herſelf at his feet, and aſk his pardon. But a ſhame, well known to ſenſible and delicate ſouls, had ſtill withheld her foot- ſteps. If Liſere did not deſpiſe her, if he ſtill preſerved any feeling for her, any eſteem; from the time when ſhe had broken off with her parties, from the time that ſhe had lived retired and ſolitary, how came it that he had never vouchſafed to ſee her even once? Every day, as he went by, he en- quired after his lady's health, ſhe heard of it; ſhe hoped that at laſt he would aſk to ſee her, each day this hope was renewed; ſhe

ſhe expected, all trembling, the moment of Liſere's calling; ſhe drew as near as poſſible, in order to liſten to him, and retired in tears, after having heard him aſk, as he went along, *How does my Lady do?* She could have wiſhed to have Liſere informed of her repentance, of her return to herſelf; "But to whom can I "truſt? (ſaid ſhe) to friends! is there one of "them faithful enough, diſcreet enough, wiſe "enough, for ſo delicate an interpoſition? "Some of them might have the talents, but "had not the zeal; and others had the zeal; "but not the talents: beſides, it is ſo hard to "truſt to others what we dare not confeſs our-"ſelves! A letter ....; but what ſhall I "write to him? general expreſſions would not "touch him, and particulars are ſo humiliat-"ing!" At length a thought came into her head, by which her delicacy and ſenſibility were equally ſatisfied. Liſere had abſented himſelf for two days, and Lucilia ſeiſed the opportunity of his abſence to execute her deſign.

Liſere had an old ſervant, whom Lucilia ſaw melting into tears at the moment of their ſeparation, and whoſe zeal, honeſty, and diſcretion, were well known to her. "Ambroſe "(ſaid ſhe to him) I have a favour to aſk of "you."—"Ah! Madam (ſaid the good "man) command me; I am your's, with all "my

" my ſoul: would to God that you and my
" maſter loved one another as I love you! I
" know not which of you is wrong; but I am
" ſorry for you both: it would be delightful to
" ſee you together, and I ſee nothing here which
" does not give me ſorrow, ever ſince you have
" been on ill terms."——" It is perhaps my
" fault (ſaid Lucilia, humiliated) but, my dear
" Ambroſe, the evil is not without remedy: only
" do what I ſhall tell you. You know that my
" portrait is in your maſter's chamber."——
" Oh! yes, Madam, he knows it very well too;
" for he ſometimes ſhuts himſelf up with it for
" whole days: it is all his conſolation. He
" looks at it, he talks to it, he ſighs moſt piti-
" fully; and I ſee plainly that the poor gentle-
" man would ſtill much rather converſe with
" you than with your picture."——" You tell
" me very comfortable news, my dear Ambroſe;
" but go and take away that portrait privately,
" and chooſe, in order to bring it me, a time
" when you may not be ſeen by any body."——
" I, Madam, deprive my maſter of all that he
" holds deareſt in the world! rather aſk my life."
" ——Be aſſured (replied Lucilia) my deſign is
" not to deprive him of it. To-morrow even-
" ing thou ſhalt come and fetch it, to put it in
" its place again: I will only beg of you
" to ſay nothing to my huſband."——" Very
" well

" well (ſaid Ambroſe) I know that you are " goodneſs itſelf, and you would not now at " the latter end of my life give me the mortifi- " cation of having made my maſter uneaſy." The faithful Ambroſe executed Lucilia's order. She had in her portrait the tender and languiſhing air which was natural to her; but her look was ſerene, and her hair ſet with flowers. She ſent for her painter, ordered him to draw her with her hair diſhevelled, and to paint the tears trickling from her eyes. As ſoon as her idea was carried into execution, the picture was replaced in Liſere's apartment. He comes into it, and his eyes are ſoon raiſed on the dear object. It is eaſy to conceive how great was his ſurpriſe. The diſhevelled hair ſtrikes him firſt: he draws near, and ſees the tears flow. " Ah! " (cried he) ah Lucilia! are theſe the tears of " repentance? Is that the ſorrow of love?" He goes out tranſported, he flies to her, he ſeeks her with his eyes, and he finds her in the ſame ſituation as the picture had repreſented her. Immoveable for a moment, he eyes her with tenderneſs; and ſuddenly throwing himſelf at her feet, " Is it really true (ſaid he) " that my wife is reſtored to me?"—" Yes " (ſaid Lucilia, with ſighs) yes, if you think " her ſtill worthy of you?"—" Can ſhe have " ceaſed to be ſo (replied Liſere, locking her in his

" his arms). No, my dear, be comforted; I " know your ſoul, and I have never ceaſed " to mourn and to eſteem you. You would " not return to me, if the world had been able " to ſeduce you, and this voluntary return is " the proof of your virtue."—" Oh! thank " heaven (ſaid ſhe, her heart being eaſed by " the tears which flowed in abundance from " her eyes) thank heaven, I have no ſhameful " weakneſs to bluſh at: I have been fooliſh, " but not diſhoneſt."—" If I doubted it, " would you now be in my boſom?" replied Liſere; and at theſe words ..... but who can deſcribe the tranſports of two ſenſible hearts, which, after having groaned under a cruel ſeparation, were re-united for ever? On learning their reconciliation, the family were filled with joy, and the good Ambroſe ſaid, his eyes ſwimming with tears, " God be praiſed! I ſhall now " die content."

From that day, the tender union of this pair ſerves as an example to all thoſe of their age. Their divorce has convinced them that the world had nothing that could make either of them amends; and this is what I call A HAPPY DIVORCE.

ANNETE

ANNETE AND LUBIN,

A TRUE STORY.

IF it be dangerous to tell every thing to children, it is more dangerous ſtill to leave them in ignorance of every thing. There are grievous crimes according to the laws, which are not ſo in the eyes of nature; and we are now going to ſee into what an abyſs the latter leads innocence when ſhe has a fillet over the eyes.

Annete and Lubin were the children of two ſiſters. Theſe ſtrict ties of blood ought to be incompatible with thoſe of marriage. But Annete and Lubin had no ſuſpicion that there were in the world other laws than the ſimple laws of nature. From the age of eight years they kept ſheep together on the ſmiling banks of the Seine. They now touched on their ſixteenth; but their youth differed not from infancy but by a warmer ſentiment of mutual friendſhip.

Annete beneath a plain country coif, bound back negligently her ebon hair. Two large blue

blue eyes ſparkled beneath her long eye-laſhes, and expreſſed moſt innocently every thing which the dull eyes of our old coquettes endeavour to expreſs. Her roſy lips ſeemed to ſollicit to be kiſſed. Her complexion, tanned by the ſun, was enlivened by that light ſhade of purple which colours the down of the peach. Every part of her which the veils of modeſty concealed from the rays of noon, effaced the whiteneſs of the lily: we thought we ſaw the head of a lively Brunette on the ſhoulders of a beautiful Blonde.

Lubin had that deciſive, open, and joyous air, which proclaims a free and contented mind. His look was that of deſire, his laugh the laugh of joy. When he burſt out, he diſplayed teeth whiter than ivory. The freſhneſs of his round cheeks invited the hand to pat them. Add to all this a noſe in the air, a dimple in the chin, white ſilver locks, curled by the hand of Nature; a genteel make, a deliberate pace, the frankneſs of the golden age, which ſuſpects and bluſhes at nothing. This was the portrait of Annete's couſin.

Philoſophy brings man back nearer to nature; and it is for this reaſon that inſtinct ſometimes reſembles it. I ſhould not be ſurpriſed then if my ſhepherds ſhould be imagined to be ſomewhat philoſophical; but I forewarn my readers that it is without their knowing it.

As

As they both went frequently to ſell fruits and milk in the city, and as people were glad to ſee them, they had an opportunity of obſerving what paſſed in the world, and of giving an account to each other of their little reflections. They compared their lot to that of the moſt opulent citizens, and found themſelves happier and wiſer. "The ſenſeleſs creatures! (ſaid Lubin) During the fineſt part of the year they ſhut themſelves up in quarries! Is it not true, Annete, that our hut is preferable to thoſe magnificent priſons which they call palaces? When the thatch that covers us is burnt up by the ſun, I go to the neighbouring foreſt, and in leſs than an hour make you a new houſe more chearful than the former. The air and the light are ours. A branch leſs gives us the freſhneſs of the Eaſt or the North; a branch more defends us from the heats of the ſouth and the rains of the Weſt: that is not very dear, Annete?"

"No truly (ſaid ſhe) and I cannot think why in the fine weather they do not come all, two and two, to live in a pretty hut. Have you ſeen, Lubin, thoſe tapeſtries of which they are ſo vain? What compariſon between them and our beds of verdure? How we ſleep on them? how we wake!"

——"And you, Annete, have you remarked

" marked what trouble they take to give a rural " air to the walls which ſhut them up? Thoſe " landſcapes which they endeavour to imitate, " Nature has made for us; it is for us that the " ſun ſhines; it is for us that the ſeaſons de- " light to vary themſelves."—" Right (ſaid " Annete) I carried the other day ſome " ſtrawberries to a lady of quality; they were " entertaining her with muſick. Ah, Lubin " what a terrible noiſe! I ſaid in myſelf: " why does ſhe not come ſome morning and " hear our nightingales? The unhappy woman " was laid down upon cuſhions; and ſhe " yawned in ſuch a manner as to move pity. " I aſked what ailed her ladyſhip; they told " me that ſhe had the vapours. Do you know, " Lubin, what the vapours are?"—" No, not " I; but I am afraid they are one of thoſe diſ- " tempers which one gets in the city, and which " take away from perſons of quality the uſe of " their legs. That is very ſad, is it not, An- " nete? And if they were to hinder you from " running upon the graſs, you would be very ſor- " ry, I believe!"—" O, very ſorry; for I love " to run, eſpecially, Lubin, when I run after you."

Such was pretty nearly the philoſophy of Lubin and Annete. Free from envy and ambition, their ſtate had nothing humiliating to them, nothing painful. They paſſed the fine

weather in that green hut, the maſter-piece of Lubin's art. In the evening they were obliged to lead back their flocks to the village; but the fatigue and pleaſures of the day prepared them a tranquil repoſe. The morning recalled them to the fields, more earneſt to ſee each other again. Sleep effaced in their lives nothing but the moment of abſence: it preſerved them from dulneſs. Nevertheleſs a happineſs ſo pure was not unalterable. The ſlender waiſt of Annete inſenſibly became rounder. She knew not the cauſe of it; Lubin himſelf did not ſuſpect it.

The Bailiff of the village was the firſt who perceived it. "God defend you (Annete, ſaid he "to her one day) you ſeem to be very round!"—— "True (ſaid ſhe) dropping a curtſey. —"But, "Annete, what has happened to this handſome "ſhape? Have you had any love affair?"—— "Any love affair? not that I know."——"Ah! "child! nothing is more certain; you have "liſtened to ſome of your young fellows."—— "Yes, truely, I do liſten to them: does that "ſpoil the ſhape?"——"No, not that, but ſome "of them have a kindneſs for you."——"Kind- "neſs for me? Ay, Lubin and I are kind to each "other all the day long."——"And you have "granted him every thing, is it not ſo?"—— "Oh, Lord yes: Lubin and I have nothing to "refuſe one another."——"How, nothing to

"refuſe

" refuſe one another!"——" Oh, nothing at all;
" I ſhould be very ſorry if he kept any thing to
" himſelf, and more ſorry ſtill to have him be-
" lieve, that I have any thing which is not his.
" Are we not couſins?"——" Couſins?"——
" Couſins german, I tell you."——" O heaven!
" (cried the bailiff) there is an adventure!"——
" Ay, or elſe do you think that we ſhould have
" been every day together? that we ſhould have
" had but one and the ſame hut? I have heard
" it ſaid, indeed, that the ſhepherds are to be
" dreaded; but a couſin is not dangerous."
The judge continued to interrogate. Annete continued to reply, inſomuch that it was clearer than the day that ſhe would ſhortly be a mother. Become a mother before marriage! that was a riddle to Annete. The bailiff explained it to her. " What (ſaid he to her) the firſt time
" that this misfortune happened, did not the
" ſun hide himſelf? did not the heavens thun-
" der upon you?"——" No (replied Annete)
" I remember it was the fineſt weather in the
" world."——" Did not the earth ſhake! did
" it not open itſelf!"——" Alas, no (ſaid
" Annete again) I ſaw it covered with flow-
" ers."——" And do you know what a crime
" you have committed?"——" I know not
" what a crime is; but all that we have done,
" I ſwear to you, was in good friendſhip, and

" without any ill design: you think that I am " big with child; I should never have thought " it; but if it be so, I am very glad of it: I " shall have a little Lubin, perhaps."——" No " (replied the man of law) you will bring into " the world a child, which will own neither its " father nor mother, which will be ashamed of " its birth, and will reproach you for it. What " have you done, unhappy girl, what have you " done! How I pity you! and how I pity that in- " nocent!" These last words made Annete grow pale and tremble. Lubin found her all in tears. " Here (said she to him with terrour) do you " know what has happened; I am big with " child."——" With child, and by whom?" " ——By you."——" You joke. And how has " that happened?"——" The bailiff has just ex- " plained it to me."——" Well?"——" Well, " when we thought we were only showing kind- " ness to each other, we were making love."—— " That is droll! (said Lubin) only see how we " come into the world. But you are in tears, " my dear Annete! Is it this that makes you " uneasy?"——" Yes, the bailiff has made me " tremble: my child, he said, will own nei- " ther its father nor mother; he will reproach " us with its birth."——" Why?"——" Be- " cause we are cousins, and have committed a " crime. Do you know, Lubin, what a

" crime is?"——" Yes, it is a wicked thing. " For example, it is a crime to take away life " from any one; but it is not to give it. The " bailiff does not know what he says."——" Ah, " my dear Lubin! go and find him out, I be- " seech thee: I am all of a tremble. He has " put I know not what into my soul, which em- " bitters all the pleasure I had in loving thee."

Lubin ran to the bailiff. " A word, if you " please, Mr. Judge (said he, accosting him) " you will have it that I am not to be the fa- " ther of my own child, and that Annete is " not to be its mother?"——" Ah, wretch! " dare you show yourself (said the bailiff) " after ruining this young innocent?"—— " You are a wretch yourself (replied Lubin). " I have not ruined Annete; she waits me now " in our hut. But it is you, wicked man, " that (she says) have put I know not what " into her soul, that grieves her; and it is very " ill done to afflict Annete."——" You young " villain, it is you that have stolen from her " her chief good."——" And what is that?" "——Innocence and honour."——" I love " her more than my life (said the shepherd) " and if I have done her any injury, I am " here to repair it. Marry us; who hin- " ders you? We ask no better."——" That " is impossible."——" Impossible! And why?

" The

" The moſt difficult part, in my opinion, is " over, ſeeing we are now father and mother." " ——And there is the crime (cried the judge) " you muſt ſeparate, you muſt fly each other." " ——Fly each other! And have you the heart " to propoſe it to me, Mr. Bailiff? And who is " to take care of Annete and my child? Quit " them! I would ſooner die."——" The law " obliges thee to it," ſaid the bailiff.——" There " is no law that holds good there (replied Lubin, " clapping on his hat). We have a child without " you, and if it pleaſe heaven we will have more, " and we will love for ever."——" Ah, the au- " dacious young knave, what rebel againſt the " law!"——" Ah, the wicked man, the bad " heart, that wants me to abandon Annete! Let " me go and find out our parſon (ſaid he to him- " ſelf) he is a good man, and will have pity on " us." The prieſt was ſeverer than the judge, and Lubin retired, confounded at having offended heaven without knowing it. " For after all (ſaid " he ſtill) we have done no body any harm."

" My dear Annete (cried Lubin, on ſeeing " her again) every body condemns us; but no " matter: I will never leave you."——" I am " big with child (ſaid Annete, reclining her " face on her two hands, which ſhe bathed with " tears) and I cannot be your wife! Leave " me, I am diſtreſſed; I have no longer any

" pleaſure in ſeeing you. Alas, I am aſhamed " of myſelf, and I reproach myſelf for all the " moments that I have paſſed with you."—— " Ah, the curſed bailiff (ſaid Lubin) but for " him we were ſo happy!"

From that moment, Annete, a prey to her grief, could not endure the light. If Lubin wanted to conſole her, he ſaw her tears ſtream afreſh: ſhe replied to his careſſes only by puſhing him off with horrour. " What! my " dear Annete (ſaid he to her) am I no " longer the Lubin you loved ſo much?"—— " Alas! no; you are no longer the ſame. I " tremble the moment you come near me; my " child who moves in my womb, and whom " I ſhould have had ſo much joy in feeling, " ſeems already to complain that I have given " him my couſin for a father."—— " You " will hate my child, then?" ſaid Lubin to her ſobbing. " Oh no, no, I ſhall love it " with all my ſoul (ſaid ſhe). At leaſt they " will not forbid me to love my child, to give " him my milk and my life. But that child " will hate its mother: the judge has foretold " it to me."—— " Don't mention that old devil " (ſaid Lubin, claſping her in his arms, and " bathing her with tears) your child ſhall love " you, my dear Annete; he will love you, " for I am his father."

" Lubin

Lubin in deſpair employed all the eloquence of nature and love to diſſipate Annete's fear and grief. "Let us ſee (ſaid he) what have we "done to anger heaven? We have led out our "flocks to feed in the ſame meadows; there is "no harm in that. I have built a hut, you "have taken pleaſure in repoſing in it; there is "no harm in that. You ſlept upon my knees; "I drew in your breath, and that I might not "loſe one gaſp, I drew gently near you; there "was no harm yet. It is true, that ſometimes "awakened by my careſſes...."—"Alas! "(ſaid ſhe ſighing) there was no harm in that."

It was in vain that they recalled to memory all that had paſſed in the hut; they ſaw nothing but what was natural and innocent, nothing of which any body had any room to complain, nothing at which heaven could be incenſed. "Yet that is all (ſaid the ſhepherd) where "then is the crime? We are couſins, ſo much "the worſe; but if that does not hinder our "loving, why ought it to hinder our mar-"rying? Am I on that account leſs the father "of my child? and you leſs its mother? Mark "me, Annete! let them talk on: you de-"pend on nobody, I am my own maſter: let "us diſpoſe of ourſelves: every one does what "he pleaſes with his own property. We ſhall "have a child? ſo much the better. If it be

" a daughter, ſhe will be genteel and amiable
" like yourſelf; if it be a boy, he will be alert
" and joyous like his father. It will be a trea-
" ſure to us both. We will try who can love
" him beſt; and ſay what they will, he will
" know his father and mother by the tender
" care we ſhall take of him." It was in vain that Lubin talked ſenſe and reaſon; Annete was not at eaſe, and her uneaſineſs redoubled every day. She did not comprehend the diſcourſe of the bailiff, and this very obſcurity rendered his reproaches and menaces more terrible.

Lubin, who ſaw her conſuming herſelf with ſorrow, ſaid to her one morning, " My dear An-
" nete, your grief will kill me; return to your-
" ſelf, I beſeech you. I have this night thought
" of an expedient which may relieve us. The
" parſon told me, that if we were rich, the evil
" would be but half ſo great, and that by means
" of a good deal of money couſins drew them-
" ſelves out of trouble; let us go and find out
" the lord of the manour: he is rich, and not
" proud: he is a father to us all: with him a
" ſhepherd is a man; and I have heard it ſaid in
" the village, that he likes that they ſhould get
" children. We will relate our adventure to him,
" and beg him to aſſiſt us in repairing the evil, if
" there be any." — " What would you dare?"
ſaid the ſhepherdeſs. . . . " Why not? (replied
" Lubin):

" Lubin) my lord is goodneſs itſelf, and we " ſhould be the firſt unfortunate creatures " whom he would have left without ſuccour."

Behold then Annete and Lubin directing their way towards the caſtle. They aſk to ſpeak with his lordſhip, and are permitted to appear. Annete, with her eyes fixed on the ground, and her hands placed one in another over her round little waiſt, makes a modeſt curtſey. Lubin makes a leg and pulls off his hat, with the ſimple grace of nature. " My " Lord (ſaid he) here is Annete big with child, " ſaving your preſence, and it is I alone who " have done her that injury. Our judge ſays " that we ought to be married, in order to get " children; I deſire him to marry us. He ſays " that is impoſſible, becauſe we are couſins; " but I think the thing may be done, ſeeing " that Annete is big with child, and that it is " not more difficult to be a huſband than a " father. The bailiff ſends us to the devil, " and we recommend ourſelves to you." The good man had much ado to withhold laughing at Lubin's harangue. " Children (ſays he) " the bailiff is right. But take courage, " and tell me how the affair has happened." Annete, who had not thought Lubin's manner ſufficiently touching (for Nature teaches women the art of ſoftening and gaining

upon men, and Cicero is but a novice to a young female petitioner) Annete then ſpoke. "Alas, "my Lord (ſaid ſhe) nothing is more plain or "more natural than all that has happened to "us. Lubin and I from our infancy kept "ſheep together: we careſſed one another while "infants; and when we ſee one another conti-"nually, we grow up without perceiving it. "Our parents are dead; we were alone in the "world. If we love not one another, ſaid I, "who will love us? Lubin ſaid the ſame. "Leiſure, curioſity, and I know not what be-"ſides, made us try every method of teſtifying "that we loved one another; and you ſee what "has befallen us. If I have done ill, I ſhall die "with ſorrow. All that I deſire is, to bring my "child into the world in order to conſole him "when I ſhall be no more."——"Ah, my Lord "(ſaid Lubin, burſting into tears) prevent An-"nete from dying. I ſhould die too, and that "would be a pity. If you knew how we lived "together! you ſhould have ſeen us before this "old bailiff ſtruck terrour into our ſouls: it "was then who ſhould be gayeſt. See now how "pale and ſorrowful ſhe is, ſhe whoſe com-"plexion could have defyed all the flowers of "the ſpring. What diſheartens her moſt is, that "they threaten her that her child will reproach "her with its birth." At theſe laſt words

Annete

Annete was not able to contain her ſobs. "He "will come then (ſaid ſhe) to reproach me in "my grave. I only aſk of heaven to live long "enough to give him ſuck; and may I die the "inſtant he has no need of his mother." At theſe words ſhe covered her face with her apron, to hide the tears which overflowed it.

The wiſe and virtuous mortal, whoſe ſuccour they implored, had too much ſenſibility not to be touched with this affecting ſcene. "Go, children (ſaid he) your innocence and "love are equally reſpectable. If you were "rich, you would obtain the permiſſion of "loving one another, and of being united. It "is not juſt that your misfortune ſhould be "deemed a crime." He diſdained not to write to Rome in their favour, and Benedict XIV. conſented with pleaſure that theſe lovers ſhould be made man and wife.

THE SAMNITE MARRIAGES,

AN ANCIENT ANECDOTE.

LET every legiſlator, who would aſſure himſelf of the hearts of men, begin by ranging the women on the ſide of the laws and manners; let him put virtue and glory under the guard of beauty, under the tutelage of love: without this agreement he is ſure of nothing.

Such was the policy of the Samnites, that warlike republic which made Rome paſs under the yoke, and was a long time her rival. What made a Samnite a warriour, a patriot, a man virtuous againſt every trial, was the care they took to attach to all theſe qualities the moſt valuable prize of love.

The ceremony of their marriages was celebrated every year in a wide place, deſtined for military exerciſes. All the youth who were of a ſufficient age to give citizens to the republic, aſſembled on a ſolemn day. There the young men choſe their wives, according to the rank which their virtues and their exploits had given

them in the annals of their country. We may eaſily conceive what a triumph this muſt be to thoſe women who had the glory of being choſen by the conquerors, and how pride and love, thoſe two ſprings of the human paſſions, gave force to virtues, on which all their ſucceſs depended. They expected every year the ceremony of their marriages with a timid impatience: till then the young men and maidens of the Samnites never ſaw one another but in the temple, under the eyes of their mothers and prudent old men, with a modeſty equally inviolable to both ſexes. Indeed this auſtere confinement was no reſtraint to the deſires: the eyes and heart made a choice; but it was to the children a religious and ſacred duty to confide their inclination to the authors of their days; a ſecret of this ſort divulged was the ſhame of a family. This intimate communication of the deareſt ſentiment of their ſoul, this tender diſcloſure, which it was not permitted them to give to their deſires, their regrets, their fears, but in the reſpectable boſom of Nature, rendered a father and mother the friends, the conſolers, the ſupport of their children. The glory of ſome, the happineſs of others, connected all the members of a family by the warmeſt intereſts of the human heart; and this ſociety of pleaſure and pain cemented by habitude,

and conſecrated by duty, laſted till the grave. If the event did not anſwer their deſires, an inclination which had not manifeſted itſelf abandoned its object ſo much the eaſier, as it would have been in vain to have purſued it with obſtinacy, and there was a neceſſity for its giving place to the object of a new choice: for marriage was an act of duty in a citizen. The legiſlator had wiſely conſidered, that he who would not take a wife himſelf, depended in ſome meaſure on the wives of others; and in making a crime of adultery, he had made a duty of marriage. There was a neceſſity therefore of preſenting themſelves to the aſſembly as ſoon as they had attained the age pointed out by the laws, and of making a choice according to their rank, though it were not alſo according to their deſires.

Among a warlike people, beauty, even in the weaker ſex, has ſomething fierce and noble, which ſavours of their manners. The chaſe was the moſt familiar amuſement of the Samnite maidens; their ſkill in drawing the bow, their nimbleneſs in the race, are talents unknown among us. Theſe exerciſes gave their perſons a wonderful eaſe, and their action a freedom full of graces. Unarmed, modeſty was painted on their countenances; as ſoon as they had faſtened on their quivers, their head was erected with a warlike aſſurance, and courage

courage ſparkled in their eyes. The beauty of the men had a majeſtick and ſerious character; and the image of battles, for ever preſent to their imaginations, gave to their looks a grave, commanding, and ſavage boldneſs. Amidſt this warlike youth was diſtinguiſhed, by the delicacy of his features, his ſenſible and tender air, the ſon of the brave Teleſpon, one of the old Samnites who had fought beſt for liberty. This old man, in reſigning up his arms to the hands of his ſon, had ſaid to him, "My ſon, I hear "ſometimes the old men, with an ill-natured "raillery, telling me that I ought to clothe "you like a woman, and that you would have "made a pretty huntreſs. Theſe railleries afflict your father; but he conſoles himſelf in "the hope that Nature has at leaſt made no "miſtake in the heart which ſhe has given you." "——Take courage, my father (replied the "young man, piqued with emulation) theſe "old men will perhaps be glad one day that "their children follow my example: let them "take me for a girl here, the Romans ſhall not "be miſtaken in me." Agatis kept his word with his father, and diſplayed in his firſt campaigns an intrepidity, an ardour which changed their railleries into encomiums. His companions ſaid to one another with aſtoniſhment, "Who would have thought this effeminate

"body

" body was filled with ſo manly a courage ?
" Cold, hunger, fatigue, nothing daunts him :
" with his touching and modeſt air he braves
" death full as well as we." -

One day, in preſence of the enemy, Agatis ſeeing with compoſure a ſhower of arrows falling around him, " You who are ſo handſome, " how are you ſo brave ?" ſaid one of his companions, who was remarkable for his uglineſs. At theſe words the ſignal for the attack was given. " And you, who are ſo ugly (replied " Agatis) will you now ſee which of us two " ſhall carry off the ſtandard of the battalion " we are going to charge ?" He ſaid : both of them ſpring forward, and, in the midſt of the carnage, Agatis appears with the ſtandard in his hand.

However, he now approached the age wherein he was to enter himſelf in the number of married perſons, and, in the quality of father, to obtain that of citizen. The young damſels, who heard of his valour with eſteem, and ſaw his beauty with a ſoft emotion, envyed each other his looks. One alone at laſt attracted them, the beautiful Cephalis.

In her were aſſembled in the higheſt degree that modeſty and boldneſs, thoſe noble and touching graces, which characteriſed the Samnite beauties. The laws, as I have ſaid, had

had not forbid the eyes to ſpeak; and the eyes of love are very eloquent, when it has no other language. If you have ſometimes ſeen lovers conſtrained by the preſence of a ſevere witneſs, do not you admire with what rapidity the whole ſoul unfolds itſelf in the lightening of one fugitive glance? A look of Agatis declared his trouble, his fears, his hope, and the emulation of virtue and glory with which love had juſt enflamed his heart. Cephalis ſeemed to forbid her eyes to meet thoſe of Agatis; but her eyes were ſometimes a little ſlow in obeying her, and were not caſt downwards till after they had been anſwered. One day eſpecially, and it was that which decided the triumph of her lover, one day her looks being fixed upon him, after remaining for ſome time immoveable, were turned up towards heaven with the moſt tender expreſſion. "Ah! I underſtand that wiſh (ſaid the young "man in himſelf) I underſtand it, and I will ac- "compliſh it. Charming maiden, have I flattered "myſelf too much? Did not your eyes, raiſed "up to heaven, beſeech it to render me de- "ſerving of chooſing you? Well, heaven has "liſtened to you, I feel it by the emotions of "my ſoul. But, alas! all my rivals (and I "ſhall have rivals without number) will dif- "pute with me this honour: a brilliant ac- "tion depends upon circumſtances; ſhould "any

" any one happier than I attain it, he has the " honour of the firſt choice; and the firſt " choice, beautiful Cephalis, cannot but fall " upon you."

Theſe ideas engaged his attention without remiſſion: they engaged alſo the attention of his miſtreſs. " If Agatis had to chooſe (ſaid ſhe) " he would fix upon me; I dare believe it: I " have obſerved him well, I have thoroughly " read his ſoul. Whether he preſents himſelf " to my companions, or whether he ſpeaks to " them, he has not with them that complai- " ſance, that ſweet earneſtneſs, which he betrays " on ſeeing me. I perceive alſo that his voice, " naturally ſoft and tender, has ſomething ſtill " more ſenſible when he ſpeaks to me. His " eyes eſpecially.... Oh! his eyes have ſaid " to me what they ſay to no one elſe; and " would it had pleaſed the gods that he were " the only one who diſtinguiſhed me from the " crowd! Yes, my dear Agatis, it would " be a misfortune to ſeem handſome to any " other than thee. What compariſon be- " tween him and thoſe youths who terrify me " while they ſeek me out with their eyes? " Their murtherous air frightens me. Agatis " is valiant, but has nothing ferocious in " him; even under arms, we ſee in him I " know not what that is moving. He will

" perform

" perform prodigies of valour, I am ſure; but, " after all, if fortune betrays love, and if ſome " other has the advantage .... that thought " chills me with terror."

Cephalis diſſembled not her fears to her mother. " Put up vows (ſaid ſhe to her) put up " vows for Agatis's glory; you will put them " up for the happineſs of your daughter. I " think, I am ſure he loves me; and can I " not adore him? You know that he has the " eſteem of our elders; he is the idol of all my " companions: I ſee their confuſion, their " bluſhes, their emotion at his approach: one " word from his mouth fills them with pride." " —Very well (ſaid her mother ſmiling) if " he loves you, he will chooſe you."—" He " would chooſe me, without doubt, if he had " the right of chooſing; but, my mother...." " —But, my daughter, he will have his " turn."—" His turn, alas! it will be a " pretty time," replied Cephalis, fixing her eyes on the ground. " How, my daughter? Me- " thinks to hear you—the word is, who ſhall " have you! You flatter yourſelf a little."— " I do not flatter myſelf; I tremble; happy if " I had known to pleaſe only him whom I " ſhall always love!"

Agatis, on his ſide, the evening of the day on which he took the field, ſaid to his father, embracing

embracing him, " Adieu, dear author of my " life; either you ſee me for the laſt time, or you " ſhall ſee me again the moſt glorious of all the " ſons of the Samnites."——" Well ſaid, my " boy: thus it is that a well-born ſon ought " to take leave of his father. In reality, I ſee " thee animated with an ardour that aſtoniſhes " even myſelf; what propitious deities inſpire " thee?"——" What deities, my father? Na- " ture and Love, the deſire of imitating you, " and of meriting Cephalis."——" Oh! I un- " derſtand; love is concerned in it: there is no " harm in that. Come, tell me a little: I think " I have ſometimes diſtinguiſhed your Cephalis " among her companions." —— " Yes, my " father, ſhe is eaſily diſtinguiſhed."——" But " do you know that ſhe is very beautiful?"—— " Beautiful! beautiful as glory."——" I think " I ſee her (continued the old man, who took " a delight in animating him) I ſee in her the " figure of a nymph."——" Ah! my father " (cried Agatis) you do a great deal of honour " to the nymphs."——" An elegant gait?"—— " And ſtill more noble."——" A freſh com- " plexion?"——" The roſe itſelf."——" Long " treſſes braided with grace?"——" And her " eyes, my father, her eyes? Oh! that you " had ſeen them, when lifted up to heaven " after being fixed on me, they prayed for " victory."

" victory."——" You are right, ſhe is all charm-
" ing, but you will have rivals."——" Rivals!
" I have undoubtedly a thouſand."——" They
" will carry her off from you."——" They will
" carry her off from me?"——" To tell you the
" truth, I am afraid of it; theſe Samnites are
" very brave young fellows!"——" Oh! let
" them be as brave as you pleaſe; that is not
" what diſturbs me. Let them but give me an
" opportunity of meriting Cephalis, you ſhall
" hear of me." Teleſpon, who till then had taken a delight in ſtimulating him, could no longer contain his tears. " Ah! the rare preſent that
" heaven makes us (ſaid he, embracing him)
" when he gives us a ſenſible heart! It is the
" principle of all the virtues. My dear child,
" you overwhelm me with joy. There remains
" ſtill in my veins ſufficient to make one cam-
" paign; and you promiſe me ſuch fine things,
" that I will make this along with you."

The day of departure, according to cuſtom, the whole army filed off before the young maidens, who were ranged on the ſpot, to animate the warriours. The good old Teleſpon marched by his ſon's ſide. " Ah, ah! (ſaid
" the other old men) ſee Teleſpon is grown
" young again: where is he going then at
" his age?"——" To a wedding (replied the
" good man) to a wedding." Agatis made him

him remark Cephalis from afar, who towered above her companions with a grace perfectly celeſtial. His father, who had his eyes upon him, perceived, that, in paſſing before her, that ſweet and ſerene countenance was enflamed with a martial ardour, and became terrible as the countenance of Mars. "Courage, my ſon (ſaid he to him) indulge thy paſſion, it becomes thee well."

Part of the campaign paſſed between the Samnites and the Romans in obſerving each other, without coming to any deciſive action. The ſtrength of the two ſtates conſiſted in their armies; and the generals on both ſides acted like able officers. However the young Samnites, who were to marry, burned with impatience of coming to blows. "I have done nothing yet (ſaid one) worthy to be inſcribed in the annals of the republick; I ſhall have the ſhame of hearing myſelf named without any eulogy to diſtinguiſh me."——"What pity (ſaid another) that they vouchſafe not to offer us an opportunity of ſignalizing ourſelves! I ſhould have done wonders this campaign."—— "Our general (ſaid the greater part) will diſhonour us in the eyes of our elders and wives. If he leads us back without fighting, they will have room to think that he miſtruſted our valour."

But

But the ſage warriour, who was at their head, heard them unmoved. From his ſlowneſs and delays, he promiſed himſelf two advantages: one was to perſuade the enemy that he was weak or fearful, and to engage him, in this confidence, to an imprudent attack; the other, to ſuffer the impatience of his warriours to increaſe, and to carry their ardour to exceſs before he riſqued a battle. Both theſe ſtratagems ſucceeded. The Roman general, harranguing his troops, pointed out to them the Samnites wavering, and ready to fly before them. "The genius of Rome triumphs (ſaid "he to them) that of our enemies trembles, "and is not able to ſuſtain our approach. "Come on, brave Romans; if we have not "the advantage of ground, that of valour "makes it up to us: it is ours; let us march." "——There they are (ſaid the Samnite general "to his impatient youth) let us ſuffer them to "approach within bow-ſhot, and you ſhall "then have all the liberty imaginable to deſerve "your wives."

The Romans advance; the Samnites wait them with firmneſs. "Let us fall upon "them (ſaid the Roman general) a ſtill "body cannot ſuſtain the impetuoſity of "that which runs upon them." On a ſudden the Samnites themſelves ſpring forward,

ward, with the rapidity of courſers when the barrier is opened to them. The Romans halt; they receive the ſhock without being broken or diſordered; and the ſkilfulneſs of their chief changes on a ſudden the attack to a defence. They fought a long time with incredible obſtinacy: to conceive it, we muſt picture to ourſelves men who had no other paſſions than love, nature, country, liberty, glory, defending in thoſe deciſive moments, all thoſe intereſts at once. In one of the redoubted attacks of the Samnites, old Teleſpon was dangerouſly wounded, as he fought by the ſide of his ſon. The youth, full of love for his father, ſeeing the Romans giving way in all parts, and thinking the battle won, purſued the invincible movement of nature, and drawing his father out of the tumult, helped him to drag himſelf to ſome diſtance from the place of combat. There, at the foot of a tree, he dreſſed, with tears, the deep wound of the venerable old man. While he was drawing the dart out of it, he heard near him the noiſe of a troop of Samnites, who had been repulſed. "Whither are you going, my friends "(ſaid he to them, quitting his father). You "fly! this is your way (and perceiving the left "wing of the Romans uncovered). Come "on (ſaid he) let us attack their flank: "they are vanquiſhed, if you but follow me."

This

This rapid evolution ſtruck terrour into that wing of the Roman army; and Agatis, ſeeing them put to the rout, "Purſue (ſaid he) my "friends, the road is open: I quit you for a "moment, to go and aſſiſt my father." Victory at laſt decided for the Samnites, and the Romans, too much enfeebled by their loſſes, were obliged to retire within their walls.

Teleſpon had fainted away through pain. The cares of his ſon re-animated him. "Are "they beaten?" demanded the old man.—— "They are putting the finiſhing ſtroke to it "(ſaid the young one) things are in a good "poſture."——"If ſo (ſaid the old man, "ſmiling) endeavour to recal me to life: it is "ſweet to conquerours; and I would ſee thee "married." The good man, for a long time, had not ſtrength to ſay more; for the blood, which had flowed from his wound, had reduced him to extremity.

The Samnites, after their victory, buſied themſelves the whole night in ſuccouring the wounded: they ſpared no pains to ſave the worthy father of Agatis; and he recovered, though with ſome difficulty, of his weakneſs.

The return from the campaign was the time of their marriages, for two reaſons: one, that the reward of ſervices done their country might follow them cloſe; and that the example might

might thence have more force: the other, that during the winter the young huſbands might have time to give life to new citizens, before they went to expoſe their own. As the deeds of this glowing youth had been more brilliant than ever, they thought proper to give more pomp and ſplendour to the feaſt, which was to be their triumph.

There were few maidens in the ſtate, who had not, like Cephalis, ſome communication of ſentiments and deſires with ſome one of the young men; and each of them put up vows for him whoſe choice ſhe hoped to fix, if he ſhould have it in his power to chooſe.

The place in which they were to aſſemble, was a vaſt amphitheatre, entered by triumphal arches, on which were ſeen hung up the ſpoils of the Romans. The young warriours were to repair there armed at all points; the young maidens with their bow and quiver, and as well clad as the ſimplicity of a ſtate, in which luxury was unknown, permitted. "Come, "daughters (ſaid the mothers, eager to adorn "them) you muſt preſent yourſelves at this "auguſt feaſt, with all the charms that heaven "has been pleaſed to grant you. The glory "of men is to conquer, that of women to "pleaſe. Happy thoſe who ſhall merit the "wiſhes of theſe young and valiant citizens, "who are now going to be adjudged the moſt "worthy

" worthy of giving defenders to the ſtate! the " palm of merit will ſhelter their habitation, " the public eſteem will ſurround it. Their " children will be the elder ſons of their coun- " try, and its moſt precious hope." While they ſpoke thus, theſe tender mothers inter-weaved with vine-leaves and myrtle the beautiful treſſes of theſe young virgins, and gave to the foldings of their veil that air and turn which was moſt favourable to the character of their beauty. From the knots of the girdle beneath the boſom, they created waves of the moſt elegant drapery; fixed the quiver on their ſhoulders; inſtructed them to preſent themſelves with grace, leaning on the bow; and threw back their light robe negligently, above one of their knees, in order to give their gait more eaſe and majeſty. This induſtry of the Samnite mothers was an act of piety; and gallantry itſelf, employed in the triumph of virtue, aſſumed the ſacred character of it. The maidens, admiring themſelves in the cryſtal of the pure wave, never thought themſelves ſufficiently handſome; each of them exaggerated the advantages of her rivals, and dared no longer reckon upon her own.

But of all the wiſhes formed in that great day, there were none more ardent than thoſe of the beautiful Cephalis. " May the gods grant " us our prayers (ſaid her mother to her, em-

" bracing her) but, my daughter, wait their " will with the ſubmiſſion of an humble heart; " if they have given you ſome charms, they " know what value to ſet upon them. It is " for you to crown their gifts with the graces " of modeſty. Without modeſty, beauty may " dazzle, but will never touch the heart. It " is by this that it inſpires a tender venera- " tion, and obtains a kind of worſhip. Let " this amiable modeſty ſerve as a veil to de- " ſires, which, perhaps, may become extinct " before the day cloſes, and give place to a " new inclination." Cephalis was not able to bear this idea without letting fall ſome tears. " Theſe tears (ſaid her mother to her) are " unworthy a Samnite maiden. Learn that " of all the young warriours now about to aſ- " ſemble, there is not one but has laviſhed " his blood for our defence, and our liberty; " that there is not one of them but merits you, " and towards whom you ought to be proud " of paying the debt due from your country. " Think of that, dry up your tears, and fol- " low me."

On his ſide, the good old Teleſpon conducted his ſon to the aſſembly. " Well (ſaid " he) how goes thy heart? I have been ſuffi- " ciently pleaſed with you this campaign, " and I hope they will ſpeak well of it."

"Alas! (ſaid the tender and modeſt Agatis) "I had but a moment for myſelf. I ſhould "perhaps have done ſomething; but you were "wounded. I owed all my attention to you. "I do not reproach myſelf for having ſacrificed "my glory to you: I ſhould be inconſolable for "having betrayed my country; but I ſhould "have been no leſs ſo for having abandoned my "father. Thank heaven, my duties were not "incompatible; the reſt is in the hand of the "gods."—"How religious we are, when we "are afraid! (ſaid the old man, ſmiling) con-"feſs that you were more reſolute, when you "went out to charge the Romans; but take "courage, all will go well: I promiſe you a "handſome wife."

They repair to the aſſembly, where ſeveral generations of citizens, ranged in amphitheatre, formed a moſt aweful ſight. The circuit rounded off into an oval. On one ſide were ſeen the daughters at the feet of their mothers; on the other ſide, the fathers ranged above their ſons: at one end ſat the counſel of old men; at the other the youth not yet marriageable, placed according to the degrees of their age. The new-married pairs of the preceding years crowned the circle. Reſpect, modeſty, and ſilence, reigned throughout. This ſilence was ſuddenly interrupted by the noiſe of warlike inſtruments,

and the Samnite general was ſeen to enter environed with heroes, who commanded under him. His preſence made all the aſſembly look down. He traverſes the circuit, and goes to place himſelf with his retinue in the midſt of the ſages.

The annals of the republic are opened, and a herald reads with a loud voice, according to the order of time, the teſtimony which the magiſtrates and generals had paid to the behaviour of the young warriours. He, who by any cowardice or baſeneſs had ſet a blot upon his name, was condemned by the laws to the infamous puniſhment of celibacy, till he had redeemed his honour by ſome brave action: but nothing was more rare than ſuch examples. A plain honeſty, an irreproachable bravery, was the leaſt praiſe that could be given a young Samnite: and it was a kind of ſhame to have done only one's duty. The greater part amongſt them had given proofs of a courage, a virtue, which every where elſe would be deemed heroick, but which in the manners of that people were hardly to be diſtinguiſhed, ſo familiar were they. Some of them raiſed themſelves above their rivals by actions that were ſtriking; but the judgement of the ſpectators became more ſevere in proportion as they received the report of virtues ſtill more worthy of commendation; and thoſe which had

had at firſt ſtruck them, were effaced by greater ſtrokes. The firſt campaigns of Agatis were of this number; but when they came to the recital of the laſt battle, and it was related how he had abandoned his father to rally his companions, and lead them back to the fight; this ſacrifice of nature to his country carried all their ſuffrages: the tears ran from the eyes of the old men: thoſe who ſurrounded Teleſpon embraced him with joy, thoſe at a greater diſtance congratulated him by geſture and look: the good man ſmiled and burſt into tears; the very rivals of his ſon viewed him with reſpect; and the mothers, preſſing their daughters in their arms, wiſhed them Agatis for their huſband. Cephalis, pale and trembling, dares not lift up her eyes: her heart, filled with joy and fear, had ſuſpended its motion; her mother, who ſupported her on her knees, dares not ſpeak to her for fear of betraying her, and thinks ſhe ſees all eyes fixed upon her.

As ſoon as the murmur of the univerſal applauſe was appeaſed, the herald names Parmeno, and relates, that in the laſt battle, the courſer of the Samnite general being thrown down under him, transfixed by a deadly ſhaft, and the hero in his fall being for a moment defenceleſs, a Roman ſoldier was on the point

of piercing him with his javelin; when Parmeno, to ſave the chief's life, had expoſed his own, by throwing himſelf before the blow, from which he had received a deep wound. "It is certain (ſaid the general, addreſſing "himſelf to the aſſembly) that this brave citi-"zen made a buckler for me with his body; "and if my life be of ſervice to my country, it "is a gift of Parmeno's." At theſe words the aſſembly leſs moved, but not leſs aſtoniſhed at Parmeno's courage than that of Agatis, beſtowed upon him the ſame eulogies; and the ſuffrages and good wiſhes were now divided between thoſe two rivals: the herald, by order of the elders, commands ſilence; and thoſe venerable judges get up to deliberate. Their opinions are oppoſed to each other for a long time with equal advantage. Some of them pretended, that Agatis ought not to have quitted his poſt to aſſiſt his father, and that he had done nothing but repair this fault by abandoning his father to rally his companions; but this unnatural ſentiment was eſpouſed by very few. The moſt aged of the elders then ſpoke and ſaid, "Is it not virtue "that we are to recompence? The point then "is only to know which of theſe two emotions "is the moſt virtuous; to abandon a dying fa-"ther, or to expoſe one's own life. Our "young warriours have both of them performed

"an

" an action decisive with respect to the victory:
" it is for you, virtuous citizens, to judge
" which of the two it must have cost most. Of
" two examples equally serviceable, the most
" painful is that which be most encouraged."

Will it be believed of the manners of this people? It was decided with one voice, that it was braver to tear one's self from the arms of a dying father, whom we could succour, than to expose one's self to death, even though it were inevitable; and all the suffrages concurred in decreeing to Agatis the honour of the first choice. But the contest about to arise will appear still less probable. Their deliberations were carried on aloud; and Agatis had heard that the principles of generosity alone made the balance incline in his favour. There arose in his soul a reproach which made him ashamed: " No (said he in him-
" self) it is a surprise, I ought not to make
" an ill use of it." He asks leave to speak; they attend in silence: " A triumph which I
" have not merited (said he) would be the
" torment of my life; and in the arms of
" my virtuous spouse, my happiness would
" be embittered by the crime of having ob-
" tained her unjustly. You think you crown
" in me the person who has done most for his
" country; ye wise Samnites, I must confess,

" that what I did, was not entirely done for that " alone. I love, I longed to merit what I love; " and if there is any glory redounds to me from " a conduct which you vouchsafe to commend, " love divides it with virtue. Let my rival " judge himself, and let him receive the prize " which I yield to him, if he has been more ge-" nerous than I." How is it possible to express the emotion which this confession caused in all hearts? On one side it tarnished the lustre of the actions of this young man; and on the other it gave to the character of his virtue something more heroick, more surprising, more uncommon, than the most noble devotion of life. This stroke of frankness and candour, produced with regard to these young rivals, two very opposite effects. Some, admiring them with an undisguised joy, seemed to testify, by a noble assurance, that this example raised them above themselves; others, lost and confused, appeared to be overwhelmed, as by a weight above their strength. The matrons and virgins, in their hearts, unanimously gave the prize of virtue to him who had the magnanimity to declare, that he was not worthy of it; and the elders had their eyes fixed on Parmeno, who, with a composed countenance, waited till they should deign to hear him. " I " know not (said he at last, addressing himself " to Agatis) I know not to what degree the ac-

" tions

" tions of men ought to be diſintereſted, in order
" to be virtuous. There is nothing, ſtrictly
" ſpeaking, but is done for your own ſatisfac-
" tion; but what I ſhould not have done for
" mine, is the confeſſion I have juſt heard; and
" even ſuppoſing that there may have been
" hitherto ſomething more brave in my conduct
" than in your's, which is a point yet unde-
" cided, the ſeverity with which you have juſt
" now judged yourſelf, raiſes you above me."

Here the elders, confounded, knew not which ſide to take: they had not even recourſe to voices, in order to determine to whom to give the prize. It was decided by acclamation, that both of them merited it, and the honour of the ſecond choice was now unworthy either of one or the other. The moſt aged of the judges ſpoke again: " Why delay (ſaid he) by
" our irreſolutions, the happineſs of our young
" people? Their choice is made in the bot-
" tom of their hearts, let them be permitted
" to communicate one to the other the ſecret
" of their deſires: if the object of them be
" different, each, without precedency, will
" obtain the wife he loves; if it happen that
" they are rivals, the law of chance ſhall
" decide it; and there is no Samnite maiden
" but may glory in conſoling the leſs ſucceſs-
" ful of theſe two warriours." Thus ſpoke

the venerable Androgeus, and all the aſſembly applauded.

They cauſe Agatis and Parmeno to advance to the middle of the circus. They begin by embracing each other, and all eyes are bedewed with tears. Trembling each, they heſitate; they are afraid to name the wife of their deſires; neither of them thinks it poſſible that the other can have made a choice different from his own. "I love (ſaid Parmeno) the moſt accompliſhed "of heaven's works; grace and beauty itſelf." "—— Alas! (replied Agatis) you love her "whom I adore: it is naming her to paint her "thus; the nobleneſs of her features, the "gentle fire of her looks, I know not what of "divinity in her ſhape and gait, ſufficiently "diſtinguiſh her from the crowd of Samnite "maidens. How unhappy will one of us be, "reduced to another choice!" —— "You ſay "true (replied Parmeno) there is no happineſs without Eliana." —— "Eliana, ſay "you?" —— "What! (cried Agatis) is it "the daughter of the wife Androgeus, Eliana, "whom you love!" "And who then ſhould "I love?" ſaid Parmeno, aſtoniſhed at the joy of his rival.—— "Eliana! not Cephalis! "(reſumed Agatis with tranſport.) Ah! if ſo, "we are happy: embrace me, you reſtore me "to life." By their embraces it was eaſy to judge

judge that they were reconciled about their love. The elders ordered them to draw near, and, if their choice was not the ſame, to declare it aloud. At the names of Eliana and Cephalis, the whole amphitheatre reſounded with ſhouts of applauſe. Androgeus and Teleſpon, the brave Eumenes, father of Cephalis, Parmeno's father, Melante, felicitated each other with that melting tenderneſs which mingles in the joy of old men.

"My friends (ſaid Teleſpon) we have brave "children there: with what ardour are they "going to beget others! When I think of it, "I imagine myſelf to be ſtill in the flower of "my age. Paternal weakneſs apart, the day "of marriages is a feſtival to me: I think it is "I who marry all the virgins of the common-"wealth." While he ſpoke thus, the good man leaped with joy; and as he was a widower, they adviſed him to put himſelf again into the ranks. "No raillery (ſaid he) if I were always "as young, I might yet do ſomething to ſpeak "of."

They repaired to the temple to conſecrate at the foot of the altar the ceremony of the marriages. Parmeno and Agatis were conducted together in triumph; and there was ordered a ſolemn ſacrifice, to return thanks to the gods for having given to the republick two ſuch virtuous citizens.

THE GOOD HUSBAND.

FELISONDE, one of thoſe good fathers of a family who recal the golden age to our minds, had married his only daughter, Hortenſia, to the Baron de Valſain, and his niece, Amelia, to the Preſident de Luſane.

Valſain, gallant without aſſiduity, ſufficiently tender without jealouſy, too much taken up about his own glory and advancement to make himſelf the guardian of his wife, had left her upon the ſtrength of her own virtue, to deliver herſelf up to the diſſipations of a world, in which being launched himſelf, he took a delight in ſeeing her ſhine. Luſane, more retired, more aſſiduous, breathed only for Amelia, who, on her ſide, lived but for him. The mutual care of pleaſing was their conſtant employment, and to them the moſt ſacred of duties was the ſweeteſt of pleaſures.

Old Feliſonde was enjoying the union of his family, when the deaths of Amelia and Valſain diffuſed ſorrow and mourning over it. Luſane in his grief had not even the conſolation of being a father: Valſain left Hortenſia two

two children with very little to ſupport them. The firſt ſorrows of the young widow were only her huſband; but we forget ourſelves in vain, we return thither inſenſibly. The time of mourning was that of reflection.

At Paris, a young woman, reſigned to diſſipation, is exempt from cenſure as long as ſhe is in the power of a huſband: they ſuppoſe that the perſon moſt intereſted ought to be the moſt rigid, and what he approves they dare not blame; but, delivered up to herſelf, ſhe falls again under the tutelage of a ſevere and jealous publick, and it is not at twenty-two that widowhood is a free ſtate. Hortenſia then ſaw clearly that ſhe was too young to depend only on herſelf, and Feliſonde ſaw it ſtill clearer. One day this good father communicated his fears to his nephew Luſane. "My friend (ſaid he) you "are much to be pitied, but I am ſtill more ſo. "I have but one daughter, you know how I "love her, and you ſee the dangers that ſhe "runs. The world, which has ſeduced her, "invites her back again; her mourning over, "ſhe will reſign herſelf to it; and I am afraid, "old as I am, I may live long enough to have "occaſion to be aſhamed. My daughter has "a fund of virtue; but our virtue is within "ourſelves, and our honour, that honour ſo "dear, is placed in the opinion of others."——

"I un-

" I underſtand you, Sir; and to ſay the truth, I
" ſhare your uneaſineſs. But can we not engage
" Hortenſia to a new match?"—" Ha, my
" friend! what reaſons ſhe has to oppoſe me!
" two children, two children without fortune;
" for you know that I am not rich, and that
" their father was ruined."—" No matter,
" Sir, conſult Hortenſia: I know a man, if
" it ſhould be agreeable to her, who thinks
" juſtly enough, who has a heart good enough
" to ſerve as a father to her children." The
good old man thought he underſtood him. " Oh
" you (ſaid he to him) who formed the happi-
" neſs of my niece Amelia, you whom I love as
" my own ſon; Luſane! heaven reads in my
" heart.... But tell me, does the huſband whom
" you propoſe know my daughter? Is not
" he afraid of her youth, her levity, the flight
" ſhe has taken in the world?"—" He knows
" her as well as you do, and he eſteems her no
" leſs." Feliſonde delayed not to ſpeak to his
daughter. " Yes, my father, I agree (ſaid ſhe)
" that my ſituation is delicate. To be obſer-
" vant of one's ſelf, to be afraid of one's ſelf
" without ceaſing, to be in the world as before
" one's judge, is the lot of a widow at my
" age: it is painful and dangerous."—" Well
" then, daughter, Luſane has talked to me of
" a huſband who would ſuit you."—" Lu-
" ſane,

" ſane, my father! Ah, if it be poſſible, " let him give me one like himſelf. Happy " as I was myſelf with Valſain, I could not " help envying ſometimes the lot of his wife." The father, tranſported with her anſwer, went to give an account of it to his nephew. " If " you do not flatter me (ſaid Luſane) to- " morrow we ſhall all be happy."—" What, " my friend, is it you?—" I myſelf."— " Alas! my heart had told me ſo."— " Yes, it is I, Sir, who would conſole your " old age, by bringing back to her duty a " daughter worthy of you. Without giving " into indecent extravagancies, I ſee that Hor- " tenſia has aſſumed all the airs, all the fol- " lies of a woman of faſhion. Vivacity, ca- " price, the deſire of pleaſing and of amuſe- " ments, have engaged her in the labyrinth of " a noiſy and frivolous acquaintance; the " point is to withdraw her from it. To do " that, I have occaſion for a little courage and " reſolution: I ſhall have tears perhaps to " contend with, and that is much for a heart " ſo ſenſible as mine; nevertheleſs I can an- " ſwer for myſelf. But you, Sir, you are a " father; and if Hortenſia ſhould come to " complain to you...."—" Fear nothing; " diſpoſe of my daughter: I confide her to " thy virtue; and if the authority of a huſ-

" band

" band be not enough, I reſign to you that of " a father."

Luſane was received by Hortenſia with the moſt touching graces: " Think that you ſee " in me (ſaid ſhe to him) the wife that you " have loſt; if I take her place in your heart, " I have nothing to regret."

When they came to draw up the articles, " Sir (ſaid Luſane to Feliſonde) let us not forget " that we have two orphans. Their father's " eſtate has not permitted him to leave them a " large inheritance; let us not deprive them of " their mother's, nor let the birth of my chil- " dren be a misfortune to them." The old man was moved even to weeping with the generoſity of his nephew, whom he called from that moment his ſon. Hortenſia was not leſs ſenſible to the proceedings of her new huſband. The moſt elegant equipage, the richeſt clothes, the moſt precious trinkets, a houſe in which every thing breathed taſte, elegance, wealth, proclaimed to this young lady a huſband attentive to all her pleaſures. But the joy ſhe felt was not of long duration.

As ſoon as a calm had ſucceeded to the tumult of the wedding, Luſane thought it his duty to come to an explanation with her on the plan of life which he wanted to trace out to her. He took for this ſerious diſcourſe the peaceful moment of her waking; that moment in which the

the ſilence of the ſenſes leaves the reaſon its perfect freedom, wherein the ſoul herſelf, lulled by the trance of ſleep, ſeems to revive with pure ideas, and being wholly miſtreſs of herſelf, contemplates herſelf, and reads in her own boſom, as we ſee to the bottom of a clear and ſmooth water.

" My dear Hortenſia (ſaid he to her) I want " you to be happy, and to be always ſo. But " it will coſt you ſome ſlight ſacrifices, and I " had much rather aſk them plainly of you, " than engage you to them by indirect methods, " which would ſhow diſtruſt.

" You have paſſed with the Baron de Val- " ſain ſome agreeable years. Made for the " world, and for pleaſures, young, brilliant, " and diſſipated himſelf, he inſpired you with " all his taſtes. My character is more ſerious, " my condition more modeſt, my temper a " little more ſevere; it is not poſſible for me " to aſſume his manners, and I believe it is " the better for you. The path you have yet " to follow is ſtrewed with flowers and ſnares; " that which we are going to purſue has fewer " attractions and fewer dangers. The charm " which ſurrounded you would have been diſ- " ſipated with youth; the ſerene days I pre- " pare for you will be the ſame in all ſeaſons. " It is not in the midſt of the world that an " honeſt woman finds happineſs; it is in the

" midſt

" midſt of her own family, in the love of her " duties, the care of her children, and the in- " timate commerce of a worthy ſet of acquain- " tance."

The preamble gave Hortenſia ſome ſurprife; above all, the word *family* ſtartled her ear; but aſſuming a tone of raillery, " I ſhall become " perhaps, ſome day or other (ſaid ſhe) an ex- " cellent manager of a family; at preſent I know " nothing of it. My duty is to love you, I " fulfil it; my children do not yet want me: as " to my acquaintance, you know that I ſee none " but genteel people."——" Let us not con- " found, my dear, genteel people with good peo- " ple."——" I underſtand your diſtinction; but " in point of acquaintances, we ought not to be " ſo difficult. The world, ſuch as it is, amuſes " me, and the way of living in it has nothing " incompatible with the decency of your con- " dition: it is not I who wear the robe, and I " do not ſee why Madame Luſane ſhould be more " obliged to be a mope than Madame de Valſain. " Be then, my dear Preſident, as grave as you " pleaſe; but do not take it amiſs that your " wife be giddy a few years longer: every age " will bring its likings along with it,"—— " It is pity (replied Luſane) to bring you " back to ſerioufneſs, for you a charming " trifler. There is a neceſſity, however, for

" talking

" talking reaſon to you. In the world do you love
" without diſtinction every thing that compoſes
" it ?"——" Not ſeparately; but the medley
" pleaſes me well enough all together."——
" What of the dealers in ſcandal, for inſtance ?"
" ——The ſcandal-mongers have their charms."
" ——They give a ridiculous turn to the plaineſt
" things, a criminal air to the moſt innocent,
" and publiſh, with exaggeration, the foibles or
" irregularities of thoſe whom they have juſt
" flattered."——" It is true, that at the firſt
" glance we are frightened at theſe characters,
" but at bottom they are very little dangerous:
" from the moment that we rail at all the world,
" railing does no harm: it is a ſpecies of con-
" tagion which weakens in proportion as it ex-
" tends itſelf."——" And thoſe fops, whoſe
" very looks are an inſult to a virtuous woman,
" and whoſe converſation diſhonours her, what
" ſay you to them ?"——" One never believes
" them."——" I would not imitate them in
" ſpeaking ill of your ſex: there are many valua-
" ble women, I know, but there are....!"——
" Juſt as it is amongſt you, a mixture of virtues
" and vices."——" Very well; and what prevents
" our making a choice in this mixture ?"——
" We *do* make one intimacy, but in the world
" we live with the world."——" But I, my dear,
" I would live only with people, who by their
" man-

" manners and character are deſerving to be my
" friends."——" Your friends, Sir, your friends!
" and how many of them have we in life?"——
" A great many, when we are worthy, and know
" how to cultivate them. I ſpeak not of that
" generous friendſhip, the devotion of which
" proceeds almoſt to heroiſm; I call thoſe friends
" who come to me with the deſire of finding
" joy and peace, diſpoſed to pardon my foibles,
" to conceal them from the eyes of the publick,
" to treat me when preſent with frankneſs,
" when abſent with tenderneſs. Such friends
" are not ſo rare, and I preſume to hope, that
" I ſhall have ſuch."——" With all my heart,
" we will introduce our ſeveral acquaintance
" to each other."——" I will not have two ſets
" of acquaintance."——" What, Sir, will not
" your door be open?"——" Open to my
" friends, always: to every comer, never, I
" give you my word."——" No, Sir, I will not
" ſuffer you to revolt againſt the publick by
" odious diſtinctions. We may not love the
" world, but we ought to fear it, and not offend
" it."——" Oh, be eaſy, my dear, that is my
" concern: they will ſay that I am a brute, jea-
" lous, perhaps; that ſignifies little to me."——
" It ſignifies to me. I would have my huſband
" be reſpected, and not have cauſe to reproach
" me with having made him the town-talk.

" Form

"Form your own company as you ſhall think "proper, but leave me to cultivate my old ac- "quaintance, and prevent the court and town "from letting their tongues looſe upon you."

Luſane admired the addreſs of a young woman in defending her liberty. "My dear Hor- "tenſia (ſaid he to her) it is not, as a whim, "that I have taken my reſolution: it is upon "thorough conſideration, you may believe me, "and nothing in the world can change it. "Chooſe, among the perſons whom you ſee, "ſuch a number of decent women and prudent "men as you ſhall think proper, my houſe "ſhall be their's; but that choice made, take "leave of the reſt. I will join my friends to "your's: our two liſts united ſhall be depoſited "with my porter for his conſtant rule; and if "he deviates from it, he ſhall be diſcharged. "This is the plan I propoſe to myſelf, and "which I wanted to communicate to you."

Hortenſia remained confounded at ſeeing all her fine projects vaniſh in a moment. She could not believe that it was Luſane, that gentle and complaiſant man, who had juſt been talking to her. "After this (ſaid ſhe) who can "truſt men? ſee the tone this man aſſumes! "with what compoſure he dictates his will to "me! To ſee only virtuous women, and ac- "compliſhed men! a fine chimera! And then

"the

" the amuſing ſociety which this circle of re-
" ſpectable friends muſt afford! *Such is my*
" *plan*, ſaid he, as if there was nothing but to
" obey when he had ſaid it. See how we ſpoil
" them. My couſin was a good little woman,
" who moped as much as he pleaſed. She was
" as happy as a queen the moment her huſband
" deigned to ſmile upon her, and quite tranſ-
" ported with one careſs, ſhe would come to
" me and boaſt of him as a divinity. He be-
" lieves, without doubt, that according to her
" example I ſhall have nothing elſe to do but
" to pleaſe him: he is miſtaken, and if he in-
" tends to put me in leading-ſtrings, I will let
" him ſee that I am no longer a child."

From that moment, to the joyous, free and endearing manner which ſhe had obſerved with Luſane, ſucceeded a cold and reſerved air, which he ſaw plain enough, but took no notice of it to her. She had not failed to make her marriage known to that ſwarm of ſlight acquaintances, who are called friends. They came in crowds to congratulate her, and Luſane could not decline returning with her thoſe viſits of ceremony; but he infuſed into his politeneſs ſuch ſtriking diſtinctions, that it was not difficult for Hortenſia to diſcern thoſe whom he wiſhed to ſee again.

In

In this number was not included one Olympia, who, with a ſovereign contempt for the opinion of the publick, pretends that every thing which pleaſes is right, and joins the example to the precept; nor one Climene, who does not know why a woman ſhould make any ſcruple to change her lovers when ſhe is tired of the man ſhe has taken, and thinks the timid precautions of ſecrecy too much beneath her quality. In this number were not included thoſe ſmart toilette and ſcene hunters, who leading in Paris a life of idleneſs and inutility, **grubs in the morning, and butterflies in the evening*, paſs one half of their time in having nothing to do, and the other half in doing nothing; nor thoſe obliging gentry by profeſſion, who having no perſonal exiſtence in the world, attach themſelves to a handſome woman to paſs for one of her danglers, and who ruin her in order to ſupport themſelves.

Hortenſia retired to her own apartment uneaſy and penſive. She thought ſhe ſaw herſelf on the point of being deprived of every thing that makes life agreeable: vanity, a taſte for pleaſure, the love of liberty, every thing revolted

* *Grubs in the morning, and butterflies in the evening.*] *Chenilles le matin, & papillons le ſoir.* The humour of this paſſage, being in ſome degree local, cannot be entirely preſerved in the tranſlation. It is an alluſion to dreſs, *En chenille* being at Paris a common cant phraſe for a morning deſhabille.

volted againſt the empire which her huſband wanted to aſſume. However, having armed herſelf with reſolution, ſhe thought it her duty to diſſemble for a time, the better to chooſe the moment of breaking out.

The next day Luſane aſked her if ſhe had made out her liſt. "No, Sir (ſaid ſhe) I have "not, and ſhall not make any."——"Here is "mine (continued he, without any diſcompo- "ſure) ſee, if in the number of your friends "and of mine I have forgot any one you like, "and that is fit for us."——"I have told you, "Sir, that I ſhall not meddle in your arrange- "ments, and I beg of you once for all not to "interfere in mine. If our acquaintance do "not ſuit, let us do like all the reſt of the "world: let us divide them without conſtrain- "ing ourſelves. Have thoſe whom you like to "dinner; I will have thoſe whom I like to ſup- "per."——"Ah my dear Hortenſia! what you "propoſe to me is far from my principles! Do "not think of it: never in my houſe ſhall ſuch "a cuſtom take place. I will make it as agree- "able as I can to you; but no diſtinction, if "you pleaſe, between your friends and mine. "This evening all whom this liſt contains are "invited to ſup with you. Receive them well, I "beſeech you, and prepare yourſelf to live with "them." At theſe words he retired, leaving the

the liſt for Hortenſia to peruſe. "There (ſaid "ſhe) his law is laid down!" And running it over, ſhe was encouraging herſelf not to ſubmit to it, when the Counteſs de Fierville, Valſain's aunt, came to ſee her, and found her with tears in her eyes. This haughty woman had taken Hortenſia into her friendſhip, and as ſhe flattered her inclinations, had gained her confidence. The young lady, whoſe heart ſtood in need of conſolation, told her the cauſe of her chagrin. "How! what (cried the Counteſs) "after having had the folly to diſpoſe of your-"ſelf ſo unſuitably, will you alſo be ſo weak "as to degrade yourſelf? You a ſlave! and to "whom? a man of the robe! Remember that "you have had the honour to be Madam de "Valſain." Hortenſia was now aſhamed of having had the weakneſs to expoſe her huſband. "Though he might be in the wrong (ſaid ſhe) "that ſhould not hinder me from reſpecting "him: he is the honeſteſt man in the world, "and what he has done for my children."—— "An honeſt man! and who is not ſo? That "is a merit to be met with in every ſtreet. "And what has this honeſt man done ſo wonderful for your children? He has not robbed "them of their fortune. To be ſure it would "have been worth while to have abuſed your "father's weakneſs! No, Madam, he has not

" acquired the right of talking ſo magiſterially. " Let him preſide in his own court, but leave " you to command at home." At theſe words Luſane entered. " In my houſe, Madam, it is " neither my wife nor I that commands, it is " reaſon; and probably it is not you that ſhe " will chooſe for an arbitreſs."——" No, Sir " (replied the Counteſs, with a commanding " tone) it is not for you to make laws for this " lady. You have heard me, and I am glad of " it: you know my opinion of the abſurdity of " your proceedings."——" Madam (replied " Luſane) if I were as wrong as you ſuppoſe " me, I am not to be corrected by affronts. " Gentleneſs and modeſty are the arms of your " ſex, and Hortenſia by herſelf is much more " powerful than with your aſſiſtance. Leave " our agreements to ourſelves, ſince we " are the perſons who muſt live together. " Though you ſhould have rendered her duties " odious to her, you could not have diſpenſed " with her fulfilling them; though you ſhould " have made her loſe the confidence and friend- " ſhip of her huſband, you could not have " made her amends for them. Spare her that " advice which ſhe neither will nor ought to " follow. To another they might have been " dangerous; to her, thank heaven, they are " only uſeleſs. Hortenſia (added he, going)

" you

" you have not desired to give me uneasiness, " but let this serve you as a lesson."—" See " how you defend yourself! (said Madam de " Fierville to Hortensia, who had not even dared " to lift up her eyes,) Obey, my dear, obey. " It is the portion of weak souls. Good hea- " ven! (said she going out) I am the gentlest, " the most virtuous woman on the face of the " earth; but if a husband had dared to treat me " thus, I should have taken an handsome re- " venge of him." Hortensia had scarce strength enough to get up to attend Madam de Fierville, so great was her terror and confusion. She perceived the advantage that her imprudence gave her husband; but far from availing himself of it, he did not even so much as reproach her with it, and his delicacy punished her more than his resentment would have done.

In the evening, the visitors being assembled, Lusane seised the moment when his wife was yet in her own apartment. " Here (said he to " them) is the rendezvous of friendship: if " you like it, come often, and let us pass " our life together." They all replied with one voice, that they desired nothing better. " There (continued he, presenting to " them the good Felisonde) there is our wor- " thy and tender father, who will be the soul " of our pleasures. At his age, joy has some-

" thing more ſenſible and tender in it that in " youth, and nothing is more amiable than an " amiable old man. He has a daughter whom " I love, and whom I would make happy. Aſſiſt " me, my friends, to keep her among us, and " let love, nature, and friendſhip conſpire to " render her houſe every day more agreeable to " her. She entertains for the world the pre- " poſſeſſions of her age; but when we ſhall " have taſted the charms of a virtuous ſociety, " this vain world will touch her but little." While Luſane ſpoke thus, old Feliſonde could not refrain letting fall ſome tears; " O my " friend (ſaid he, claſping him in his arms) " happy the father who at his death can leave " his daughter in ſuch good hands!"

The inſtant after arrived Madam de Luſane. All hearts flew out to meet her; but her own was not eaſy. She diſguiſed her ill temper under the reſerved air of ceremony, and her politeneſs, though grave, ſtill appeared amiable and touching; ſuch a gift have the natural graces of embelliſhing every thing.

They played. Luſane made Hortenſia obſerve that all his company played low. " It " is (ſaid he) the way to maintain union " and joy. High play prepoſſeſſes and alienates " our minds, it afflicts thoſe who loſe, it im- " poſes on thoſe who win the duty of being " grave,

" grave, and I think it incompatible with the " openneſs of friendſhip." The ſupper was delicious: tranſport and good-humour were diffuſed round the table. The heart and the mind were at eaſe: the gallantry was ſuch as modeſty might ſmile at, and neither decency nor liberty were under reſtraint.

Hortenſia in another ſituation would have reliſhed theſe tranquil pleaſures, but the idea of conſtraint which ſhe attached to them embittered their ſweetneſs.

The day after, Luſane was ſurpriſed to find her of a freer and pleaſanter air: he ſuſpected that ſhe had taken ſome new reſolution. " What " ſhall we do to-day? (ſaid he). I am going " to the play (ſaid ſhe) and I ſhall come home " to ſupper."—" Very well; and who are the " ladies you are going with?"—" Two of " Valſain's friends, Olympia and Artenice."— " It is cruel to me (ſaid the huſband) to be obliged " to give you uneaſineſs continually; but why, " Hortenſia, will you expoſe me to it? Do you " think me ſo inconſiſtent in the principles I " have laid down, as to conſent that you ſhould " be ſeen in publick with thoſe women?"—"To " be ſure you muſt conſent to it, for the party is " ſettled, and I ſhall certainly not fail in it."— " Pardon me, Madam, you ſhall fail in it, that " you may not fail in the regard due to your-

" ſelf."——" Is it failing in regard to myſelf to
" ſee women whom all the world ſees?"——
" Yes, it is to expoſe yourſelf to be confounded
" with them in the opinion of the publick."——
" The publick, Sir, is not unjuſt, and in the
" world all perſons anſwer for themſelves."——
" The publick, Madam, ſuppoſes with reaſon
" that thoſe who are allied in pleaſures, are al-
" lied in manners, and you ought not to have
" any thing in common with Olympia and Ar-
" tenice. If you would not break off with them
" too abruptly, there is a way: excuſe yourſelf
" only from the play, and invite them to ſup-
" per: my door ſhall be ſhut againſt all my
" friends, and we will be alone with them."
" ——No, Sir, no (ſaid ſhe to him with ill-
" humour) I will not abuſe your complaiſance;"
and ſhe writ to diſengage herſelf. Nothing had
coſt her ſo much as this billet: tears of anger
bedewed it. " To be ſure (ſaid ſhe) I care very
" little for theſe women; the play intereſts me
" ſtill leſs: but to ſee one's ſelf oppoſed in every
" thing! never to have a will of one's own! to
" be ſubjected to that of another! to hear him
" dictating his laws to me with an inſulting
" tranquillity; that is what drives me mad, and
" what will make me capable of every thing."

It was certain, however, that the tranquillity of Luſane was far from having an inſulting

ſulting air, and it was eaſy to ſee that he did violence to himſelf. His father-in-law, who came to ſup with him, perceived the melancholy into which he was plunged. "Ah! Sir (ſaid Lu-
"ſane to him) I ſee that I have entered into an
"engagement with you very painful to fulfil!" He told him what had happened. "Courage,
"my friend (ſaid this good father to him) let
"us not be diſcouraged; if it pleaſes heaven,
"you will render her worthy your cares and
"love. In pity to me, in pity to my daughter,
"maintain your reſolution. I am going to ſee
"her, and if ſhe complain...."——"If ſhe
"complain, conſole her, Sir, and appear ſenſi-
"ble to her grief: her reaſon will be more
"tractable when her heart is comforted. Let
"her hate me juſt at preſent; I expected it,
"and am not ſurpriſed at it; but if the bitter-
"neſs of her temper ſhould alter the ſentiments
"of Nature in her ſoul, if her confidence in
"you ſhould be weakened, all would be loſt.
"The goodneſs of her heart is my only re-
"ſource, and it is only by an unalterable gen-
"tleneſs that we can prevent her being exaſpe-
"rated. After all, the trials to which I put
"her are grievous at her time of life, and you
"muſt be her ſupport."

Theſe precautions were uſeleſs; whether from vanity, or delicacy, Hortenſia had the

power to conceal her chagrins from the eyes of her father. "A good ſign (ſaid Luſane) ſhe "knows how to ſubdue herſelf; and there are "none but weak ſouls of whom we ought to "deſpair." The day following they dined together alone, and in the moſt profound ſilence. At their getting up from table, Hortenſia ordered the horſes to be put to. "Where are you "going?" ſaid her huſband.——"To make an "excuſe, Sir, for the rudeneſs I was guilty of "yeſterday."——"Go, Hortenſia, ſince you "will have it ſo; but if my repoſe be dear to "you, take your laſt leave of thoſe women."

Artenice and Olympia, to whom Madam de Fierville had related the ſcene ſhe had had with Luſane, ſuſpected that it was he who had hindered Hortenſia from going to the play with them. "Yes (ſaid they to her) it was he: we "ſaw him but for a minute, but we have "formed our opinion of him: he is a moroſe, "abſolute man, and one who will make you "unhappy."——"He has talked to me hither-"to only in the ſtile of friendſhip. It is true, "that he has his particular principles, and a "way of living but little compatible with the "cuſtoms of the world, but...."——"But "let him live by himſelf (replied Olympia) "and let him leave us to amuſe ourſelves in "peace. Do you aſk him to follow you? A "huſ-

" huſband is the man in the world we can beſt
" ſpare, and I do not ſee why you have occaſion
" for his advice to receive whomſoever you
" think proper, and to go and ſee whom you
" pleaſe."——" No, Madam (ſaid Hortenſia to
" her) it is not ſo eaſy as you imagine, to put
" one's ſelf, at my age, above the will of a huſ-
" band, who has behaved ſo well to me."——
" She gives way; ſee, ſhe is quite tamed (re-
" plied Artenice). Ah my dear! you do not
" know what it is to yield once to a man, with
" whom one is to paſs one's life. Our huſ-
" bands are our tyrants if they are not our
" ſlaves. Their authority is a torrent which
" ſwells as it runs: we can ſtop it only at its
" ſource; and I ſpeak from experience: for
" having been guilty of an unfortunate com-
" plaiſance to my huſband twice, I have been
" for ſix months together obliged to ſtruggle
" with him for the aſcendancy which my
" weakneſs had given him; and but for an un-
" paralleled effort of courage it would have been
" all over with me, I was a gone woman."
" That depends upon tempers (ſaid Hortenſia)
" and my huſband is not one of thoſe who are
" to be brought down by obſtinacy."——" Un-
" deceive yourſelf (replied Olympia); there
" is not one whom gentleneſs ever reconciles;
" it is by oppoſing them that we rule them;

" it is by the dread of ridicule and ſhame that " we hold them: what are you afraid of? We " are very ſtrong when we are handſome, and " have nothing to reproach ourſelves. Your " cauſe is that of all the women; and the men " themſelves, the men who know how to live, " will be on your ſide." Hortenſia objected the example of her couſin, whom Luſane had made happy. They replied that her couſin was a weak woman; that if the life which ſhe had led was a good one to her, it was becauſe ſhe knew no better; but that a woman, launched into the great world, who had taſted the charms of it, and formed its ornament, was not made to bury herſelf in the ſolitude of her own houſe, and the narrow circle of an obſcure acquaintance. They talked to her of a ſuperb ball which the Ducheſs of . . . was to give the next day. " All the handſome women will be invited " there (ſaid they to her) if your huſband pre- " vents your going, it is a ſtroke that will cry out " for vengeance, and we adviſe you, as friends, to " ſeiſe that occaſion to make a noiſe, and to part."

Though Hortenſia was very far from wiſhing to follow theſe violent counſels, ſhe ſtill retained a bitterneſs in her ſoul, at ſeeing that her unhappineſs was going to be known in the world, and that they would look for her in vain at thoſe feaſts where but for this ſhe would

would have ſeen herſelf adored. On her return home, a card was put into her hands: ſhe read it with impatience, and ſighed after having read it. Her trembling hand ſtill held it, when her huſband accoſted her. "It is (ſaid ſhe to him "careleſsly) a card of invitation to the Ducheſs "of ——'s ball." — "Well, Madam!" — "Well, Sir, I ſhall not go: be eaſy." — "Why then, Hortenſia, deprive yourſelf of de- "cent pleaſures? Have I forbid them you? The "honour that is done you, pleaſes me as much "and more than it does yourſelf: go to the ball, "eclipſe every thing there that is moſt lovely; "that will be a triumph to me." Hortenſia was not able to diſſemble her ſurpriſe and joy. "Ah! Luſane (ſaid ſhe to him) why are you "not always the ſame? There now is the "huſband I promiſed myſelf. I recover him "now; but is it for a long time?" Luſane's company aſſembled in the evening, and Hortenſia was adorable. They propoſed ſuppers, parties to the play; ſhe engaged herſelf to them with the beſt grace. Chearful with the men, engaging with the women, ſhe charmed them all. Luſane alone dared not yet deliver himſelf up to the joy which ſhe inſpired; he foreſaw that this good-humour would not continue long without clouds. In the mean time he ſaid juſt one word to his valet-

de-chambre, and the next day when his wife aſked for her domino, it was like a ſurpriſe in a play. They preſented her with a dreſs for the ball, which the hand of Flora ſeemed to have varied with the moſt beautiful colours of the ſpring; thoſe flowers in which the art of Italy equals nature, and deceives the raviſhed eyes, thoſe flowers ran in garlands, over the light waves of a ſilk tiſſue of the moſt brilliant freſhneſs. Hortenſia, in love with her dreſs, her huſband, and herſelf, could not conceal her tranſport. Her glaſs being conſulted, promiſed her the moſt ſtriking ſucceſſes, and that oracle never deceived her: accordingly, on appearing at the aſſembly, ſhe enjoyed the flattering emotion occaſioned by unanimous admiration; and to a young woman this ebb and flow, this murmur, have altogether ſomething ſo touching! It is eaſy to judge that at her return Luſane was pretty well treated; it ſeemed as if ſhe wanted to paint all the tranſports which ſhe had raiſed. At firſt he received her careſſes without reflection, for the wiſeſt ſometimes forget themſelves; but when he recollected himſelf, "A ball (ſaid "he) a domino, turns this young head! Ah! "what conflicts have I yet to ſuſtain before "I ſee her ſuch as I could wiſh her!"

Hortenſia had ſeen at the ball all thoſe giddy young people, from whom her huſband wanted

to

to detach her. "He does right (ſaid they to "her) to grow reaſonable, and to reſtore you to "your friends: he was going to become the "publick jeſt, and we had made a league to "diſtreſs him where-ever he appeared; tell him "then, for his own eaſe, to vouchſafe to let "us ſee you. If we have the unhappineſs to "diſpleaſe him, we give him leave to put himſelf "under no reſtraint; but let him be contented "with rendering himſelf inviſible, without re-"quiring that his wife ſhould be ſo." Intimi-dated by theſe menaces, Hortenſia gave her huſ-band to underſtand, that they took it ill that his door was ſhut againſt them, that people of faſhion complained of it, and propoſed to re-monſtrate even to him upon it. "If they do "(ſaid he) I will teach them how to take their "revenge on me: let each of them marry a "handſome woman, live at home with their "friends, and ſhut their doors in my face every "time that I go to trouble them."

Some days after, two of theſe young fel-lows, piqued at not having been able to intro-duce themſelves to Hortenſia, ſaw Luſane at the opera, and went up to him, in order to aſk him the reaſon of the rude behaviour of his Swiſs. "Sir (ſaid the Chevalier de St. "Placide to him) have they told you that "the Marquis de Cirval and myſelf have

"been

" been twice at your houſe?"——" Yes, gentle-
" men, I know that you have given yourſelves that
" trouble."——" Neither yourſelf nor your lady
" were to be ſeen."——" That is very often the
" caſe."——" Yet you ſee company."——" On-
" ly friends."——" We are Hortenſia's friends,
" and in Valfain's time we always ſaw her.
" Ah! Sir, what an agreeable man was Valfain!
" ſhe has not loſt by the exchange; but he was
" the genteeleſt, the moſt complaiſant of all
" huſbands."——" I know it."——" He, for
" example, was not jealous."——" Happy
" man!"——" You ſpeak as if you envied him;
" can it be true, as they ſay, that you are not
" ſo eaſy?"——" Ah! gentlemen, if ever you
" marry, take care you do not love your wives;
" it is a cruel thing, this jealouſy!——" What,
" are you really come to that?"——" Alas! yes,
" for my ſins,"——" But Hortenſia is ſo vir-
" tuous!"——" I know it."——" She lived like
" an angel with Valfain."——" I hope ſhe
" will live the ſame with me too."——" Why
" then do her the injuſtice of being jealous?"
" ——It is an involuntary emotion, which I can-
" not account for."——" You confeſs then it
" is a folly?"——" To ſuch a degree, that
" I cannot ſee near my wife any man of a
" handſome figure, or diſtinguiſhed merit, but
" my head turns; and this is the reaſon that

" my

" my gate is ſhut againſt the moſt amiable peo-
" ple in the world."——" The Marquis and I
" (ſaid the Chevalier) are not dangerous, and we
" hope....."——" You, gentlemen, you
" are among thoſe who would make me unhappy
" all my life. I know you too well not to fear
" you: and ſince I muſt confeſs it, I have my-
" ſelf required of my wife that ſhe ſhould ne-
" ver ſee you again."——" But, Mr. Preſident,
" that is but a ſorry kind of a compliment."——
" Ah! gentlemen, it is the moſt agreeable one
" that a jealous huſband can make you."——
" Chevalier (ſaid the Marquis, when Luſane
" had quitted them) we wanted, I thought, to
" make a jeſt of this man."——" That was my
" deſign."——" I am afraid, God forgive me,
" that he makes a jeſt of us."——" I have ſome
" ſuſpicion of it; but I will take my revenge
" on him."——" How?"——" As men revenge
" themſelves on a huſband."

The ſame evening, at ſupper, at the Marchioneſs of Bellune's, they repreſented Luſane as the moſt odious of men. " And the little
" woman (ſaid the Marchioneſs) has the
" meanneſs to ſuffer him to reſtrain her?
" Ah! I will give her a leſſon." Madam de Bellune's houſe was the rendezvous of all the giddy people both of city and court, and her ſecret for drawing them together was to aſ-

ſemble

ſemble the handſomeſt women. Hortenſia was invited to a ball which ſhe gave. There was a neceſſity of acquainting Luſane with it beforehand; but without having any appearance of aſking his conſent, ſhe juſt dropped a word *en paſſant*. "No, my dear (ſaid Luſane to Hortenſia) Madam de Bellune's houſe is in a "ſtile that does not ſuit you. Her ball is a "rendezvous at which you ought not to be. "The publick is not obliged to believe you "more infallible than another, and in order to "prevent all ſuſpicion of miſcarriage, the ſureſt "way is to avoid the hazard of it." The young woman, ſo much the more irritated at this refuſal, as ſhe did not expect it, burſt into complaints and reproaches. "You abuſe (ſaid "ſhe to him) the authority which I have con-"fided to you; but beware of driving me to "extremities."——"I underſtand you, Madam "(replied Luſane to her, in a firmer and graver "tone) but as long as I eſteem you, I ſhall not "fear this menace, and I ſhould fear it ſtill "leſs, if I were to ceaſe to eſteem you." Hortenſia, who had annexed no idea to the words that had juſt eſcaped her, bluſhed at the meaning they ſeemed to carry with them, and replied only by tears. Luſane ſeiſed the moment when reſentment yielded to confuſion. "I grow odious to you (ſaid he) yet what

"is

"is my crime? that of ſaving your youth "from the dangers which ſurround it, of de- "taching you from that which might caſt a "blemiſh, I do not ſay on your innocence, "but on your reputation, of wanting to make "you love ſoon what it is neceſſary that you "muſt love always."—"Yes, Sir, your in- "tentions are good; but you have a bad me- "thod of carrying them into execution. You "want to make me love my duty, and you make "a ſlavery of it: there may be ſome ill conſe- "quences to be foreſeen in my connexions; but "I muſt diſſolve inſtead of breaking them, and "detach myſelf inſenſibly from the people who "diſpleaſe you, without making you an object "of ridicule, by impriſoning me in my own "houſe."—"When the ridicule is without "foundation (replied Luſane) it recoils on "thoſe who give it. The priſon of which you "complain is the aſylum of virtue, and will "alſo be that of peace and happineſs whenever "you ſhall think proper to make it ſo. You "upbraid me with not having uſed a little de- "licacy towards theſe people and yourſelf; I "have had my reaſons for cutting to the quick. "I know that at your time of life the con- "tagion of faſhion, example, and habitude, "make new progreſs every day; and that "without cutting off all communication, there

"is

" is no way of guarding againſt it. It gives me " inexpreſſible uneaſineſs to talk to you in an " abſolute tone; but it is my affection for you " that gives me the courage: a friend ought to " know on occaſion how to contradict a friend. " Be well aſſured then, that as long as I love " you, I ſhall have the ſtrength to reſiſt you; " and woe to you if I abandon you."——" Woe " to me! you eſteem me very little if you think " me loſt the moment you ceaſe to lead me in " a ſtring. No, Sir, I knew how to conduct " myſelf long ago, and Valſain, who did me " juſtice, never had occaſion to repent of " his confidence. I own to you, that in my " huſband I did not intend to create myſelf a " tyrant. In order to ſubmit to your will, one " ought to have a ſtrength or a weakneſs which " I have not; all the denials you impoſe on me " are grievous, and I will never accuſtom my- " ſelf to them."

Luſane, left alone to himſelf, reproached himſelf for the tears he had made her ſhed. " What " have I undertaken? (ſaid he) and what a " tryal to my ſoul! I her tyrant! I, who love " her more than my life, and whoſe heart is torn " in pieces with her complaints! If I per- " ſiſt, I drive her to diſtraction, and if I give " way one ſingle moment, I loſe the fruit of " my perſeverance. One ſtep into this round

" of

" of company, which ſhe loves, will engage " her in it a-new. I muſt ſupport this cruel " character, this character ſo much more cruel " to myſelf than to her."

Hortenſia paſſed the night in the greateſt trouble; all violent meaſures preſented themſelves to her mind; but the probity of her mind ſhuddered at them. " Why diſcourage " myſelf? (ſaid ſhe, when her wrath was a " little appeaſed) This man commands himſelf, " and rules me becauſe he does not love me; " but if he ſhould ever come to love me, I " ſhould ſoon reign in my turn. Let me uſe " the only arms nature has given us, gentleneſs " and ſeduction."

Luſane, who had not cloſed his eyes, came to aſk her in the morning, with an air of friendſhip, how ſhe had paſſed the night. " You know " how (ſaid ſhe to him) you who take a pleaſure " in diſturbing my repoſe. Ah! Luſane, was it " for you to be the cauſe of my unhappineſs? " who could have told me that I ſhould have re- " pented of a choice which I made with ſuch a " good will, and ſuch good intentions?" In pronouncing theſe words, ſhe had ſtretched out her hand to him, and two eyes, the moſt eloquent that love ever yet made ſpeak, reproached him for his ingratitude. " My better half " (ſaid he to her, embracing her, believe that I

" have

" have placed all my glory and happineſs in
" making you happy. I would have your life
" ſtrewed with flowers; but permit me to
" pluck away the thorns. Wiſh for what may
" never coſt you any regret, and be aſſured it
" ſhall be fulfilled in my ſoul, as ſoon as formed
" in thine. The law which I impoſe upon
" you is only your own will; not that of the
" moment which is a whim, a caprice; but
" that which will ariſe from reflexion and expe-
" rience, that which you will have ten years
" hence: I entertain for you the tenderneſs of
" a lover, the frankneſs of a friend, and the
" uneaſy vigilance of a father; there is my
" heart; it is worthy of you, and if you
" are ſtill unjuſt enough to complain of it,
" you ſhall not long have occaſion to do ſo."
This diſcourſe was accompanied with the moſt touching marks of a paſſionate love, and Hortenſia appeared ſenſible of them. Eight days paſſed away in the beſt underſtanding, in the moſt intimate union that could reign between two married people. To the charms of beauty, of youth, Hortenſia joined the enchantment of thoſe timid careſſes, which love, in conjunction with duty, ſeems to ſteal from modeſty. It is the fineſt of all toils to emmeſh a tender heart. But was all this really ſincere? Luſane thought ſo; I think ſo too. After all,

ſhe

ſhe would not be the firſt woman who ſhould have made her inclination agree with her views, and her policy with her pleaſures.

In the mean time, they approach thoſe days conſecrated to folly and joy, during which we are as fooliſh, but much leſs joyous than our fathers. Hortenſia gave ſome intimation to Luſane of her deſire to give an entertainment, in which muſic ſhould precede a ſupper, which ſhould be followed by a dance. Luſane conſented with the beſt grace in the world, but not without precaution: he agreed with his wife on the choice and number of perſons whom ſhe ſhould invite; and according to this arrangement the cards were diſtributed.

The day arrives, and every thing is prepared with the attention of a magnificent lover; but that very morning the Swiſs aſks to ſpeak to his maſter. "Beſides thoſe who ſhall come "with cards, it is my lady's pleaſure (ſaid he "to him) that I admit all who come to the "ball. Is that your intention, Sir?"—— "To be ſure (ſaid Luſane, concealing his "ſurpriſe) and you ought not to doubt but I "approve what your lady orders." He then went directly to her, and having told her what had juſt happened, "You have expoſed your-"ſelf (ſaid he) to be put to ſhame before "your ſervants; you have hazarded what a "woman

" woman cannot too much conciliate, the con-
" fidence of your huſband. Is it for you, Hor-
" tenſia, to make uſe of ſurpriſe towards me?
" Were I leſs perſuaded of the probity of your
" ſoul, what an opinion would you give me of
" it, and what would have been the conſequence
" of this imprudence? The pleaſure of afflicting
" me for a moment, and of making me more
" miſtruſtful of you than I would wiſh to be.
" Ah! ſuffer me to eſteem you for ever, and
" reſpect yourſelf as much as I reſpect you! I
" will not humble you by revoking the order
" you have given, but you will give me un-
" ſpeakable uneaſineſs if you do not revoke it
" yourſelf, and your conduct this day ſhall be
" my rule all my life."——" I have committed
" a fault (ſaid ſhe) I ſee it, and I will repair
" it. I will ſend word that I ſhall have neither
" muſic, nor ſupper, nor ball, to-night; I
" would not wear an appearance of joy when I
" have a deadly grief in my heart. The public
" ſhall know that I am unhappy, for I am
" weary of diſſembling." Luſane then fall-
ing at her feet, " If I loved you leſs (ſaid he)
" I ſhould yield to your reproaches; but I
" adore you, I will ſubdue myſelf: I ſhall die
" of grief to be hated by my wife, but I can-
" not live in the ſhame of having betrayed her
" by abandoning her. I took a ſenſible plea-

"ſure in giving you an entertainment; you "refuſe it, becauſe I exclude what is not worthy "to approach you; you declare to me from "thence, that a frivolous world is dearer to you "than your huſband: it is enough; I will go "and give notice that the entertainment will "not take place." Hortenſia, moved to the bottom of her ſoul with what ſhe had juſt heard, and more touched ſtill with the tears that ſhe had ſeen trickle from his eyes, recollected herſelf. "What am I going to perſiſt in? (ſaid "ſhe) Are the people, whom he wants me to "detach myſelf from, my friends? Would "they ſacrifice the ſlighteſt of their intereſts to "me? and yet for them I loſe the quiet of my "life, I trouble it, I embitter it, I renounce "every thing that can form its happineſs. It "is ſpite, it is vanity, that inſpire me. Have "I even choſen to examine whether my huſ-"band was right? I have ſeen nothing but "the humiliation of obeying. But who ſhall "command if it be not the wiſeſt? I am a "ſlave; and who is not ſo, or who ought "not to be ſo, to their duties? I call an ho-"neſt man a tyrant, who conjures me with "tears in his eyes to take care of my reputa-"tion! Where then is that pride with which "I reproach him? Ah! I ſhould perhaps be "much to be pityed if he were as weak as I.

"I afflict

" I afflict him in the very moment that he had " ſhown the moſt delicate attention to ſpare me! " Theſe are injuries, theſe are real ones, and " not thoſe which I attribute to him."—" Go " (ſaid ſhe to one of her women) go and tell " your maſter that I would ſpeak to him." Scarce had ſhe ſent this meſſage, when a ſudden qualm ſeiſed her. " I am going then (ſaid " ſhe) to conſent to mope all my life: for I " cannot conceal it from myſelf, but that one " has amuſements only in the great world; and " all thoſe good folks among whom he wants " me to live, have not the charms of Val- " ſain's friends." As this reflexion had a little changed the diſpoſition of her ſoul, ſhe contented herſelf with telling Luſane, that ſhe would willingly give way to him for this once. She excuſed herſelf to the people who had aſked to be admitted to her ball: and the entertainment, which was as brilliant as poſſible, had all the vivacity of joy without tumult and confuſion.

" Tell me then, my dear, if any thing has " been wanting to our amuſement?" ſaid Luſane to Hortenſia. " You diſguiſe ſome- " times (ſaid ſhe to him) the conſtraint " you put upon me; but entertainments do " not come every day. It is in the void and " ſilence of her houſe that a woman of my " age draws in the poiſon of dullneſs; and if

" you

"you would see that slow poison consume my "youth, you will have all the pleasure of it." "No, Madam (said he to her, penetrated "with grief, I have not that deliberate cru- "elty of which you suspect me. If I must "renounce the care of making you happy, "that dear, that pleasing care, which ought "to take up my whole life, at least I will not "have to reproach myself with having poi- "soned the happiness of your days. Neither "I, nor the virtuous friends I have chosen "for you, have sufficient to make you amends "for the denials I occasion you; without "that crowd that surrounded you, my house "seems a dreadful solitude to you; you have "the cruelty to tell me so yourself: I must re- "store you then to that liberty without which "you like nothing. I ask of you but one more "act of complaisance: to-morrow I shall bring "you a new set of company; and if you do "not judge them worthy to employ your lei- "sure, if they do not take place of this world "which is so dear to you, all is over, and I "give you up to yourself." Hortensia had not much difficulty in granting him what he asked: she was very sure that he had nothing to pre- sent her which was equivalent to her liberty; but it was not purchasing it too dear to submit to this slight trial.

The next day, on her waking, ſhe ſaw her huſband enter with a ſhining countenance, in which ſparkled love and joy. "Here (ſaid he) "is the new company which I propoſe to you; "if you are not ſatisfied with this, I no longer "know how to amuſe you." Imagine the ſurpriſe of this ſenſible mother on ſeeing before her the two children whom ſhe had by Valſain. "Children (ſaid Luſane, taking them in his "arms in order to lift them to Hortenſia's bed) "embrace your mother, and prevail on her "tenderneſs to vouchſafe to ſhare the cares "which I ſhall take to bring you up." Hortenſia preſſed them to her boſom, and bathed them with her tears. "Till Nature (conti-"nued Luſane) grant me the title of father, "love and friendſhip give it me, and I am go-"ing to fulfil its duties."——"Come, my love "(ſaid Hortenſia) this is to me the deareſt and "tendereſt of all your leſſons. I had forgot "that I was a mother, I was going to forget "that I was a wife. You recall me to thoſe "duties; and thoſe two bands united bind me "for all my life."

THE CONNOISSEUR. W. Sharp sculp.

THE CONNOISSEUR.

CELICOUR, from the age of fifteen had been in the country what is called a little prodigy. He made the moſt gallant verſes in the world. There was not one handſome woman in the neighbourhood whom he had not celebrated, and who had not diſcovered that his eyes had ſtill more ſpirit than his verſes. It was pity to ſuffer ſuch great talents to lie buried in a little country-town: Paris ought to be their theatre, and he managed ſo well that his father reſolved to ſend him there. This father was an honeſt man, who loved wit without having any himſelf, and who admired, without knowing why, every thing that came from the capital; he had even ſome literary relations there, and in the number of his correſpondents was a *Connoiſſeur*, called M. de Fintac. It was particularly to him that Celicour was recommended.

Fintac received the ſon of his friend with the kindneſs of one who takes perſons under his protection. "Sir (ſaid he) I have "heard of you: I know that you have

" had ſucceſs in the country; but in the coun-
" try, believe me, arts and letters are yet in
" their infancy. Without taſte, wit and ge-
" nius produce nothing but what is deformed,
" and there is no taſte but at Paris. Begin
" then by perſuading yourſelf that you are but
" juſt born, and by forgetting all that you have
" learned."—" What would I not forget?
" (ſaid Celicour, caſting his eyes on a niece of
" eighteen, whom the Connoiſſeur had with
" him) Yes, Sir, it is to-day that I begin to
" live. I know not what charm breathes in
" theſe places: but it unfolds in me faculties
" unknown to me before: I ſeem to myſelf to
" have acquired new ſenſes, a new ſoul."—
" Good (cried Fintac) there now is enthuſiaſm:
" he is born a poet, and from this ſingle ſtroke
" I warrant him one."—" There is no poetry
" in that (replied Celicour) it is plain and
" ſimple nature."—" So much the better!
" there is the true talent. And at what age
" did you feel yourſelf animated with this di-
" vine fire?"—" Alas, Sir, I have had ſome
" ſparks of it in the country, but I never ex-
" perienced there this lively and ſudden heat
" which penetrates me at this inſtant."—
" It is the air of Paris," ſaid Fintac. " It is
" the air of your houſe (ſaid Celicour): I am
" in the temple of the Muſes." The Con-

noiſſeur found that this young man had happy diſpoſitions.

Agathe, the moſt beautiful little wag that Love ever formed, loſt not one word of this converſation; and certain ſly looks, a certain ſmile which played on her lips, gave Celicour to underſtand, that ſhe did not miſtake the double meaning of his replies. "I am greatly pleaſed "with your father (added the Connoiſſeur) for "having ſent you hither at an age when the "mind is docile enough to receive right impreſſions; but guard yourſelf againſt bad. "You will find at Paris more falſe connoiſſeurs "than good judges. Do not go and conſult "every body, but ſtick cloſe to the inſtruction "of a man who has never been miſtaken in "any thing." Celicour, who did not imagine that one might praiſe one's ſelf with ſo much openneſs, had the ſimplicity to aſk who that infallible man was? "It is I, Sir (replied "Fintac with a tone of confidence) I, who "have paſſed my life with all the artiſts and "*literati* of greateſt conſideration; I, who for "theſe forty years have exerciſed myſelf in "diſtinguiſhing, in things both of fancy and "of taſte, the real and permanent beauties, the "beauties of mode and of convention. I ſay "it, becauſe it is well known, and there is no "vanity in agreeing to a known fact."

Extraordinary as this language was, Celicour hardly paid any attention to it, which was engaged by an object more intereſting. Agathe had ſometimes deigned to lift up her eyes upon him, and thoſe eyes ſeemed to tell him the moſt obliging things in the world; but was it their natural vivacity, or the pleaſure of ſeeing their triumph, that animated them? That was a point to be cleared up. Celicour therefore begged the Connoiſſeur to allow him the honour of viſiting him often, and Fintac himſelf preſſed him to it.

On his ſecond viſit, the young man was obliged to wait till the Connoiſſeur was viſible, and to paſs a quarter of an hour *tête-à-tête* with the lovely niece. She made him many excuſes, and he replied that there was no occaſion for them. "Sir (ſaid Agathe to him) "my uncle is charmed with you."—"That "is a very pleaſing piece of ſucceſs to me; "but, Madam, there is one which would touch "me ſtill more."—"My uncle ſays you "are formed to ſucceed in every thing."—"Ah! why do not you think the ſame!"—"I am pretty often of my uncle's opinion."—"Aſſiſt me then to merit his kindneſs."—"You ſeem to me to want no aſſiſtance."—"Pardon me; I know that great men have "almoſt all of them their ſingularities, ſome-"times even weakneſſes. To flatter their "taſtes,

" taſtes, their opinions, their temper, one muſt
" know them; to know them one muſt ſtudy
" them; and, if you pleaſe, beautiful Agathe,
" you can abridge that ſtudy for me. After
" all, what is the point? To gain the good-
" will of your uncle! Nothing in the world is
" more innocent."——" Is it the cuſtom then in
" the country to come to an underſtanding with
" the nieces, in order to ſucceed with the un-
" cles? That is very dexterous, indeed."——
" Nothing in it but what is very natural."——
" But if my uncle had, as you ſay, ſingularities
" and foibles, muſt I tell you of them?"——
" Why not? would you ſuſpect me of want-
" ing to make an ill uſe of them?"——" No;
" but his niece! . . . . ."——" Very well, his
" niece ought to wiſh that one ſhould endeavour
" to pleaſe him. He is paſt the time of life in
" which we correct ourſelves; nothing remains
" then but to manage him."——" An admirable
" remover of ſcruples."——" Ah! you would
" not have any if you knew me better; but no,
" you have diſſembled."——" Truely, I ſee the
" gentleman for the ſecond time; how can I have
" any ſecrets from him?"——" I am indiſcreet,
" I confeſs, and I aſk you pardon."——" No,
" it is I who have been wrong, to let you fancy
" the thing more ſerious than it is. The
" fact is this: my uncle is a good man, and

" would never have pretended to any thing " more, if they had not put it into his head to " know every thing, to judge of arts and let- " ters, to be the guide, eſtimator, and arbiter " of talents. That hurts nobody; but it draws " a crowd of blockheads to our houſe, whom " my uncle protects, and with whom he " ſhares the ridicule of being a wit. It were " much to be wiſhed for his own eaſe that he " would abandon this chimera; for the public " ſeem to have made it their buſineſs never to " be of his opinion, and we have every day " ſome new ſcene."——" You afflict me."—— " You are now in poſſeſſion of all the ſecrets " of the family, and we have nothing more to " conceal from you." Juſt as ſhe finiſhed, word was brought to Celicour that the Connoiſſeur was viſible.

The ſtudy into which he was introduced announced the multiplicity of his ſtudies and the variety of his knowledge: the floor was covered with folios piled up on one another in the utmoſt confuſion, rolls of prints, maps lying open, and manuſcripts jumbled together; on a table, a Tacitus open near a ſepulchral lamp ſurrounded by antique medals; farther off, a teleſcope on its carriage, the ſketch of a picture on the eaſel, a model of bas-relief in wax, ſcraps of natural hiſtory;

and

and in the fret-work of the ceiling, repreſentation of books pictureſquely overturned. The young man knew not where to ſet his foot, and his embarraſſment gave the Connoiſſeur infinite pleaſure. " Forgive (ſaid he to him) the con-
" fuſion in which you find me: this is my
" ſtudy, I have occaſion for all theſe things at
" hand: but do not imagine that the ſame diſ-
" order reigns in my head: every thing there
" is in its place; the variety, nay the number
" itſelf, cauſes no confuſion there."——" Won-
" derful!" ſaid Celicour, who knew not what he ſaid, for his thoughts were ſtill on Agathe.
" Oh, very wonderful (replied Fintac) and I
" am often ſurpriſed myſelf when I reflect on
" the mechaniſm of the memory, and the
" manner in which the ideas claſs and arrange
" themſelves as faſt as they ariſe: it ſeems as
" if there were drawers for every different
" kind of knowledge. For example, acroſs
" that multitude of things which had paſſed
" through my imagination, who will explain
" to me how I came to retrace in my memory,
" to a given point, what I had read formerly
" on the return of the comet? for you are to
" know that it was I who gave the watch-
" word to our aſtronomers."——" You, Sir?"
" ——They never thought of it, and, but for
" me, the comet had paſſed *incognito* over our

" horizon. I have not boaſted of it, as you " may plainly ſee: I tell it you in confidence." " ——And why ſuffer yourſelf to be deprived " of the glory of ſo important a piece of intel- " ligence?"——" Good! I ſhould never have " done if I were to lay claim to all that they " ſteal from me. In general, my lad, take it " for granted, that a ſolution, a diſcovery, a " piece of poetry, of painting, or of eloquence, " belong not, ſo much as is imagined, to the " perſon who takes the credit of it to him- " ſelf. But what is the object of a connoiſ- " ſeur? To encourage talents at the ſame time " that he enlightens them. Whether the " thought of this bas-relief, the diſpoſition of " this picture, the beauties of the parts, or the " whole of this play, be the artiſt's or mine, is " matter of indifference to the progreſs of the " art; now that is all my concern. They " come, I tell them my thought: they liſten to " me, they make their advantage of it. 'Tis " excellent: I am recompenſed when they have " ſucceeded."——" Nothing finer (ſaid Celi- " cour): the arts ought to regard you as their " Apollo. And does Mademoiſelle Agathe con- " deſcend to be alſo their muſe?"——" No, my " niece is a madcap, whom I wanted to bring " up with care; but ſhe has no taſte for ſtudy. I " had engaged her to caſt her eye over hiſtory; " ſhe

" ſhe returned me my books, ſaying that it was " not worth while to read, for the ſake of ſee- " ing in all ages illuſtrious madmen and rogues " ſporting with a crowd of fools. I wanted to " try if ſhe had a greater taſte for eloquence; " ſhe pretended that Cicero, Demoſthenes, &c. " were only dexterous jugglers; and when one " had good reaſons, there was no need of ſo " many words. For morality, ſhe maintains " that ſhe knows it all by heart, and that Lu- " cas, her foſter-father, is as wiſe as Socrates. " There is nothing therefore but poetry that " amuſes her ſometimes; and then ſhe prefers " fables to the more ſublime poems, and tells " you plainly that ſhe had rather hear Fontaine's " animals ſpeak, than the heroes of Virgil and " Homer. In a word, ſhe is at eighteen as " much a child as at twelve: and in the midſt " of the moſt ſerious, the moſt intereſting con- " verſations, you would be ſurpriſed to ſee her " amuſing herſelf with a trifle, or growing " dull the moment one would captivate her at- " tention." Celicour, laughing within himſelf, took leave of M. de Fintac, who did him the favour to invite him to dine with him the next day.

The young man was ſo tranſported, that he ſlept not that night. To dine with Agathe! it was the happieſt day of his life. He arrives, and by his beauty, by his youth, by the air of

ſerenity diffuſed over his countenance, one might have imagined they ſaw Apollo, if Fintac's Parnaſſus had been better compoſed; but as he wanted none but dependents and flatterers, he drew to his houſe only ſuch perſons as were fit to be ſo.

He introduced Celicour to them as a young poet of the greateſt expectation, and made him take his place at table at his right hand. From that moment behold all the eyes of envy fixed upon him. Each of the gueſts thought he ſaw his own place uſurped, and ſwore in the bottom of their ſouls to take their revenge on him by decrying the firſt work he ſhould publiſh. In the mean time Celicour was graciouſly received, careſſed by all theſe gentlemen, and took them from that inſtant for the moſt honeſt people in the world. A new comer excited emulation: Wit hoiſted all her ſails: they judged the republick of letters; and as it is juſt to mingle commendation with criticiſm, they praiſed generouſly all the dead, and tore in pieces the living, the preſent company always excepted. All the new works, which had ſucceeded without paſſing under the inſpection of Fintac, could but have their day, and that a ſhort one; all thoſe to which he had given the ſeal of his approbation, were to attain to immortality, whatever the preſent age thought of them. They ran through all kinds

kinds of literature; and in order to give more ſcope to erudition and criticiſm, they brought on the carpet this entirely new queſtion, *viz.* "Which merited the preference, Corneille or "Racine?" They ſaid alſo on the ſubject the fineſt things in the world, when the little niece, who had not ſpoke a word, took it into her head to aſk ſimply which of the two fruits, the orange or the peach, had the moſt exquiſite taſte, and merited the moſt commendation? Her uncle bluſhed at her ſimplicity, and the gueſts all looked down without deigning to reply to this idle foolery. "Niece (ſaid Fintac) at your "age one ſhould hear and hold one's tongue." Agathe, with an imperceptible half-ſmile, looked at Celicour, who had underſtood her perfectly well, and whoſe glance conſoled her for the contempt of the company. I forgot to mention that he was placed oppoſite to her, and you may eaſily imagine that he liſtened very little to what was ſaid around him. But the Connoiſſeur, who examined his countenance, perceived in it a very extraordinary fire. "See "(ſaid he to his geniuſſes) ſee how talent "pierces."——"Yes (replied one of them) we "ſee it tranſpire like water through the pores of "an eolipyle." Fintac, taking Celicour by the hand, ſaid to him, "There is a compa-"riſon now! Poetry and philoſophy blended "together!

" together! It is thus that the talents bor-
" der on each other, and that the Muſes join
" hands. Confeſs (continued he) that ſuch
" dinners are not found in your country-
" towns; and you ſee nothing: there are
" days, when theſe gentlemen have even a
" hundred times more wit."——" It would be
" hard not to have it (ſaid one of them)
" we are at the fountain-head, *et purpureo*
" *bibimus ore nectar.*" —— " Ah! *purpureo!*
" (replied Fintac modeſtly) you do me a great
" deal of honour."——" Hark, young man,
" learn to quote." The young man was all the while very attentive to catch Agathe's looks, who on her ſide thought him very handſome.

On riſing from table, they went to walk in the garden, where the Connoiſſeur had taken care to get together the rare plants from all quarters. He had, among other wonders, a parti-coloured cabbage, which drew the admiration of naturaliſts. Its folds, its feſtoon, the mixture of its colours, was the moſt aſtoniſhing thing in the world. " Let them
" ſhow (ſaid Fintac) a foreign plant which
" Nature has taken the trouble to form with
" more labour and delicacy. It is for the ſake
" of avenging Europe on the prejudice of cer-
" tain *virtuoſi* in favour of every thing that
" comes

" comes from the Indies and the new world " that I have preſerved this fine cabbage."

While they were admiring this prodigy, Agathe and Celicour had joined each other, as it were, without intending it, in a neighbouring walk. " Beautiful Agathe (ſaid the young man, " ſhowing her a roſe) would you let this flower " die on the ſtalk ?"—" Where then would " you have it die ?"—" Where I would die " myſelf." Agathe bluſhed at this anſwer; and in that inſtant her uncle, with two wits, came and ſeated themſelves in an adjacent arbour, from whence, without being perceived, he could overhear them. " If it is true (continued Celi- " cour) that ſouls paſs from one body into ano- " ther, I wiſh after my death to be ſuch a roſe " as that. If any profane hand advances to " gather me, I will conceal myſelf amid the " prickles; but if ſome charming nymph " deigns to caſt her eyes on me, I will lean " towards her, expand my boſom, exhale " my perfumes, mingle them with her breath; " and the deſire of pleaſing her ſhall animate " my colours."—" Very well, you will do ſo " much that you will be plucked off your ſtalk, " and the moment after you will be no " more.—" Ah, Madam, do you conſider as " nothing the happineſs of being one moment " . . . ." His eyes finiſhed ſaying what his mouth

mouth had begun. "And I (ſaid Agathe, diſ-
"guiſing her confuſion) if I had my choice,
"would wiſh to be changed into a dove, which
"is gentleneſs and innocence itſelf."—"Add
"to theſe, tenderneſs and fidelity: yes, beauti-
"ful Agathe, the choice is worthy of you. The
"dove is the bird of Venus; Venus would diſ-
"tinguiſh you among your fellows; you would
"be the ornament of her car; Love would re-
"poſe himſelf on your wings, or rather he would
"cheriſh you in his boſom. It would be from
"his divine mouth that your bill would take
"ambroſia." Agathe interrupted him, ſaying, that he carried his fictions too far. "One word
"more (ſaid Celicour) a dove has a mate; if
"it depended on you to chooſe your's, what
"kind of a ſoul would you give him?"—
"That of a ſhe-friend," replied ſhe. At theſe words Celicour looked on her with two eyes, in which were painted love, reproach, and grief.

"Very well! (ſaid the uncle, getting up)
"very well! there now is fine and good poetry
"for you. The image of this roſe is of a
"freſhneſs worthy Van-huyſum, that of the
"dove is a little picture of Boucher, the
"freſheſt, the moſt gallant in the world, *ut*
"*pictura poeſis*. Courage, my lad, courage!
"the allegory is extremely well ſupported;
"we ſhall make ſomething of you. Agathe,

"I

" I have been pretty well pleaſed with your " dialogue, and here is M. de Lexergue, who " is as much ſurpriſed at it as I."——" It is cer- " tain (ſaid M. de Lexergue) that there is in " Miſs's language ſomething Anacreontick: it " is the impreſſion of her uncle's taſte; he ſays " nothing which is not ſtamped with the mark " of ſound antiquity." M. Lucide found in Celicour's fictions the *molle atque facetum.* " We " muſt conclude this little ſcene (ſaid Fintac) " we muſt put it into verſe, it will be one of the " prettieſt things we have ever ſeen." Celicour ſaid, that in order to complete it, he ſtood in need of Agathe's aſſiſtance; and, that the dia- logue might have more eaſe and freedom in it, they thought it right to leave them alone. " To " the dove, your mate, *the ſoul of a ſhe-friend!* " (reſumed Celicour). Ah beautiful Agathe! " is your heart made only for friendſhip? Is " it for that love has delighted to aſſemble in " you ſo many charms?"——" There now " (ſaid Agathe, ſmiling) is the dialogue ex- " cellently renewed. I have but to take " the reply: there is matter enough to carry " us a great way."——" If you pleaſe (ſaid " Celicour) it is eaſy to abridge it."——" Let " us talk of ſomething elſe (interrupted ſhe). " Did the dinner amuſe you?"——" I heard " there but one ſingle word full of ſenſe and " refinement,

" refinement, which they had the folly to take " for a ſimple queſtion; all the reſt eſcaped me. " My ſoul was not at my ear."——" It was " very happy!"——" Ah! very happy! for it " was in my eyes."——" If I pleaſed, I might " pretend not to hear, or not to underſtand you; " but I never put on diſguiſe. I think it very " natural then, under favour of our wits, for " you to take more pleaſure in looking at me " than in liſtening to them; and I confeſs to " you, in my turn, that I am not ſorry at hav- " ing one to ſpeak to me, though it were only " by his eyes, in order to ſave me from the " ſpleen that they give me. Now then we are " come to a right underſtanding, and we ſhall " amuſe ourſelves, for we have originals, enter- " taining enough in their kind. For example, " this M. Lucide thinks he always ſees in things " what nobody elſe has perceived in them. " He ſeems as if nature had told her ſecret " in his ear; but every body is not worthy " to know what he thinks. He chooſes in a " circle a privileged confident. This is com- " monly the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſon; he " leans myſteriouſly towards that perſon, and " whiſpers his opinion. As for M. de Lex- " ergue, he is a ſcholar of the firſt claſs: full " of contempt for every thing modern, he " eſteems things by the number of ages. He

" would

" would chooſe even that a young woman " ſhould have the air of antiquity, and he " honours me with his attention, becauſe he " thinks I have the profile of the Empreſs " Popæa. In the groupe which you ſee be- " low there, is an upright ſtarch man, who " makes pretty little nothings; but does " not know what he means by them. He " demands a day for reading; he names his " auditory himſelf; he requires that the gate " ſhould be ſhut againſt every profane per- " ſon; he arrives on his tip-toes, places " himſelf before a table between two flam- " beaus; draws myſteriouſly out of his pocket " a roſe-coloured porte-folio; throws around " him a gracious look, which demands ſilence; " announces a little romance of his own " making, which has had the good fortune " to pleaſe ſome perſons of conſideration; " reads it deliberately, in order to be the " better taſted, and goes quite to the end, " without perceiving that every body yawns " at him. That little fidgeting man near " him, ſo full of geſticulation, excites a pity " in me which I am not able to expreſs. Wit " is to him like thoſe ſneeſings which are go- " ing to come, but never do come. We ſee " him dying with the deſire of ſaying fine " things; he has them at his tongue's end;

" but

" but they ſeem to eſcape him the moment " he is going to catch them. Ah! he is " a man much to be pitied! That dry and " tall man who walks alone, apart from them, " is the moſt thoughtful and moſt empty " perſon I know: becauſe he has a bob-" wig, and the vapours, he thinks himſelf an " Engliſh philoſopher: he grows heavy on the " wing of a fly, and is ſo obſcure in his ideas, " that one is ſometimes tempted to think him " profound."

While Agathe's wit was exerciſing itſelf on theſe characters, Celicour had his eyes fixed on her's. " Ah! (ſaid he) that your uncle, who " knows ſo many things, ſhould know ſo little " of his niece's underſtanding! he repreſents " you as a child!"——" Oh to be ſure, and " theſe gentlemen all conſider me as ſuch. Ac-" cordingly they put no reſtraint upon them-" ſelves, and the abſurdity of wit is with me " quite at its eaſe. Do not go and betray me " now."——" Never fear; but we muſt, beau-" tiful Agathe, cement our underſtanding by " ſtricter ties than thoſe of friendſhip."—— " You do injuſtice to friendſhip (replied Agathe) " there is ſomething ſweeter perhaps; but there " is nothing more ſolid."

At theſe words they came to interrupt them, and the Connoiſſeur walking along with Celi-

cour,

cour, aſked him if the dialogue with his niece had been cleverly reſumed. "It is not preciſely "what I wanted (ſaid the young man) but I "will endeavour to ſupply it."——"I am "ſorry (ſays Fintac) that we interrupted you. "Nothing is ſo difficult as to recover the na- "tural thread, when once we let it eſcape. "This giddy girl has not caught your idea. "She has ſometimes lights; but all on a ſud- "den they vaniſh. I hope, at leaſt, that mar- "riage will form her."——"You think then of "marrying her?" demanded Celicour, with a faultering voice. "Yes (replied Fintac) and "I depend upon you for the worthy celebration "of that feſtival. You have ſeen M. de Lex- "ergue; he is a man of great ſenſe and pro- "found erudition. It is to him that I give my "niece." If Fintac had obſerved Celicour's countenance, he would have ſeen it grow pale at this news. "A man ſo ſerious, and ſo full of "application, as M. de Lexergue, has need (con- "tinued he) of ſomething to diſſipate him. He "is rich; he has taken a liking to this girl; "and in a week's time he is to marry her; but "he exacts the greateſt ſecrecy, and my niece "herſelf knows nothing of it yet. As for you, "it is highly neceſſary that you ſhould be ini- "tiated into the myſtery of an union which "you are to celebrate. *O Hymen! ô Hymenæe!*

"you

" you underſtand me. It is an epithalamium " that I aſk of you, and here now is an " opportunity to ſignaliſe yourſelf."——" Ah! " Sir!....."——" No modeſty: it ſmothers " all talents."——" Excuſe me."——" You " ſhall execute it: it is a piece in your own " way, and which will do you a great " deal of honour. My niece is young and " handſome, and with an imagination and " ſoul, one is not exhauſted on ſuch a ſub- " ject. With reſpect to the huſband, I have " already told you, he is an extraordinary " man. Nobody ſo knowing in antiques. " He has a cabinet of medals which he values " at forty thouſand crowns. He was even " going to ſee the ruins of Herculaneum, and " was very near making a voyage to Palmyra. " You ſee how many images all this preſents " to poetry. But you are ruminating upon it " already; yes, I ſee on your countenance " that profound meditation which hatches the " buds of genius, and diſpoſes them to fruit- " fulneſs. Go then, go and profit of ſuch " precious moments. I am going alſo to bury " myſelf in ſtudy."

Seiſed with conſternation at what he had juſt heard, Celicour burned with impatience to ſee Agathe again. The next day he made a pretence to go and conſult the Connoiſſeur; and

and before he went into his ſtudy, he aſked if ſhe was to be ſeen. "Ah! Mademoiſelle (ſaid "he to her) you ſee a man driven to deſpair." "——What ails you?"——"I am undone; "you are to marry M. de Lexergue."—— "Who has told you that ſtory?"——"Who? "M. de Fintac himſelf."——"Serioufly?" "——He has charged me to write your epitha- "lamium."——"Very well, will it be a "pretty one?"——"You laugh! you think it "charming to have M. de Lexergue for a huſ- "band!"——"Oh! very charming!"—— "Ah! at leaſt, cruel maid, in pity to me who "adore you, and who am to loſe you!....." Agathe interrupted him as he fell on his knees. "Confeſs (ſaid ſhe to him) that theſe mo- "ments of diſtraction are convenient for a "declaration: as the perſon that makes it is "not himſelf, ſo ſhe who hears him dares not "complain, and, by favour of this diſorder, "love thinks it may riſque every thing. But "ſoftly, moderate yourſelf, and let us ſee what "diſtracts you."——"Your tranquillity, cruel "as you are."——"You would have me afflict "myſelf then at a misfortune which I am not "afraid of?"——"I tell you, that it is deter- "mined that you ſhall marry M. de Lex- "ergue."——"How would you have them de- "termine, without me, on that which, with- "out

" out me, cannot be put in execution?"——
" But if your uncle has given his word?"——
" If he has given it, he shall retract it."——
" How, would you have the courage!"——
" The courage of not saying *yes!* a fine effort
" of resolution!"——" Ah! I am at the sum-
" mit of joy!"——" And your joy is a folly as
" well as your grief."——" You will not be
" M. de Lexergue's!"——" Very well, what
" then?"——" You will be mine."——" Oh!
" to be sure, there is no medium, and every
" woman who will not be his wife will be
" your's; that is clear. Indeed you argue like
" a country poet. Go, go see my uncle, and
" take care that he has no suspicion of the in-
" information that you have given me."

" Well, is the epithalamium in forward-
" ness?" said the Connoisseur to him, as soon as he came into his presence.——" I have the
" plan in my head."——" Let us see!"——" I
" have taken the allegory of Time espousing
" Truth."——" The thought is beautiful; but
" it is gloomy; and besides Time is very old."
" ——M. de Lexergue is an antiquary."——
" True; but we do not love to be told that
" we are as old as time."——" Would you like
" the nuptials of Venus and Vulcan better?"——
" Vulcan? on account of bronzes and medals.
" No: the adventure of Mars is too disagree-
" able

"able. You will find out, on conſideration, "ſome thought ſtill more happy. —— But "*à-propos* of Vulcan, will you come this "evening with us to ſee the eſſay of an arti- "ficer whom I protect? It is ſome Chineſe "rockets, of which I have given him the com- "poſition; I have even added ſomething to it; "for I muſt always put in ſomething of my "own." Celicour doubted not but Agathe would be of the party, and repaired thither with eagerneſs.

The ſpectators were ſeated; Fintac and his niece took up one window, and there remained on Agathe's ſide a ſmall ſpace, which ſhe had contrived to leave vacant. Celicour ſtole timorouſly into it, and leaped with joy on ſeeing himſelf ſo near Agathe. The uncle's eyes were attentive to follow the flight of the rockets; Celicour's were fixed upon the niece. The ſtars might have fallen from the heavens, and not have diſturbed him. His hand met on the ſide of the window a hand ſofter than the down of flowers; a trembling ſeiſed him, which Agathe muſt have perceived. The hand he touched ſcarce made a motion to withdraw itſelf; his made one to retain it; Agathe's eyes turned upon him, and met his, which aſked for pardon. She perceived that ſhe ſhould afflict him by withdrawing that dear hand, and whether through weakneſs

or pity, ſhe thought proper to leave it immoveable. This was a great deal, but not quite enough; Agathe's hand was ſhut, and Celicour's could not claſp it. Love inſpired him with the courage to open it. Gods! what was his ſurpriſe and joy, when he found her yield inſenſibly to this ſoft violence! He holds Agathe's hand open in his, he preſſes it amorouſly; conceive his felicity! It is not yet perfect: the hand he preſſes replies not to his; he draws it towards him, inclines towards her, and dares to reſt it on his heart, which advances to meet it. It wants to get from him, he ſtops it, he holds it captive; and love knows with what rapidity his heart beats under this timid hand. This was as a loadſtone to her. O triumph! O rapture! It is no longer Celicour that preſſes it; it is the hand itſelf that anſwers the beatings of Celicour's heart. Thoſe who have never loved have never known this emotion, and even thoſe who have loved have never taſted it but once. Their looks were mingled with that touching languor, which is the ſweeteſt of all declarations, when the branch of the fireworks diſplayed itſelf in the air. Then Agathe's hand made a new effort to impreſs itſelf on the heart of Celicour; and while around them they applauded the glittering beauty of the rockets, our lovers, taken up with themſelves, expreſſed by burning ſighs

the

the regret of ſeparation. Such was this dumb ſcene, worthy to be cited among the examples of eloquent ſilence.

From this moment their hearts underſtanding each other, there was no longer any ſecret between them: both taſted for the firſt time the pleaſure of loving, and this bloſſom of ſenſibility is the pureſt eſſence of the ſoul. But love, which takes the complexion of characters, was timid and ſerious in Celicour; lively, joyous, and waggiſh, in Agathe.

However the day appointed for informing her of her marriage with M. de Lexergue arrives. The antiquary comes to ſee her, finds her alone, and makes her a declaration of his love founded on the conſent of her uncle. "I know (ſaid "ſhe, raillying) that you love me in profile; but "for me, I ſhould like a huſband that I could "love in front, and to ſpeak frankly, you are "not the thing for me. You have, you ſay, my "uncle's conſent, but you ſhall not marry me "without my own, and I believe I may aſſure "you that you will not have it as long as I live." In vain did Lexergue proteſt to her that ſhe united in her eyes more charms than the Venus de Medicis; Agathe wiſhed him antique Venuſes, and aſſured him that ſhe was not one. "You "have your choice (ſaid ſhe to him) to expoſe "me to diſpleaſe my uncle, or to ſpare me

" that chagrin. You will afflict me in charg-
" ing me with the rupture, you will oblige
" me by taking it upon yourself; and the beſt
" thing we can do when we are not loved, is
" to endeavour not to be hated. And ſo your
" very humble ſervant."

The antiquary was mortally offended at Agathe's refuſal; but out of pride he would have concealed it, if the reproach caſt upon him of failing in his word had not extorted the confeſſion from him. Fintac, whoſe authority and conſideration were now brought into queſtion, was enraged at the oppoſition of his niece, and did all that was poſſible to conquer it; but he never could draw from her any other anſwer but that ſhe was no medal, and he concluded by telling her in his paſſion, that ſhe ſhould never have any other huſband. This was not the only obſtacle to the happineſs of our lovers. Celicour could hope for only part of a ſmall inheritance; and Agathe was entirely dependent on her uncle, who was now leſs than ever diſpoſed to ſtrip himſelf of his wealth for her. In happier times he might have taken upon him their little family affairs; but after this refuſal of Agathe's, it required a little miracle to engage him to it, and it was Love himſelf that wrought it.

" Flatter my uncle (ſaid Agathe to Celi-
" cour) intoxicate him with encomiums, and

" carefully conceal from him our love. For " that purpoſe let us diligently avoid being " found together, and content yourſelf with in- " forming me of your conduct *en paſſant.*" Fintac diſſembled not to Celicour his reſentment againſt his niece. " Can ſhe have (ſaid he) " any ſecret inclination? If I knew it .... " But no, ſhe is a little fool, who loves nothing, " and feels nothing. Ah! if ſhe reckons upon " my inheritance, ſhe is miſtaken: I know " better how to diſpoſe of my favours." The young man, terrified at the menaces of the uncle, took the firſt opportunity to inform the niece of it. She only raillied on the occaſion. " ——He is raving mad againſt you, my dear " Agathe."——" That is quite indifferent to " me."——" He ſays he will diſinherit you." " ——Say as he ſays, gain his confidence, and " leave the reſt to love and time." Celicour followed Agathe's advice, and at every commendation that he beſtowed on Fintac, Fintac thought he diſcovered in him a new degree of merit. " The juſtneſs of underſtanding, the " penetration of this young man is without ex- " ample at his age," ſaid he to his friends. At laſt the confidence he placed in him was ſuch, that he thought he could truſt to him what he called the ſecret of his life: this was a dramatick piece which he had compoſed, and which he

had not had the reſolution to read to any one, for fear of riſquing his reputation. After demanding an inviolable ſecrecy, he appointed the time for reading it. At this news Agathe was tranſported with joy. "That is well (ſaid ſhe): "courage; redouble the doſe of incenſe; good "or bad, in your eyes this piece has no equal."

Fintac, *tête-à-tête* with the young man, after double-locking his ſtudy-door, drew out of a caſket this precious manuſcript, and read with enthuſiaſm the coldeſt, the moſt inſipid comedy that ever was written. It coſt the young man a deal of mortification to applaud ſuch flat ſtuff; but Agathe had recommended it to him. He applauded it therefore, and the Connoiſſeur was tranſported. "Confeſs (ſaid he to him, af-"ter reading it) confeſs that this is fine."—— "Oh, very fine."—— "Very well, it is time to "tell you then, why I have choſen you for "my only confident. I have burnt with deſire "this great while to ſee this piece on the ſtage, "but I would not have it go under my name." (Celicour trembled at theſe words.) "I was "unwilling to truſt any body; but in ſhort, I "think you worthy of this mark of my friend-"ſhip: you ſhall preſent my work as your "own; I will have nothing but the pleaſure "of the ſucceſs, and I leave the glory of it to "you." The thought of impoſing upon the publick

publick would alone have terrified the young man, but that of ſeeing appear, and being damned under his name, ſo contemptible a work, ſhocked him ſtill more. Confounded at the propoſal, he withſtood it a long time, but his oppoſition was to no purpoſe. "My ſecret being confided "(ſaid Fintac) engages you in honour to grant "me what I aſk. It is indifferent to the pub-"lick whether the piece be your's or mine, "and this friendly impoſition can hurt no body. "My piece is my treaſure, I make you a "preſent of it: the very remoteſt poſterity will "know nothing of it. Here then your deli-"cacy is ſpared every way: if, after this, you "refuſe to preſent this work as your own, I "ſhall think that you do not like it, that "you only deceive me in praiſing it, and that "you are equally unworthy of my friendſhip "and eſteem." What would not Agathe's lover reſolve upon rather than incur the hatred of her uncle? He aſſured him that he was only reſtrained by laudable motives, and aſked twenty-four hours to determine. "He "has read it to me," ſaid he to Agathe.—— "Well?"——"Well, it is execrable."—— "I thought ſo."——"He wants me to bring it "on the ſtage in my name."——"What?" "——To have it paſs for mine."——"Ah, "Celicour, heaven be praiſed! Have you ac-

" cepted it?"——" Not yet, but I ſhall be " forced to it."——" So much the better!"—— " I tell you it is deteſtable."——" So much " the better."——" It will be damned."—— " So much the better, I tell you; we muſt ſub- " mit to every thing." Celicour did not ſleep that night for vexation; and the next day went to the uncle, and told him, that there was nothing which he would not ſooner reſolve upon than to diſpleaſe him. " I would not ex- " poſe you raſhly (ſaid the Connoiſſeur) copy " out the piece with your own hand, you " ſhall read it to our friends, who are excellent " judges, and if they do not think the ſucceſs " infallible, you ſhall not be bound to any " thing. I require only one thing of you; " and that is to ſtudy it, in order to read it " well." This precaution gave the young man ſome hope. " I am (ſaid he to Agathe) to read " the piece to his friends; if they think it bad, " he excuſes me from bringing it out."—— " They will think it good, and ſo much the " better: we ſhould be undone if they were to " diſlike it."—— " Explain yourſelf."—— " Get thee gone, they muſt not ſee us to- " gether." What ſhe had foreſeen came to paſs. The judges being aſſembled, the Connoiſſeur announced this piece as a prodigy, and eſpecially in a young poet. The young poet read his beſt,

beſt, and after Fintac's example, they were in ecſtaſies at every line, and applauded every ſcene. At the concluſion they clapped and huzzaed; they diſcovered in it the delicacy of Ariſtophanes, the elegance of Plautus, the comick force of Terence, and they knew no piece of Moliere fit to be ſet in competition with this. After this trial there was no room to heſitate. The players were not of the ſame opinion with the wits; for they knew before-hand that theſe good people had no taſte, but there was an order to perform the piece. Agathe, who had aſſiſted at the reading, had applauded it with all her might; there were even pathetic paſſages at which ſhe appeared to be moved, and her enthuſiaſm for the work had a little reconciled her with the author. "Could it be poſſible (ſaid "Celicour to her) that you ſhould have thought "that good?"——"Excellent (ſaid ſhe) excel-"lent for us;" and at theſe words ſhe left him. While the piece was in rehearſal, Fintac ran from houſe to houſe to diſpoſe the wits in favour of a young poet of ſuch great expectation. At laſt the great day arrives, and the Connoiſſeur aſſembles his friends to dinner. "Let us go, Gentlemen (ſaid he) to ſupport "your own performance. You have judged "the piece admirable, you have warranted the "ſucceſs, and your honour is concerned. As

" to me, you know how great my weakneſs is:
" I have the bowels of a father for all riſing
" geniuſes, and I feel in as lively a manner as
" themſelves the uneaſineſſes they ſuffer in thoſe
" terrible moments."

After dinner, the good friends of the Connoiſſeur tenderly embraced Celicour; and told him that they were going into the pit to be the witneſſes rather than inſtruments of his triumph. They repaired thither; the piece was played; it did not go through, and the firſt mark of impatience was given by theſe good friends.

Fintac was in the houſe, trembling and pale as death; but all the time that the play laſted, this unhappy and tender father made incredible efforts to encourage the ſpectators to ſuccour his child. In ſhort, he ſaw it expire, and then ſinking beneath his grief, dragged himſelf to his coach, confounded, dejected, and murmuring againſt heaven for having been born in ſo barbarous an age. And where was poor Celicour? Alas, they had granted him the honours of a latticed box, where, ſitting on thorns, he had ſeen what they called his piece, tottering in the firſt act, ſtumbling in the ſecond, and tumbling in the third. Fintac had promiſed to go and take him up, but had forgot it. What was now to become of him? How eſcape through that multitude

multitude who would not fail to know him again, and to point him out with the finger? At laſt, ſeeing the front of the houſe empty, he took courage and deſcended; but the ſtove-rooms, the galleries, the ſtairs were yet full; his conſternation made him be taken notice of, and he heard on all ſides, "It is he without doubt; yes, there "he is; that is he. Poor wretch! It is pity! He "will do better another time." He perceived in a corner a groupe of damned authours cracking jeſts on their companions. He ſaw alſo the good friends of Fintac, who triumphed in his fall, and on ſeeing him turned their backs upon him. Overwhelmed with confuſion and grief, he repaired to the true authour's, and his firſt care was to aſk for Agathe: he had entire liberty of ſeeing her, for her uncle had ſhut himſelf up in his cloſet. "I forewarned you of it: it is fallen, "and fallen ſhamefully," ſaid Celicour, throwing himſelf into a chair. "So much the "better," ſaid Agathe.—"What, ſo much the "better! when your lover is covered with ſhame, "and makes himſelf, in order to pleaſe you, "the talk and ridicule of all Paris? Ah! it is "too much. No, Mademoiſelle, it is no "longer time to jeſt. I love you more than "my life; but in the ſtate of humiliation in "which you now ſee me, I am capable of re-"nouncing both life and yourſelf. I don't

" know how it has happened that the ſecret has " not eſcaped me. It is but little to expoſe my- " ſelf to the contempt of the publick; your " cruel uncle will abandon me! I know him, he " will be the firſt to bluſh at ſeeing me again; " and what I have done to obtain you, perhaps, " cuts off my hope for ever. Let him prepare, " however, to reſume his piece, or to give me " your hand. There is but one way to conſole " me, and to oblige me to ſilence. Heaven is " my witneſs, that if through an impoſſibilty, " his work had ſucceeded, I ſhould have given to " him the honour of it; it is fallen, and I bear " the ſhame; but it is an effort of love for " which you alone can be the recompenſe."—— " It muſt be confeſſed (ſaid the wicked Agathe, " in order to irritate him ſtill more) that it is a " cruel thing to ſee one's ſelf hiſſed for an- " other."—— " Cruel to ſuch a degree that I " would not play ſuch a part for my own " father."—— " With what an air of con- " tempt they ſee a wretch paſs along whoſe " play is damned!"—— " The contempt is un- " juſt, that is one comfort; but inſolent " pity, there is the mortification."—— " I " ſuppoſe you were greatly confuſed in com- " ing down ſtairs! Did you ſalute the la- " dies?"—— " I could have wiſhed to anni- " hilate myſelf."—— " Poor boy! and how

" will

" will you dare to appear in the world again?"
" ——I will never appear again, I ſwear to you,
" but with the name of your huſband, or till
" after I have retorted on M. de Fintac the hu-
" miliation of this failure."——" You are re-
" ſolved then to drive him to the wall?"——
" Fully reſolved, do not doubt it. Let him
" determine this very evening. If he refuſes
" me your hand, all the news-papers ſhall pub-
" liſh that he is the author of the damned
" piece."——" And that is what I wanted (ſaid
" Agathe with triumph) there is the object of
" all thoſe *ſo much the betters* which put you ſo
" much out of patience. Go to my uncle;
" hold firm, and be aſſured that we ſhall be
" happy."

" Well, Sir, and what ſay you to it?" demanded Celicour of the Connoiſſeur.——" I
" ſay, my friend, that the publick is a ſtupid
" animal, and that we muſt renounce all labour
" for it. But conſole yourſelf: your work
" does you honour in the opinion of men of
" taſte."——" My work? it is all your's."
" ——Talk lower, I beſeech you, my dear
" lad, talk lower."——" It is very eaſy for
" you to moderate yourſelf, Sir, you who have
" prudently ſaved yourſelf from the fall of
" your piece; but I whom it cruſhes...."
" ——Ah! do not think that ſuch a fall does

" you

" you any injury. The more enlightened per-
" ſons have diſcerned in this work ſtrokes that
" proclaim genius."——" No, Sir, I do not
" flatter myſelf; the piece is bad: I have pur-
" chaſed the right of ſpeaking of it with free-
" dom, and all the world are of the ſame opi-
" nion. If it had ſucceeded, I ſhould have de-
" clared that it was your's; if it had been but
" partly condemned, I ſhould have taken it
" upon myſelf; but ſo thorough a damnation
" is above my ſtrength, and I beg of you to
" take the burthen upon yourſelf."——" I,
" child! I, on my decline, incur this ridicule!
" To loſe in one day a reſpect which is the
" work of forty years, and which forms the
" hope of my old age! would you have the
" cruelty to require it?"——" Have not you
" the cruelty to render me the victim of my com-
" plaiſance? You know how much it has coſt
" me."——" I know all that I owe to you;
" but, my dear Celicour, you are young, you
" have time enough to take your revenge, and
" there needs but one inſtance of ſucceſs to
" make you forget this misfortune: in the name
" of friendſhip ſupport it with conſtancy, I con-
" jure you with tears in my eyes."——" I con-
" ſent, Sir, but I perceive too well the conſe-
" quences of this firſt eſſay, to expoſe myſelf to
" the prejudice which it leaves behind it: I re-
" nounce

" nounce the theatre, poetry, the belles-lettres."
" ——Well, you are in the right: for a young
" man of your age there are many other objects
" of ambition." ——" There is but one for me,
" Sir, and that depends on you."——" Speak,
" there is no ſervice which I would not do you:
" what do you require?"——" Your niece's
" hand."——" Agathe's hand!"——" Yes, I
" adore her, and it was ſhe, who to pleaſe you,
" made me conſent to every thing that you de-
" ſired.——" My niece in the ſecret?"——"Yes,
" Sir."——"Ah! her giddineſs will perhaps...
" Hola! ſomebody: run to my niece, and bid
" her come here.——" Compoſe yourſelf: A-
" gathe is leſs a child, leſs giddy than ſhe ap-
" pears." ——" Ah! you make me tremble....
" My dear Agathe, you know what has paſſed,
" and the misfortune which has juſt happened."
" ——Yes, uncle."——"Have you revealed this
" fatal ſecret to any one?"——" To nobody in
" the world."——" Can I thoroughly depend
" upon it?"—" Yes, I ſwear to you."—" Well
" then, my children, let it die with us three: I
" aſk it of you as I would aſk my life. Agathe,
" Celicour loves you; he renounces, out of friend-
" ſhip to me, the theatre, poetry, letters, and I owe
" him your hand as the price of ſo great a ſacri-
" fice."—" He is too well paid," cried Celicour,
ſeiſing Agathe's hand.—" I marry an unſucceſsful
" authour!"

" authour! (ſaid ſhe ſmiling) but I engage to " conſole him for his misfortune. The worſt " of the matter is, that they deny him wit, and " ſo many honeſt people are contented without " it! And now, my dear uncle, while Celicour " renounces the glory of being a poet, had not " you as well renounce that of being a Con- " noiſſeur? You will be a great deal the eaſier." Agathe was interrupted by the arrival of Clement, the faithful valet of her uncle. " Ah, " Sir (ſaid he quite out of breath) your friends! " your good friends!"——" Well, Clement?" " ——I was in the pit, they were all there." " I know it. Did they applaud?"——" Ap- " plaud! the traitors! If you had ſeen with " what fury they mangled this unfortunate " young man. I beg, Sir, you would diſcharge " me, if ſuch people are ever to enter your " houſe again."——" Ah the raſcals! ſcoun- " drels! (ſaid Fintac) Yes, it is done, I will " burn my books, and break off all commerce " with theſe men of letters."——" Keep your " books for your amuſement (ſaid Agathe, " embracing her uncle) and with reſpect to " men of letters, wiſh to have none but your " friends, and you will find ſome worthy of " eſteem."

THE

Sharp sculp.

THE SCHOOL OF FATHERS.

THE SCHOOL OF FATHERS.

THE misfortune incident to a father, employed in raiſing a fortune for his children, is not to be able to watch himſelf over their education, a point of ſtill more conſequence than their fortune. The young Timantes, called M. de Volny, had received from nature an agreeable figure, an eaſy temper, a good heart; but thanks to the cares of the good lady his mother, this happy diſpoſition was ſoon ſpoiled, and the moſt agreeable child in the world at ſix years old, became a little coxcomb at fifteen. They gave him all the frivolous accompliſhments, and not one of the uſeful: uſeful knowledge might be well enough for a man like his father, who had been obliged to labour to enrich himſelf; but he who found his fortune made, need only know how to enjoy it nobly. They had laid it down to him as a maxim, that he was never to live with his equals; accordingly he ſaw none but young people, who being ſuperiour to him in birth, pardoned his being richer than they, provided he paid for their pleaſures.

His

His father would not have had the complaiſance to furniſh ſupplies to his liberalities; but his mother did honour to them all. She was not ignorant that at the age of nineteen, he had, according to the genteel cuſtom, a little houſe and a handſome miſtreſs: one ſhould paſs over ſome things in him: ſhe required only that he ſhould obſerve a little ſecrecy, for fear that Timantes, who did not *know the world*, ſhould take it ill that his ſon amuſed himſelf. If in the intervals of his labour the father ſhowed any uneaſineſs on account of the diſſipated life which this young man led, the mother was at hand to juſtify him, and complaiſant falſehoods were never wanting on occaſion. Timantes had the pleaſure to hear it ſaid, that nobody at the ball had danced like his ſon. "It is a great "comfort (ſaid the good man) to have "given one's ſelf ſo much trouble for a ſon "who dances well." He did not conceive the neceſſity of this little ſignor's having lacqueys ſo finely dreſſed, and ſuch a brilliant equipage; but his good lady-wife repreſented to him, that reſpect depended on it, and that in order to ſucceed in the world, one muſt be on a certain footing. If he aſked why his ſon came home ſo late, "It was (ſhe told "him) becauſe women of quality do not go

"to

" to bed ſooner." He did not think theſe reaſons very good; but for the ſake of peace, he was obliged to be contented with them. However, his ſon gave a looſe to himſelf in the diſſipations of his age, till love ſeemed to take pity of him, and to undertake his reformation.

His ſiſter Lucy had had, for ſome little time paſt, in her convent, a charming companion. Angelica had loſt her mother; and being too young to keep houſe, ſhe had prevailed upon her father to diſpenſe with her, till he ſhould diſpoſe of her hand.

Conformity of age and condition, and, ſtill more, that of tempers, ſoon united Angelica and Lucy. The latter, on wiping away the tears of her companion, appeared ſo ſenſible of her loſs, that Angelica no longer obſerved any reſerve in the effuſion of her grief. " I " have loſt (ſaid ſhe to her) the beſt " mother that ever lived. Since I have had " the uſe of my reaſon, I have found in her " a friend, and a friend ſo intimate, that " if my heart and her virtues had not " continually recalled to my mind the re- " ſpect which I owed her, her familiarity " would have made me forget it. She al- " ways diſguiſed her inſtructions under an air " of merriment; and what inſtructions, my " dear Lucy! thoſe of wiſdom itſelf. With

" what

" what ſtrokes was this world, in which I " was to live, painted to my aſtoniſhed eyes! " What charms did ſhe give to the pure and " modeſt manners of which ſhe was a living " example! Ah, under her enchanting pencil " all the Virtues became Graces." Thus did this amiable daughter, ſpeaking of her mother, continually mingle with the moſt tender regret the moſt touching eulogies; but her underſtanding and her ſoul praiſed ſtill more worthily the perſon who had formed them. If any one about her wanted thoſe comforts which affluence beſtows, Angelica deprived herſelf of them with joy; the ſacrifice coſt her only the trouble of concealing them, and the want of obliging was the only want ſhe knew. " Do you think like " me? (ſaid ſhe ſometimes to Lucy) being " more happy than our companions, that in- " equality mortifies me, and I bluſh for For- " tune, who has diſtributed her gifts ſo ill. If " any thing makes the unhappy amends, it is " that they are pitied and beloved; whereas to " us, whom they might envy, they make it a " favour if they do not hate us. We ought " therefore to be very attentive to make our " companions forget, by beneficence and mo- " deſty, this dangerous advantage which we " have over them."

Lucy,

Lucy, charmed with the diſpoſition of Angelica, could have wiſhed to attach herſelf to her by all the bands of affection. "My dear "friend (ſaid ſhe to her one day) we touch per- "haps on the moment when we may be ſepa- "rated for ever: this reflexion is the ſole un- "happineſs of my life; but I have one, if you "did but approve of it.... I want to ſhow "you my brother; he is beautiful as the day, "a very picture, and well accompliſhed."—— "He is very young (ſaid Angelica) and very "much in the world for his age! I am afraid "your mother has been too fond of him."

Volny being come to ſee Lucy, ſhe prevailed upon her friend to accompany her to the parlour. "Ah, my ſiſter, what charms! "(cried the young coxcomb). Never was ſo "much beauty: what features, what a figure, "what eyes! You in a convent, Made- "moiſelle! It is robbery, treaſon."—— "I "foreſaw (ſaid Lucy) that you would be "tranſported; and yet her ſoul is a thouſand "times more beautiful."—— "Siſter, ſhe has "the look of the Marchioneſs of Alcine, "whom I handed yeſterday out of the opera. "They cry up the figure of the Counteſs of "Flavell, whom I am to ſup with this even- "ing; but there is no compariſon between "her perſon and this lady's; and though I

"am

" am the intimate friend of the young Madam
" de Blanes, who paſſes for the beauty of the
" day, I will lay a thouſand to one that your
" friend will eclipſe her when ſhe comes out
" into the world."

While Volny ſpoke thus, Angelica viewed him with eyes of pity. " Sir (ſaid ſhe to him) " you can have no doubt but your praiſes are " inſults. For, know, that the firſt ſentiment " that a virtuous woman ought to inſpire, is the " fear of wounding her modeſty, and that it is " not permitted to praiſe without reſerve any " but perſons without ſhame."——" There are " tranſports of ſurpriſe which we cannot maſ- " ter," replied Volny a little confuſed.—— " When reſpect accompanies them, it prevents " them from breaking out. But I ſee that I " afflict my friend in appearing offended with " your addreſs to me: I will conſole her, and " put you at your eaſe. Beautiful or not, I am " ſo little vain of an endowment with which " we are often very contemptible, that I give " you leave to ſay whatever you pleaſe before " me; I will not have the vanity to bluſh at " your praiſes."——" One muſt be well accuſ- " tomed (ſaid Volny) to be beautiful, and greatly " ſuperiour to that advantage, to ſpeak of it with " ſo much negligence. As for me, I cannot per- " ſuade myſelf that beauty is ſo contemptible; but

"since you take the homages that are paid it so "ill, we must adore it in silence." From that moment he talked of nothing but himself, his horses, his friends, his suppers, and his intrigues. Lucy, who had her eyes on Angelica, saw with grief that all this prejudiced Volny in her opinion.

"It is pity (said Angelica, when he was "withdrawn) it is a great pity that they have "spoiled him so early!"—"Confess, however (said Lucy) that he is made up of "graces."—"And of follies, my dear friend." "—He will correct them."—"No, for that "absurdity succeeds at his age, and we are "never disposed to correct ourselves of a fault "which pleases."—"But he has seen you, "he will love you; and if he loves you, he will "become wise."—"You do not doubt that "I wish it; but I am far from hoping it."

Volny did not doubt that he had made a complete conquest. "My sister was right "(said he) her friend is handsome! a little "singular; but her disposition is only the "more lively for it. The only thing wanting in her is birth: my mother will have "me marry some young woman of quality. "Let us visit her however; this girl resembles "nothing that we have in the great world, and "she has at least sufficient charms to amuse one"

He

He went therefore to ſee his ſiſter again, and with her he again ſaw Angelica. "What "have I done to you (ſaid he to Lucy) "that you have diſturbed my repoſe? I was "ſo eaſy! I amuſed myſelf ſo cleverly before "I ſaw your dangerous friend! Ah! Made-"moiſelle, how inſipid is the world, and its "amuſements how cold to a heart taken up "with you! Who would have told me that "I ſhould have been jealous of my ſiſter? "Mixed with the moſt brilliant company, "ſollicited by all the pleaſures, who could "believe it? Yes, I wiſh to be in her place; "ſhe ſees you, continually tells you that ſhe "loves you, and hears you ſay that you love "her."—"You have reaſon to envy my "happineſs; but, Volny, if you pleaſed, "your's would be ſtill more deſerving of "envy." At theſe words Angelica bluſhed. "—O heaven! ſiſter! what do I hear?"— "I have ſaid too much."—"No, my dear "Lucy: in virtuous ſentiments there is no-"thing to be concealed. Your ſiſter wiſhes "that heaven may have deſtined us for each "other, and I cannot but be obliged to her. "Nay, more: I flatter myſelf with being "born to make a good man happy, and you "*might* be ſuch a man as my huſband ought "to be: you need only reſemble your ſiſter."

"—If

"——If that be all, I am happy; for they "flatter me that I am very like her."—— "True, they flatter you; but I, who never "flatter, assure you it is no such thing. My "Lucy is not vain either of the graces of her "understanding, or her figure."—— "Ah, I "protest now that no body in the world is less "vain than I, and if I have merit, I know no- "thing of it."—— "Nothing is more simple "than Lucy's manners; she is Nature itself in "all her candour. See if in her behaviour, her "language, her gesture, there is any thing "affected, any thing studied."—— "She is "like me: for the sake of avoiding affecta- "tion I often fall into negligence; I am told "of it every day."—— "Lucy makes no pre- "tensions to any thing: wholly taken up with "the recommendation of others, herself is "the only person she forgets."—— "And I, "whatever talents Nature may have given "me, do they see me vain of them, or pre- "sume upon them? All the world says, "that I excel in every circumstance of the "agreeable; I alone never mention it. Ah! "if it be modesty and simplicity which you "love in my sister, I am very sure that you "will love me: these are my favourite vir- "tues."—— "Would they were! (said An- "gelica) however, if you have any design

" of ever pleaſing me, I adviſe you to examine " yourſelf more cloſely."

" You have given him (ſaid Lucy) a leſſon " which he will not forget."——" No, for he " has forgot it already." Angelica was in the right. All that he had drawn from their converſation was, that ſhe liked him, and that ſhe would be very glad to be his wife. " With what " frankneſs (ſaid he) did ſhe make the declara- " tion to me! How well that candour becomes " beauty!" Whether vanity or paſſion, he was really moved by it; but this growing paſſion, if it was one, had no effect upon his manners. Intoxicated with the incenſe of his flatterers, agreeably deceived by a young enchantreſs, he forgot that they ſold him the pains which they took to pleaſe him, and his vanity careſſed by the Pleaſures ſmiled carelefsly upon them. This voluptuous ſoftneſs is the moſt fatal languor into which a young man can be plunged. Every thing, except that, is painful to him; the lighteſt duties are fatiguing; decorums the leaſt auſtere, dull and troubleſome; he is not at his eaſe, but in that ſtate of indolence and liberty where every thing obeys him, nothing conſtrains him.

Sometimes the image of Angelica preſented itſelf to him, like a dream. " She is " charming (ſaid he) but what ſhall I do " with her? Nothing is more inconvenient

" than

" than a delicate and faithful wife to a huſband
" who is not ſo. My father would expect that
" I ſhould live only for my wife. There would
" be love, jealouſy, reproaches, tears; hor-
" rible! however I will ſee her again."

Lucy came alone this time. " Well, how
" does ſhe like me?"——" A great deal too
" well."——" I thought ſo."——" Too well
" as to figure. That advantage makes you
" neglect, ſhe ſays, more amiable qualities,
" which you would ſtand in need of without
" it."——" This Angelica of your's moraliſes
" a little, and 'tis pity. Tell her that no-
" thing is more dull, and that ſo pretty a
" mouth as her's is not made to talk rea-
" ſon."——" It is not ſhe (ſaid Lucy) it is
" you whom I would correct."——" And of
" what, pray? of loving pleaſure, and every
" thing that inſpires it?"——" Pleaſure! is
" there one more pure than that of poſſeſſing
" the heart of a virtuous and beautiful woman,
" of loving, and of being loved? I believe
" that you are affectionate. Angelica has
" ſenſibility, every thing that belongs to me
" is dear to her; but . . ."——" But ſhe is
" very difficult, and what is it ſhe requires?"
" ——Morals."——" Morals at my age! and
" who has told her that I have none?"——" I
" don't know, but ſhe has conceived a pre-

" judice againſt you that grieves me."—" Ah!
" I will bring her to herſelf again. Bring her
" to me, ſiſter, bring her to me the firſt time I
" come to ſee you. It is to no purpoſe that
" men are diſcreet (ſaid he, as he was going
" away) women cannot be ſilent; and with
" whatever care I conceal my intrigues, the ſe-
" cret will out. But what hurt does that do
" me? If Angelica will have a huſband who
" has always been chaſte, ſhe has nothing to do
" but to marry a fool or a child. Am I ob-
" liged to be faithful to a wife that is to be?
" Oh! I will make her ſee the folly of her no-
" tions." She appeared, and he was himſelf very much humbled, very much confounded, when he heard her ſpeak with the eloquence of virtue and reaſon on the ſhame and danger of vice. " Can you think, Sir (ſaid ſhe to him,
" after having let him treat as ſlightly as he
" pleaſed the principles of good morals) can
" you think, without bluſhing, on the union of
" a pure and chaſte ſoul with one tarniſhed and
" profaned by the moſt unworthy of all in-
" clinations? Of what value in your eyes
" would a heart be, debaſed by the vices of
" which you are vain? and do you think us
" leſs ſenſible than yourſelf to the charms of
" virtue, modeſty, and innocence? You have
" given yourſelf a diſpenſation from thoſe laws
" which

" which you have impoſed upon us; but " nature and reaſon are more equitable than " you. For me, I will never believe that a " man can dare to love me while he loves " things that are ſcandalous, and if he has had " the misfortune to be unworthy of me before " knowing me, it is by the pains he ſhall take " to wipe away that blemiſh that I ſhall ſee whe- " ther I ought to forget it." Volny wanted to make her underſtand, that by changing condition we changed our conduct; that love, virtue, beauty, had numberleſs rights over a ſoul; and that the frivolous and tranſient pleaſures which had before occupied that indolent ſoul, would diſappear before an object more dear, and more worthy to poſſeſs it. " Have you faith, Sir " (ſaid ſhe) in theſe ſudden revolutions: do you " know that they ſuppoſe a ſoul naturally deli- " cate and noble? That there are very few of " this temper; and that it is not a good preſage " of the change which you promiſe, to wait, in " the very boſom of vice, the moment of be- " coming virtuous all on a ſudden?"

Volny, ſurpriſed and confounded at this ſeri- ous language, contented himſelf with telling her that in all this he flattered himſelf there was nothing perſonal. " Pardon me (ſaid " Angelica). I have heard much talk of you. " I am beſides pretty well acquainted with

" the way of life of the young men of faſhion:
" you are rich, of very extenſive acquaint-
" ance, and, unleſs by a kind of prodigy,
" you muſt be more irregular than another.
" But the opinion which I have of you ought
" not to diſcourage you. You think you love
" me: I wiſh it: that perhaps will give you
" reſolution and force to become a valuable
" man. You have a fine example, a father,
" who, without all the accompliſhments which
" you are ſet off with, has acquired, by ta-
" lents uſeful to his country and himſelf, the
" higheſt reputation. There now is what
" I call an uncommon man; and when you
" ſhall become worthy of him, I ſhall be
" proud of being worthy of you."

This diſcourſe had thrown Volny into ſe-rious reflexions; but his friends came to draw him out of them. He was expected at a deli-cious ſupper, at which Fatime, Doris, and Cloe were to aſſiſt. Their merriment was lively and brilliant, and if Volny's heart did not give itſelf up to it, at leaſt his ſenſes did.

We may eaſily judge that in this polite circle, a ſerious engagement paſſed for the higheſt extravagance. " When a perſon's
" fortune is concerned (ſaid they) it is time
" enough, we reſolve on it; but can a young
" man, born to a great fortune, can ſuch a

" one

" one be fool enough, or mad enough, to forge " himſelf a chain? If he does not love his " wife, ſhe is a burthen which he wantonly " impoſes upon himſelf; and if he loves her, " what a ſad method of pleaſing himſelf is that " of being her huſband! Is there in all the " world a more ridiculous creature than a " loving huſband? Suppoſe alſo that this " ſhould ſucceed, what then? They are plea- " ſed for ſix months, to be dull all their lives. " Ah! my dear Volny, no marriage: you " would be a loſt man. If you have a fancy for " any honeſt girl, wait till another marries " her; they always come round to us ſooner or " later, and you will be happy in your turn." Would one believe that this unthinking young man thought theſe reflexions very wiſe? " And " yet only ſee (ſaid he) what empire virtue " and beauty have over a ſoul, ſince they make " it forget the care of its repoſe, and the value " of its liberty."

He would fain not have ſeen Angelica again; but he was not well with himſelf, when he had paſſed a few days without ſeeing her. Such nevertheleſs is the attraction of libertiniſm, that on quitting that adorable young lady penetrated, raviſhed, enchanted with her wiſdom and her charms, he plunged himſelf again into the diſſipations, of which ſhe had made him aſhamed.

It is poſſible, that it can be a happineſs to a ſon to loſe his mother? Volny, at the death of his, thought he ſaw the ſource of all his fooliſh expences dried up; but it did not even come into his head to renounce thoſe things which had engaged him in them, and the only care with which he was taken up, was to ſupply the means which he had loſt to ſupport them. Being the only ſon of ſo rich a father, he could not fail to be rich in his turn; and a young man finds at Paris a pernicious facility of anticipating his fortune. Timantes, now on his decline, wanted to repoſe himſelf from his long fatigues, and to engage his ſon to take his place. "Sir "(ſaid the young man to him) I do not think "myſelf born for that."——"Well, my ſon, "would you rather take the profeſſion of "arms?"——"My inclination is not that way, "and my birth does not oblige me to it."—— "The law, without doubt, pleaſes you bet- "ter?"——"Oh! not at all, I have an invin- "cible averſion for the law."——"What will "you be then?——"My mother had views of "an office which confers nobility, which re- "quires no duty, and might be diſcharged "at Paris."——"I underſtand you, my ſon; I "will think of it; an excellent vocation! Oh I "ſee (ſaid the good man in himſelf) that you "would live an idle life; but I will hinder you

"if

" if I can. An office which confers nobility,
" and requires no duty! very convenient. And
" why ſhould I ſtill wear myſelf out with la-
" bour and inquietude? Let me repoſe; let me
" have no other care than that which I have
" taken up rather too late, the care of obſerv-
" ing the conduct of a ſon who promiſes me
" nothing but ſorrow; for he who loves idle-
" neſs, loves the vices of which idleneſs is the
" mother."

But what was the affliction of Timantes when he learned that his ſon, intoxicated with pride. and plunged in libertiniſm, gave into all kinds of irregularities; that he had miſtreſſes and flatterers; that he gave ſhows and entertainments, and that he played at a rate ſufficient to ruin him? " It is my fault (ſaid Timantes) and I muſt re-
" pair it; but how? The habit is contracted:
" the reliſh for vice has made great progreſs.
" Shall I conſtrain this young man? He will eſ-
" cape me. Shall I diſavow his expences and
" debts? That would be diſhonouring myſelf,
" it would be extinguiſhing in his abaſed ſoul the
" very ſeeds of honeſty. To ſhut him up is ſtill
" worſe: thank heaven, he is not come to that
" paſs as to merit that the laws ſhould deprive
" him of the natural right of freedom, and there
" are none but unnatural parents who would
" be ſeverer towards their children than the

" laws. In the mean time he is running on to " his ruin; what ſhall I do to draw him from " the precipice on which I ſee him? Let us go " back to the ſource of the evil. My riches have " turned his head; born of a father without for- " tune, he had been like another, modeſt, labo- " rious, and prudent; the remedy is eaſy, and " my courſe is taken."

Timantes began from that time to ſettle his wealth in ſuch a manner as that it ſhould be detached, independent, and free. Excepting his eſtate of Volny, and his town-houſe, his fortune was all in his porte-folio, and he took care to adjuſt matters with all his correſpondents. Things being thus diſpoſed, he returns home one day in conſternation. His ſon and his friends, who waited his coming to ſeat themſelves at table, were ſtruck with his dejection. One of them could not refrain from aſking him the cauſe: " You " ſhall know it (ſaid he) let us make a little haſte, " if you pleaſe, to dine; I am taken up with " ſerious affairs." They dined in profound ſilence, and Timantes at their getting up from table, having taken leave of his gueſts, ſhut himſelf up with his ſon. " Volny (ſaid he to him) I " have bad news to tell you, but you muſt ſup- " port your misfortune with courage. My child, " I am ruined. Two-thirds of my fortune are " juſt taken on board two veſſels, and the diſ-

" honeſty

" honeſty of a perſon whom I truſted has de-
" prived me of half the reſt. The deſire of
" leaving you a large fortune has undone me;
" happily I owe but little, and out of the re-
" mains of my fortune I ſhall ſave my eſtate of
" Volny, which is worth twenty thouſand livres
" a year: on that we ſhall be able to live. It
" is a terrible blow, but you are young, and
" you may riſe under it. I have not rendered
" myſelf unworthy the confidence of my cor-
" reſpondents; my name will perhaps ſtill re-
" tain ſome credit in Europe; but I am too old
" to begin anew; and you muſt repair the miſ-
" fortunes of your father. I ſet out in greater
" difficulties than you will do, and with pro-
" bity, labour, and my inſtructions, it is eaſy
" for you to go farther than I have done."

The ſituation of a traveller at whoſe feet the thunder has juſt fallen, is not to be compared to that of Volny. " What, my father, ruined " without reſource!"——" You, my ſon, are " the only reſource left me, and I have no " longer any hope but in you. Go, conſult " yourſelf, and leave me to take the meaſures " ſuitable to our misfortune."

The news was ſoon made publick. The houſe at Paris was let; the equipages ſold; a plain coach, a decent lodging, a frugal table, a family of ſervants ſuitable to the neceſſities

of a prudent way of living; every thing proclaimed this reverſe of fortune, and it is unneceſſary to ſay that the number of Timantes' friends diminiſhed conſiderably.

Thoſe of Volny were touched with his accident. "What is the matter (ſaid one) they "tell me your father is ruined!"——"It is too "true."——"What a folly! You have your "little box then no longer?"——"Alas, no." "——I am very ſorry for it, I reckoned to have "gone there to ſupper to-morrow." Another accoſted him, and ſaid, "Tell me a little how "this is; your fortune is entirely ruined?"—— "It is at leaſt reduced to a very ſmall matter." "——You have a very ſilly father of your "own! Why the devil did he meddle? You "would have been ruined yourſelf well enough "without him."——"I am quite diſtracted "(ſaid a third) they tell me that you have ſold "your fine horſes?"——"Alas, yes."—— "If I had known it, I would have bought "them. What a fellow you are! you never "think of your friends."——"I was taken up "with more ſerious affairs."——"With your "little miſtreſs, was not it? You will have "her no longer on your own account; but you "will always be good friends: take comfort, "I know ſhe loves you, ſhe will behave well."

Some

Some of them ſaid to him as they went along; "Adieu, Volny;" and all the reſt ſhunned him.

As to his miſtreſs whom he had enriched, ſhe was ſo afflicted that ſhe had not the courage to ſee him again. "Spare me (writ ſhe to him) "you know my ſenſibility; the ſight of you "would make too grievous an impreſſion on "me. I find myſelf unable to ſupport it." It was then, his ſoul pierced both by the cold ſlights of his friends, and the unworthy deſertion of his miſtreſs, that Volny for the firſt time ſaw the veil fall which he had over his eyes. "Where have I been? (ſaid he) what have I "done? how was I going to ſpend my life? "Ah, what reproaches have I not merited; "what wrongs have I not to repair? Let me go "and ſee my ſiſter (added he; for he had not the "courage to ſay) Let me go and ſee Angelica."

Lucy was overwhelmed with the news which her father had juſt told her. "It is not "for myſelf (ſaid ſhe) I am content; and to "be happy far from the world, but little is "neceſſary; but you, my father, but Volny!" "——What would you have, daughter? I was "not born in the opulence wherein I have ſeen "myſelf. If my ſon is prudent, he will ſtill have "riches enough; if not, he will have too much." Lucy's grief redoubled on ſeeing her brother.

"I

" I have not the courage to conſole you (ſaid " ſhe) but I go to call to my aſſiſtance our " wiſe and affectionate Angelica."——" Oh " no, ſiſter, I have not deſerved her intereſting " herſelf in my ſorrow; when I might have " done her honour by ſacrifices, it was then " that I ſhould have rendered myſelf worthy of " her eſteem and pity: now that every one " abandons me, my return, though humiliating " to me, has nothing flattering in it for her." While he was ſpeaking thus, Angelica came of her own accord, and with the moſt touching air teſtified to him all her ſenſibility for his loſs. " It " is a great misfortune for your father (added " ſhe) it is ſo too for this dear girl, but it is " perhaps a happineſs for you. It would be " cruel to afflict you by reproaches, when we " owe you conſolations; but you may draw " from the loſs of your wealth bleſſings more " valuable than that wealth itſelf."——" I " abuſed it, heaven puniſhes me for it, but " puniſhes me too cruelly in depriving me of " the hope of being her's whom I love. I was " young; and I dare believe that without this " deſperate leſſon, time, love, and reaſon, would " have rendered me leſs unworthy of you."—— " I ſee you dejected (ſaid ſhe to him) it is " no longer from preſumption, it is from de- " ſpondency that we muſt preſerve you, and

" what

" what it would have been dangerous to confeſs
" to you in proſperity, you ſtand in need of
" knowing in adverſity. Whether it was not
" poſſible for me to think ill of the brother of
" my friend, or whether it was that you your-
" ſelf had inſpired me with that prepoſſeſſion
" which does not liſten to reaſon, I thought I
" diſcerned in you, amidſt all the errours and
" vices of your age, a diſpoſition at bottom na-
" turally good. Happily your paſt errours have
" nothing ſhameful in the eyes of the world:
" the path of honour and virtue is open to you,
" and it is more eaſy for you than ever to be-
" come ſuch as I wiſh. As to fortune, the re-
" verſe which you have experienced is over-
" whelming; I ſhall not make you a panegy-
" rick upon mediocrity: when we have known
" ourſelves rich, it is humiliating, it is hard to
" ceaſe to be ſo; but the evil is not without
" remedy. Conform yourſelf to your preſent
" ſituation; emerge out of that indolent ſoftneſs
" in which you have been plunged; let the love
" of labour take place of the taſte for diſſipa-
" tion; do all that depends on yourſelf, if you
" love me, in order to re-eſtabliſh between us
" that equality of fortune required in marriage.
" My father, who loves me, and who would
" not have me unhappy, will allow me, I
" hope, the liberty of waiting for you. If in

" ſix

" ſix years your fortune is re-eſtabliſhed, or on " the point of being re-eſtabliſhed, all the ob- " ſtacles will be ſmoothed; if with prudence, " frugality, and labour, you have the misfor- " tune not to ſucceed, I require then of you, " in the room of all riches, only to have conſi- " deration of your condition; I am an only " daughter, very rich myſelf; I will caſt my- " ſelf at my father's feet, and obtain his per- " miſſion to indemnify a valuable man for the " injuſtice of fortune." Lucy could no longer refrain from embracing Angelica: " Ah, " how juſtly art thou named (ſaid ſhe to her). " There is nothing but a heavenly ſpirit that " could be capable of ſo much virtue." Volny on his ſide, in the tenderneſs and reſpect with which he was ſeiſed, applied his mouth, as he threw himſelf down, on the bar of the grate which Angelica's hand had touched. " Made- " moiſelle (ſaid he to her) you render my miſ- " fortune dear to me, and I am going to em- " ploy my whole life to merit, if it be poſſible, " the favours with which you overwhelm me. " Permit me to come often to derive from you " the courage, the prudence, and the virtue which " I have need of in order to deſerve you."

He retired not ſuch as heretofore, vain, and full of himſelf; but humbled, confounded at having ſo little known the value of the moſt noble

noble heart that heaven had ever formed. He enters his father's cloſet. " Your fortune is " changed (ſaid he) but your ſon is ſtill more " ſo; and I hope that one day you will bleſs " heaven for the reverſe which reſtores me to " my duty, and to myſelf. Condeſcend to in- " ſtruct and to direct me: diligent, laborious, " and docile, I am going to be the ſupport and " conſolation of your old age, and you may diſ- " poſe of me." The good man tranſported diſſembled his joy, and contented himſelf with commending ſuch good diſpoſitions. He preſented his ſon to his correſpondents, and demanded in his behalf their friendſhip and confidence. We pity above all unfortunate perſons whom we eſteem, and each of them touched with the misfortune of this gallant man, made it a point to conſole him.

Volny, who reſumed the name of Timantes, had but few difficulties to encounter in his firſt operations: his dexterity, which at firſt was purely his father's, but which ſoon after became actually his own, made his credit viſibly increaſe. The moments of relaxation which his father obliged him to take, he paſſed with Angelica, and he felt a ſenſible pleaſure in telling her his progreſs. Angelica, who attributed partly to herſelf the wonderful change in her lover, enjoyed her own influence with the

the double ſatisfaction of love and friendſhip. Lucy was in adoration of her, and ceaſed not to give her thanks for the happineſs which ſhe had procured them.

One day that her father came to ſee her, and teſtified his ſatisfaction at the conſolation which his ſon gave him, "Do you know (ſaid Lucy) "to whom we are indebted for this reformation? "to the moſt beautiful, and moſt virtuous per- "ſon breathing, to the only daughter of Alci- "mon, my companion and friend." She then related to him all that had paſſed. "You melt "me (ſaid the good man) I muſt know this "charming girl." Angelica came, and received the commendations of Timantes with a modeſty which ſtill heightened her beauty. "Sir "(ſaid ſhe to him) I depend on a father; but "it is true, that if he has the goodneſs to "allow me to diſpoſe of myſelf, and that you "are ſatisfied with your ſon, I ſhall take a "pride in becoming your daughter. My "friendſhip for Lucy inſpired me with the "firſt deſire of it, my reſpect for yourſelf "ſtill adds to it, your very misfortunes have "only made me intereſt myſelf more in every "thing that could make you amends for "them, and if the conduct of your ſon is "ſuch as you wiſh and I deſire, whether he "be rich or not, the moſt honourable and

"the

" the moſt agreeable uſe I can make of my for-
" tune, is to ſhare it with him." At this diſ-
courſe the old man was very near letting his ſe-
cret eſcape him; but he had the prudence to
contain himſelf. " I did not think, Madam
" (ſaid he) that it was poſſible to increaſe, in
" the ſoul of a father, the deſire of ſeeing his ſon
" a wiſe and virtuous man; but you add a new
" intereſt to that of paternal love; I do not
" know what heaven will do with us, but in all
" the ſituations of life, and till my laſt breath,
" be aſſured of my gratitude."

" That you ſhould not have confided to
" me (ſaid he on ſeeing his ſon again) the
" follies of your youth, I am but little ſur-
" priſed, and I pardon you for it; but why con-
" ceal from me a virtuous inclination? Why
" not confeſs to your father your love for Ange-
" lica, the daughter of my old friend?"——
" Alas (ſaid the young man) have you not miſ-
" fortunes enough of your own without afflict-
" ing you with my ſorrows? and who has re-
" vealed my ſecret to you?"——" Your ſiſter,
" Angelica herſelf; I am charmed with her, I
" am in love with her, and I wiſh ſhe was my
" daughter."——" Ah, I wiſh ſo too! but how
" ſuperiour is her fortune to mine!"——" In
" time you may come near it. Viſit this lovely
" girl often."——" I viſit only her, and I
" have

" have no other ambition in the world, than to " be worthy of her and of you."

Timantes felt an inexpreſſible ſatisfaction at ſeeing daily the ſucceſs of the trial which he had put him to. He had the firmneſs to let him apply himſelf for five whole years, without relaxation, to the re-eſtabliſhing of his fortune, detached from the world, and dividing his life between his compting-houſe and Angelica's parlour. At length ſeeing his reformation become habit, and all the old ſeeds of vice extirpated, he went to viſit Alcimon. " My old friend (ſaid " he) you have, they tell me, a charming " daughter; I come to propoſe for her an agree- " able partner in point of condition, and ad- " vantageous in point of fortune."——" I am " obliged to you (ſaid Alcimon) but I tell you " beforehand that I would have a perſon of the " ſame condition with myſelf, and who would " take a pride in calling me his father; I have " not laboured all my life to give my daughter " a huſband who may be aſhamed of me."—— " The perſon I propoſe (ſaid Timantes) is " preciſely ſuch a one as you like. He is rich, " he is honeſt, he will always reſpect you."—— " What is he?"——" I cannot tell you but " at my own houſe, where I invite you to " come and renew, over a bottle, a friendſhip " of forty years. Do me the favour to bring

" Ange-

" Angelica there. My daughter, who is her " companion in the convent, ſhall have the " honour of accompanying her; you ſhall " both of you ſee the young man who de- " mands her, and to put you more at your " eaſe, he ſhall not know himſelf that I " have ſpoke to you about him." The day appointed, Alcimon and Timantes go and fetch Angelica and Lucy; they arrive, they prepare to ſit down at table, they ſend word to the ſon, who, buſied in his office, expected nothing leſs than the happineſs which was preparing for him. He enters, what is his ſurpriſe! Angelica there! Angelica with her father! What was he to think, what to hope from this unforeſeen rendezvous? Why had they made a ſecret of it to him? Every thing ſeems to proclaim his happineſs to him, but his happineſs is not probable. In this confuſion of thoughts he loſt the uſe of his ſenſes. A ſudden giddineſs ſpread a cloud over his eyes; he wanted to ſpeak, his voice failed him, and a low bow alone expreſſed to the father and the daughter how much he was moved with the honour his father and he received. His ſiſter, who came to throw herſelf into his arms, gave him time to recover from his confuſion. Never was embrace ſo tender. He thought he held in his

boſom

boſom Angelica with Lucy, and he could not ſeparate himſelf from her.

At table, Timantes diſplayed an alacrity at which all the company were ſurpriſed. Alcimon prepoſſeſſed with the demand which he had made him, and impatient to ſee the young man whom he propoſed arrive, freely gave himſelf up to the pleaſure of finding himſelf again with his old friend; he had even the kindneſs to enter into converſation with the young Timantes. "I ſee (ſaid he to him) that you are the comfort "of your father. People talk of your application to buſineſs and your talents with great "commendations, and ſuch is the advantage of "your condition, that a ſenſible and honeſt man "cannot fail of ſucceſs."—"Ah, my friend "(replied the old Timantes) it requires a great "deal of time to make one's fortune, and very "little to ruin it! What a pity not to have "mine to offer you! Inſtead of propoſing to "you a ſtranger as a huſband to this amiable "young lady, I ſhould have ſollicited that "happineſs for my ſon."—"I ſhould have "preferred him to every body elſe," ſaid Alcimon.—"Indeed!"—"Ay, indeed. But you "know where one is liable to have a numerous "family, there ſhould be wherewithal to ſupport it."—"If it depends only on that "(ſaid Timantes) the caſe is not deſperate, and

"we

"we may come to an agreement." On ſaying theſe words he roſe from table, and returning the moment after, "There (ſaid he) ſee, there is "my porte-folio: it is yet pretty well furniſh-"ed (and obſerving Alcimon's ſurpriſe) know "(added he) that my ruin is all a fiction. "This young man had been ſpoiled by the no-"tion that he was born rich: I knew no better "method to reform him than to make him believe "that I was ruined. This feint has ſucceeded: "he is now in a good way; I am even certain "that he has no deſire to relapſe again into the "errours of his youth, and it is time to truſt to "him. Yes, my ſon, I have all the wealth I "had augmented by five years ſavings, and the "fruit of your labour. It is for him, therefore "(ſaid he to his friend) that I demand Ange-"lica; and if there be occaſion for any new "motive to engage you to grant her to me, "I will confeſs to you that he has ſeen her "at the convent, that he has conceived for "her the moſt tender love, and that this love "has done more than ill fortune itſelf towards "attaching him to his duties." While Timantes did but ſound the diſpoſition of Angelica's father, ſhe herſelf, her friend, and her lover, had felt only the emotion and anxiety of hope and fear; but at ſight of the porte-folio, at the news that Timanthes ruin was

was but a feint, at the demand which he made himſelf of Angelica's hand for his ſon, Lucy all wild and beſide herſelf flew into the arms of her father; the young Timantes ſtill more confuſed, fell at Alcimon's knees; and Angelica, her countenance overſpread with paleneſs, had not the power to lift up her eyes. Alcimon raiſed the young man with his embraces, and turning towards the old Timantes, "My "friend (ſaid he to him) when we would "contrive an agreeable ſurpriſe, we muſt take "inſtruction from you. Come, you are a "good father; and your ſon deſerves to be "happy."

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.